THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Disposed into twelue bookes,

Fashioning

XII. Morall vertues.

LONDON

Printed for VVilliam Ponsonbie.

1596.

TO
THE MOST HIGH,
MIGHTIE
And
MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESSE RENOVV-
MED FOR PIETIE, VER-
TVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS
GOVERNMENT ELIZABETH BY
THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE
OF ENGLAND FRAVNCE AND
IRELAND AND OF VIRGI-
NIA, DEFENDOVR OF THE
FAITH, &c. HER MOST
HVMBLE SERVAVNT
EDMVND SPENSER
DOTH IN ALL HV-
MILITIE DEDI-
CATE, PRE-
SENT
AND CONSECRATE THESE
HIS LABOVRS TO LIVE
VVITH THE ETERNI-
TIE OF HER
FAME.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning

THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE,

OR

OF HOLINESSE.

LO I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
As time hier taught in lowly Shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst a far vnfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds;
Whose prayses hauing slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broad emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loues shall moralize my song.

Helpe then, ô holy Virgin chiefe of nine,
Thy weaker Nouice to performe thy will,
Lay forth out of thine euerlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,

Of Faerie knights and faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Whom that moſt noble Briton Prince ſo long
Sought through the world, and ſuffered ſo much ill,
That I muſt rue his vndeſerued wrong:
O helpe thou my weake wit, and ſharpen my dull tong.

And thou moſt dreaded impe of higheſt *Ioue*,
Faire *Venus* ſonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight ſo cunningly didſt roue,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
In loues and gentle iollities arrayd,
After his murdrous ſpoiles and bloudy rage allayd.

And with them eke, ô Goddeſſe heauenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and Maieſtie diuine,
Great Lady of the greateſt Iſle, whoſe light
Like *Phœbus* lampe throughout the world doth ſhine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raiſe my thoughts too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted ſtile:
The which to heare, vouchſafe, ô deareſt dred a-while.

CANT.

Canto I.

The Patron of true Holinesse,
Foule Errour doth defeate:
Hypocrisie him to entrape,
Doth to his home entreate.

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Y cladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloudy fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as liuing euer him adord:
Vpon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soueraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but euer was ydrad.

Vpon a great aduenture he was bond,
That greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greatest Glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to haue,

Which of all earthly things he most did craue;
And euer as he rode, his hart did earne
To proue his puissance in battell braue
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and sterne.

A louely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Vpon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Vnder a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And ouer all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heauie sat vpon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

So pure an innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subiection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule vprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to auenge, she had this Knight from far cõpeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd in being euer last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine ouercast,
And angry *Ioue* an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That euery wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud thẽselues were fain.

Enforst to seeke some couert nigh at hand,
A shadie groue not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heauens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred arre.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staues, the Cypresse funerall.

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,
The carued Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the blustring storme is ouerblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,

But wander too and fro in wayes vnknowne,
Furtheſt from end then, when they neereſt weene,
That makes them doubt, their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, ſo many turnings ſeene,
That which of them to take, in diuerſe doubt they been.

At laſt reſoluing forward ſtill to fare,
Till that ſome end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten ſeemd moſt bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow caue,
Amid the thickeſt woods. The Champion ſtout
Eftſoones diſmounted from his courſer braue,
And to the Dwarfe awhile his needleſſe ſpere he gaue.

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Leaſt ſuddaine miſchiefe ye too raſh prouoke:
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without ſmoke,
And perill without ſhow: therefore your hardy ſtroke
Sir knight with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Ladie (ſaid he) ſhame were to reuoke
The forward footing for an hidden ſhade: (wade.
Vertue giues her ſelfe light, through darkeneſſe for to

Yea but (quoth ſhe) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though now too late,
To wiſh you backe returne with foule diſgrace,
Yet wiſedome warnes, whileſt foot is in the gate,
To ſtay the ſteppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den*,
A monſter vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe:) this is no place for liuing men.

But

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth vnto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the vgly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did woman's shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

And as she lay vpon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all ouerspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking vpon her poisonous dugs, eachone
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill fauored:
Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'ed, he lept
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:

Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduaunst,
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:
Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down frō her head vnto her shoulder glaunst.

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high aboue the ground:
Tho wrapping vp her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he stroue in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine.

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grief and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
With timely pride aboue the *Aegyptian* vale,
His fattie waues do fertile slime outwell,
And ouerflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But when his later ebbe gins to auale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaues, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly female of his fruitfull seed;
Such vgly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceiu'd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle Shepheard in sweete euen-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which do byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest,
All striuing to infixe their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clowmish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,

Or ſoone to loſe, before he once would lin;
And ſtrooke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie ſin
He raft her hatefull head without remorſe;
A ſtreame of cole black bloud forth guſhed frō her corſe.

Her ſcattred brood, ſoone as their Parent deare
They ſaw ſo rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themſelues about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
At her wide mouth: but being there withſtood
They flocked all about her bleeding wound.
And ſucked vp their dying mothers blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

That deteſtable ſight him much amazde,
To ſee th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accurſt,
Deuoure their dam; on whom while ſo he gazd,
Hauing all ſatisfide their bloudy thurſt,
Their bellies ſwolne he ſaw with fulneſſe burſt,
And bowels guſhing forth: well worthy end
Of ſuch as drunke her life, the which them nurſt;
Now needeth him no lenger labour ſpend, (contend.
His foes haue ſlaine themſelues, with whom he ſhould

His Ladie ſeeing all, that chaunſt, from farre
Approcht in haſt to greet his victorie,
And ſaid, Faire knight, borne vnder happy ſtarre,
Who ſee your vanquiſht foes before you lye:
Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
Wherein ye haue great glory wonne this day,
And proou'd your ſtrength on a ſtrong enimie,
Your firſt aduenture: many ſuch I pray,
And henceforth euer wiſh, that like ſucceed it may.

Then mounted he vpon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne euer would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one vnto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passeth forth, and new aduenture sought;
Long way he trauelled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet vpon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge aduentures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that liues in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his tre spas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred euill ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.

Of ſuch (ſaid he) I chiefly do inquere,
And ſhall you well reward to ſhew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule diſgrace,
That ſuch a curſed creature liues ſo long a ſpace.

Far hence (quoth he) in waſtfull wilderneſſe
His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
May euer paſſe, but thorough great diſtreſſe.
Now (ſayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all for wearied be: for what ſo ſtrong,
But wanting reſt will alſo want of might?
The Sunne that meaſures heauen all day long,
At night doth baite his ſteedes the *Ocean* waues emong.

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely reſt,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Vntroubled night they ſay giues counſell beſt.
Right well Sir knight ye haue aduiſed bin,
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win
Is wiſely to aduiſe: now day is ſpent;
Therefore with me ye may take vp your In
For this ſame night. The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a foreſts ſide,
Far from reſort of people, that did pas
In trauell to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy Chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to ſay
His holy things each morne and euentyde:
Thereby a Chriſtall ſtreame did gently play,
Which from a ſacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arriued

Arriued there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the euening so they pas:
For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas;
He told of Saintes and Popes, and euemore
He strowd an *Aue-Mary* after and before.

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
Sweet slōbring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Vnto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his study goes, and there amiddes
His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

Then chosing out few wordes most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke *Plutoes* griesly Dame,
And cursed heauen, and spake reprochfull shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darkne sse and dead night,
At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes
Fluttring about his euer damned hed,
A-waite whereto their seruice he applyes,

To aide his friends, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gaue a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth neuer peepe,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steepe
In siluer deaw his euer-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night ouer him her mãtle black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory,
The other all with siluer ouercast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe
And euer-drizling raine vpon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

The

The messenger approching to him spake,
But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him trust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned vnto him the dreaded name
Of *Hecate*: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting vp his lumpish head, with blame
Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

The God obayde, and calling forth straight way
A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,
Deliuered it to him, and downe did lay
His heauie head, deuoide of carefull carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
Remounted vp as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So liuely, and so like in all mens sight,

That weaker sence it could haue ravisht quight:
The maker selfe for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and ouer it
Cast a blacke stole, most like to seeme for *Vna* fit.

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Vnto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of euill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled priuily:
And that new creature borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guile, with vsage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie vnder feigned hew.

Thus well instructed, to their worke they hast,
And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one vpon his hardy head him plast,
And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy,
Her chast hart had subdewd, to learne Dame pleasures toy.

And she her selfe of beautie soueraigne Queene,
Faire *Venus* seemde vnto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking euermore did weene,
To be the chastest flowre, that ay did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose Leman to vile seruice bound:
And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen iõ Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whilst freshest *Flora* her Yuie girlond crownd.

In

In this great passion of vnwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He started vp, as seeming to mistrust,
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo there before his face his Lady is,
Vnder blake stole hyding her bayted hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and louely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

All cleane dismayd to see so vncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shameless guise,
He thought haue slaine her in his fierce despight:
But hasty heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
To proue his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender youth.

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew: yet rew my wretched state
You, whom my hard auenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdome, There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speach seemd to bereaue,
And then againe begun, My weaker yeares

Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not dye in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

Loue of your selfe, she said, and deare constraint
Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie night
In secret anguish and vnpittied plaint,
Whiles you in careless sleepe are drowned quight.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth: yet since no' vntruth he knew,
Her fawning loue with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend, but said, Deare dame I rew,
That for my sake vnknowne such griefe vnto you grew.

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chuse but please,
So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearinesse of former fight
Hauing y-rockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly rouse his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

Cant.

Cant. II.

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
And workes him wofull ruth.

BY this the Northerne wagoner had set
His seuenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all, that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that *Phœbus* fiery carre
In hast was climbing vp the Easterne hill,
Full enuious that night so long his roome did fill.

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad *Proserpines* wrath, them to affright.
But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loues and lusty-hed.

His wanton dayes that euer looſely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Thoſe two he tooke, and in a ſecret bed,
Couered with darkneſſe and miſdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haſt
Vnto his gueſt, who after troublous ſights
And dreames, gan now to take more ſound repaſt,
Whom ſuddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,
As one aghaſt with feends or damned ſprights,
And to him cals, Riſe riſe vnhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in ſleepe, whiles wicked wights
Haue knit themſelues in *Venus* ſhamefull chaine;
Come ſee, where your falſe Lady doth her honour ſtaine.

All in amaze he ſuddenly vp ſtart
With ſword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who ſoone him brought into a ſecret part,
Where that falſe couple were full cloſely ment
In wanton luſt and lewd embracement:
Which when he ſaw, he burnt with gealous fire,
The eye of reaſon was with rage yblent,
And would haue ſlaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was reſtreined of that aged ſire.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguiſh of his guiltie ſight,
He could not reſt, but did his ſtout heart eat,
And waſt his inward gall with deepe deſpight,
Yrkeſome of life, and too long lingring night.
At laſt faire *Heſperus* in highеſt ſkie
Had ſpent his lampe, & brought forth dawning light,
Then vp he roſe, and clad him haſtily;
The Dwarfe him brought his ſteed: ſo both away do fly.

Now

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged *Tithones* saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils *Titan* discouered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each houre;
Then gan she waile & weepe, to see that woefull stowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slow beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitelesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would neuer rest,
But euery hill and dale, each wood and plaine
Did search, sore grieued in her gentle brest,
He so vngently left her, whom she loued best.

But subtill *Archimago*, when his guests
He saw diuided into double parts,
And *Vna* wandring in woods and forrests,
Th'end of his drift, he praisd his diuelish arts,
That had such might ouer true meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke vnto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then deuisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mightie science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As euer *Proteus* to himselfe could make:

Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powet of herbes, and might of Magicke spell?

But now seemde best, the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon:
And siluer shield, vpon his coward brest
A bloudy crosse, and on his crauen crest
A bounch of haires discolourd diuersly:
Full iolly knight he seemde, and well addrest,
And when he sate vpon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would haue deemed him to be.

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true *Saint George* was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete vpon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and euery ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

He had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a *Persian* mitre on her hed
She wore, with crownes and owches garnished,
The which her lauish louers to her gaue;
Her wanton palfrey all was ouerspred
With tinsell trappings, wouen like a waue,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses braue.

With

With faire disport and courting dalliaunce
She intertainde her louer all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare aduaunce,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

The knight of the *Redcrosse* when him he spide,
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselues too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Do backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meete, that with the terrour of the shocke
Astonied both, stand senceless as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, vnmoued as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely,
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The *Sarazin* sore daunted with the buffe
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce enuies,

And through their iron sides with cruelties
Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streames of purple bloud new dies the verdāt fields.

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head. Therewith vpon his creast
With rigour so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest, (blest.
And glauncing downe his shield, from blame him fairely

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of natiue vertue gan eftsoones reuiue,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did riue,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe aliue,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghost did striue
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules do fly of men, that liue amis.

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as haftily gan scowre,
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he ouertooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

She turning backe with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmoue his stout heroïcke heart,
And said, Deare dame, your suddein ouerthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heauens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was, (O what now auaileth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pas.

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me vnto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was neuer Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My deerest Lord fell from high honours staire,
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine, that shall I euer mone.

His blessed body spoild of liuely breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, conuaid
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me vnhappy maid,

O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid.
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With loue, long time did languish as the striken hind.

At last it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*,
To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could neuer win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he liu'de, was called proud *Sans foy*,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans ioy*,
And twixt them both was borne the bloudy bold *Sans loy*.

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
Crauing of you in pitty of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;
And said, faire Lady hart of flint would rew
The vndeserued woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Hauing both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe, that did you molest;
Better new friend then an old foe is said.
With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And she coy lookes: so dainty they say maketh derth.

Long

Long time they thus together traueiled,
Till weary of their way, they came at laſt,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did ſpred
Their armes abroad, with gray moſſe ouercaſt,
And their greene leaues trembling with euery blaſt,
Made a calme ſhadow far in compaſſe round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghaſt
Vnder them neuer ſat, ne wont there ſound
His mery oaten pipe, but ſhund th'vnlucky ground.

But this good knight ſoone as he them can ſpie,
For the coole ſhade thither haſtly got:
For golden *Phœbus* now that mounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame ſo ſcorching cruell hot,
That liuing creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themſelues to hide
From the fierce heat, and reſt their weary limbs a tide.

Faire ſeemely pleaſaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purpoſes there as they ſit:
And in his falſed fancy he her takes
To be the faireſt wight, that liued yit;
Which to expreſſe, he bends his gentle wit,
And thinking of thoſe braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whoſe rift there came
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe the ſame.

Therewith a piteous yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, O ſpare with guilty hands to teare
My tender ſides in this rough rynd embard,
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare

Leaſt to you hap, that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare loue,
O too deare loue, loue bought with death too deare.
Aſtond he ſtood, and vp his haire did houe,
And with that ſuddein horror could no member moue.

At laſt whenas the dreadfull paſſion
Was ouerpaſt, and manhood well awake,
Yet muſing at the ſtraunge occaſion,
And doubting much his ſence, he thus beſpake;
What voyce of damned Ghoſt from *Limbo* lake,
Or guilefull ſpright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men do oftentimes miſtake,
Sends to my doubtfull eares theſe ſpeaches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltleſſe bloud to ſpare?

Then groning deepe, Nor damned Ghoſt, (quoth he,)
Nor guilefull ſprite to thee theſe wordes doth ſpeake,
But once a man *Fradubio*, now a tree,
Wretched man, wretched tree; whoſe nature weake,
A cruell witch her curſed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plaſt in open plaines,
Where *Boreas* doth blow full bitter bleake,
And ſcorching Sunne does dry my ſecret vaines:
For though a tree I ſeeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the knight, by whoſe miſchieuous arts
Art thou miſshaped thus, as now I ſee?
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who ſtriueth to ſuppreſſe.
The author then (ſaid he) of all my ſmarts,
Is one *Dueſſa* a falſe ſorcereſſe,
That many errãt knights hath brought to wretchedneſſe.

In

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
The fire of loue and ioy of cheualree
First kindled in my breſt, it was my lot
To loue this gentle Lady, whom ye ſee,
Now not a Lady, but a ſeeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his ſyde,
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Duessa* hyde.

Whoſe forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to haue exceeded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewiſe ſtand,
Mine, that did then ſhine as the Morning ſtarre:
So both to battell fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Vnder my ſpeare: ſuch is the dye of warre:
His Lady left as a priſe martiall,
Did yield her comely perſon, to be at my call.

So doubly lou'd of Ladies vnlike faire,
Th'one ſeeming ſuch, the other ſuch indeede,
One day in doubt I caſt for to compare,
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
A Roſy girlond was the victors meede:
Both ſeemde to win, and both ſeemde won to bee,
So hard the diſcord was to be agreede.
Fraliſſa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And euer falſe *Duessa* ſeemde as faire as ſhee.

The wicked witch now ſeeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to ſway,
What not by right, ſhe caſt to win by guile,
And by her helliſh ſcience raiſd ſtreight way

A foggy mist, that ouercast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule vgly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

Then cride she out, fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To haue before bewitched all mens sight;
O leaue her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
And would haue kild her; but with faigned paine,
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold;
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

Then forth I tooke *Duessa* for my Dame,
And in the witch vnweening ioyd long time,
Ne euer wist, but that she was the same,
Till on a day (that day is euery Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

Her neather partes misshapen, monstruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeue to bee.
Then forth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
Soone as appeard safe oportunitie:
For danger great, if not assur'd decay
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

The diueliſh hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiu'd my thought, and drownd in ſleepie night,
With wicked herbes and ointments did beſmeare
My bodie all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my ſenſes were bereaued quight:
Then brought ſhe me into this deſert waſte,
And by my wretched louers ſide me pight,
Where now encloſd in wooden wals full faſte,
Baniſht from liuing wights, our wearie dayes we waſte.

But how long time, ſaid then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misformed houſe to dwell?
We may not chaunge (quoth he) this euil plight,
Till we be bathed in a liuing well;
That is the terme preſcribed by the ſpell.
O how, ſaid he, mote I that well out find,
That may reſtore you to your wonted well?
Time and ſuffiſed fates to former kynd
Shall vs reſtore, none elſe from hence may vs vnbynd.

The falſe *Dueſſa*, now *Fideſſa* hight,
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of ſad feare and ghaſtly dreriment,
When all this ſpeech the liuing tree had ſpent,
The bleeding bough did thruſt into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with freſh clay did cloſe the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

Her ſeeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all vnweeting of that well ſhe knew,
And paynd himſelfe with buſie care to reare
Her out of careleſſe ſwowne. Her eylids blew

And dimmed ſight with pale and deadly hew
At laſt ſhe vp gan lift: with trembling cheare
Her vp he tooke, too ſimple and too trew,
And oft her kiſt. At length all paſſed feare,
He ſet her on her ſteede, and forward forth did beare.

Cant. III.

Forſaken Truth long ſeekes her loue,
And makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Deuotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vylde.

NOught is there vnder heau'ns wide hollowneſſe,
That moues more deare compaſſion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'vnworthy wretchedneſſe
Through enuies ſnares or fortunes freakes vnkind:
I, whether lately through her brightneſſe blind,
Or through alleageance and faſt fealtie,
Which I do owe vnto all woman kind,
Feele my heart perſt with ſo great agonie,
When ſuch I ſee, that all for pittie I could die.

And now it is empaſſioned ſo deepe,
For faireſt *Vnaes* ſake, of whom I ſing,
That my fraile eyes theſe lines with teares do ſteepe,
To thinke how ſhe through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as euer liuing wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight diuorced in deſpaire,
And her due loues deriu'd to that vile witches ſhare.

Yet

Yet ſhe moſt faithfull Ladie all this while
Forſaken, wofull, ſolitarie mayd
Farre from all peoples preaſe, as in exile,
In wilderneſſe and waſtfull deſerts ſtrayd,
To ſeeke her knight; who ſubtilly betrayd (wrought,
Through that late viſion, which th'Enchaunter
Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
Through woods and waſtneſſe wide him daily ſought;
Yet wiſhed tydings none of him vnto her brought.

One day nigh wearie of the yrkeſome way,
From her vnhaſtie beaſt ſhe did alight,
And on the graſſe her daintie limbes did lay
In ſecret ſhadow, farre from all mens ſight:
From her faire head her fillet ſhe vndight,
And laid her ſtole aſide. Her angels face
As the great eye of heauen ſhyned bright,
And made a ſunſhine in the ſhadie place;
Did neuer mortall eye behold ſuch heauenly grace.

It fortuned out of the thickeſt wood
A ramping Lyon ruſhed ſuddainly,
Hunting full greedie after ſaluage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did ſpy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To haue attonce deuour'd her tender corſe:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloudie rage aſſwaged with remorſe,
And with the ſight amazd, forgat his furious forſe.

In ſtead thereof he kiſt her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maiſter the moſt ſtrong,

And simple truth subdue auenging wrong?
Whose yeelded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

The Lyon Lord of euery beast in field
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her that him lou'd, and euer most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last in close hart shutting vp her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heauenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might attaine.

The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
With humble seruice to her will prepard:
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And euer by her lookes conceiued her intent.

Long

Long ſhe thus traueiled through deſerts wyde,
By which ſhe thought her wandring knight ſhold pas,
Yet neuer ſhew of liuing wight eſpyde;
Till that at length ſhe found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the ſteepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The ſame ſhe followes, till at laſt ſhe has
A damzell ſpyde ſlow footing her before,
That on her ſhoulders ſad a pot of water bore.

To Whom approching ſhe to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her anſwer'd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor ſpeake, nor vnderſtand;
Till ſeeing by her ſide the Lyon ſtand,
With ſuddaine feare her pitcher downe ſhe threw,
And fled away: for neuer in that land
Face of faire Ladie ſhe before did vew,
And that dread Lyons looke her caſt in deadly hew.

Full faſt ſhe fled, ne euer lookt behynd,
As if her life vpon the wager lay,
And home ſhe came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could ſhe ſay,
But ſuddaine catching hold, did her diſmay
With quaking hands, and other ſignes of feare:
Who full of ghaſtly fright and cold affray,
Gan ſhut the dore. By this arriued there
Dame *Vna*, wearie Dame, and entrance did requere.

Which when none yeelded, her vnruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint aſtoniſhment,

She found them both in darkesome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Vpon her beades deuoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* euery day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aues* she was wont to say.

And to augment her painefull pennance more,
Thrise euery weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bit:
But now for feare her beads she did forget.
Whose needlesse dread for to remoue away,
Faire *Vna* framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small, that night she rest her may.

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad *Vna* downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loued knight,
And sighes, and grones, and euermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
Aboue the shynie *Cassiopeias* chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entrance was not at his call:
For on his backe a heauy load he bare
Of nightly stealths, and pillage seuerall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

He

He was to weete a stout and sturdie thiefe,
Wont to robbe Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which giuen was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men careleſſe slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Vnto this house he brought, and did bestow
Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa daughter of *Corceca* slow,
With whom he whoredome vsd, that few did know,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plentie, which in all the land did grow;
Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearefull women none durst rize,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to aduize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling breast,
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppreſt.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirstie land

Drunke vp his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand
The heauie hap, which on them is alight,
Affraid, least to themselues the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discouered has,
Vp *Vna* rose, vp rose the Lyon eke,
And on their former iourney forward pas,
In wayes vnknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines farre passing that long wandring *Greeke*,
That for his loue refused deitie;
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flie,
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nie.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
That blind old woman and her daughter deare
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there slaine,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare.
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ranne like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice, and reuenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might euer stray.

But when she saw her prayers nought preuaile,
She backe returned with some labour lost;
And in the way as she did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtill *Archimag*, that *Vna* sought
By traynes into new troubles to haue tost:
Of that old woman tydings he besought,
If that of such a Ladie she could tellen ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare,
And so forth told the story of her feare:
Much seemed he to mone her hapless chaunce,
And after for that Ladie did inquire;
Which being taught, he forward gan aduaunce
His faire enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

Ere long he came, where *Vna* traueild slow,
And that wilde Champion wayting her beside:
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Vnto an hill; from whence when he him spyde,
By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde:
Approching nigh, she wist it was the same, (came.
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where haue ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to haue bene quite abhord,
Or ought haue done, that ye displeasen might,

That ſhould as death vnto my deare hart light:
For ſince mine eye your ioyous ſight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to cheareleſſe night,
And eke my night of death the ſhadow is;
But welcome now my light, and ſhining lampe of blis.

He thereto meeting ſaid, My deareſt Dame,
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To thinke that knighthood I ſo much ſhould ſhame,
As you to leaue, that haue me loued ſtill,
And choſe in Faery court of meere goodwill,
Where nobleſt knights were to be found on earth:
The earth ſhall ſooner leaue her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
Then I leaue you, my liefe, yborne of heauenly berth.

And ſooth to ſay, why I left you ſo long,
Was for to ſeeke aduenture in ſtrange place,
Where *Archimago* ſaid a felon ſtrong
To many knights did daily worke diſgrace;
But knight he now ſhall neuer more deface:
Good cauſe of mine excuſe; that mote ye pleaſe
Well to accept, and euermore embrace
My faithfull ſeruice, that by land and ſeas (peaſe.
Haue vowd you to defend, now then your plaint ap-

His louely words her ſeemd due recompence
Of all her paſſed paines: one louing howre
For many yeares of ſorrow can diſpence:
A dram of ſweet is worth a pound of ſowre:
She has forgot, how many a wofull ſtowre
For him ſhe late endur'd; ſhe ſpeakes no more
Of paſt: true is, that true loue hath no powre
To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her ſtands her knight, for whom ſhe toyld ſo ſore.

Much

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the *Ocean* wide,
Oft ſouſt in ſwelling *Tethys* ſaltiſh teare,
And long time hauing tand his tawney hide
With bluſtring breath of heauen, that none can bide,
And ſcorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soone as the port from farre he has eſpide,
His chearefull whiſtle merrily doth ſound, (round.
And *Nereus* crownes with cups; his mates him pledg a-

Such ioy made *Vna*, when her knight ſhe found;
And eke th'enchaunter ioyous ſeemd no leſſe,
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ſhip farre come from watrie wilderneſſe,
He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth bleſſe:
So forth they paſt, and all the way they ſpent
Diſcourſing of her dreadfull late diſtreſſe,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:
Who told her all that fell in iourney as ſhe went.

They had not ridden farre, when they might ſee
One pricking towards them with haſtie heat,
Full ſtrongly armd, and on a courſer free,
That through his fierceneſſe fomed all with ſweat,
And the ſharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder ſpurd his chauffed ſide;
His looke was ſterne, and ſeemed ſtill to threat
Cruell reuenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his ſhield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle payre
And ſaw the Red-croſſe, which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftſoones prepare
Himſelfe to battell with his couched ſpeare.

Loth was that other, and did faint through fear,
To taste th'vntryed dint of deadly steele;
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurnd his horse with yron heele.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare
Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce,
And had his staggering steede not shrunke for feare,
Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare:
Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reaue his life,
And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed
Of him, that slew *Sansfoy* with bloudie knife;
Henceforth his ghost freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen ouer *Lethe* lake,
When morning altars purgd with enemies life,
The blacke infernall *Furies* doen aslake:
Life from *Sansfoy* thou tookst, *Sansloy* shall frō thee take.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
Till *Vna* cride, O hold that heauie hand,
Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercie not withstand:
For he is one the truest knight aliue,
Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,
And whilest him fortune fauourd, faire did thriue
In bloudie field: therefore of life him not depriue.

Her

Her piteous words might not abate his rage,
But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
Haue slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
His hastie hand he doth amazed hold,
And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For the old man well knew he, though vntold,
In charmes and magicke to haue wondrous might,
Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

And said, Why *Archimago*, luckless syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloud of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay.

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

But her fierce seruant full of kingly awe
And high disdaine, whenas his soueraine Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,

And ramping on his ſhield, did weene the ſame
Haue reft away with his ſharpe rending clawes:
But he was ſtout, and luſt did now inflame
His corage more, that frō his griping pawes (drawes.
He hath his ſhield redeem'd, and foorth his ſwerd he

O then too weake and feeble was the forſe
Of ſaluage beaſt, his puiſſance to withſtand:
For he was ſtrong, and of ſo mightie corſe,
As euer wielded ſpeare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wiſely vnderſtand.
Eftſoones he perced through his chaufed cheſt
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his Lordly hart: with death oppreſt
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forſooke his ſtubborne breſt.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging ſpoile of lawleſſe victors will?
Her faithfull gard remou'd, her hope diſmaid,
Her ſelfe a yeelded pray to ſaue or ſpill.
He now Lord of the fied, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches, and diſdainfull ſpight
Her vildly entertaines, and will or nill,
Beares her away vpon his courſer light:
Her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaints ſhe filleth his dull eares,
That ſtony hart could riuen haue in twaine,
And all the way ſhe wets with flowing teares:
But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her ſeruile beaſt yet would not leaue her ſo,
But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares,
To be partaker of her wandring woe,
More mild in beaſtly kind, then that her beaſtly foe.

CANT.

Cant. IIII

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa guides the faithfull knight,
Where brothers death to wreak Sansioy doth chalenge him to fight.

YOung knight, what euer that dost armes profesſe,
And through long labours hunteſt after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleneſſe,
In choice, and change of thy deare loued Dame,
Leaſt thou of her beleeue too lightly blame,
And raſh miſweening doe thy hart remoue:
For vnto knight there is no greater ſhame,
Then lightneſſe and inconſtancie in loue;
That doth this *Redcroſſe* knights enſample plainly proue.

Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,
Through light miſdeeming of her loialtie,
And falſe *Dueſſa* in her ſted had borne,
Called *Fideſſa*, and ſo ſuppoſd to bee;
Long with her traueild, till at laſt they ſee
A goodly building, brauely garniſhed,
The houſe of mightie Prince it ſeemd to bee:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traueiled.

Great troupes of people traueild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, hauing ſcaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule diſgrace,

Which euer after in moſt wretched caſe,
Like loathſome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Dueſſa* bad him bend his pace:
For ſhe is wearie of the toileſome way,
And alſo nigh conſumed is the lingring day.

A ſtately Pallace built of ſquared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whoſe wals were high, but nothing ſtrong, nor thick,
And golden foile all ouer them diſplaid,
That pureſt skye with brightneſſe they diſmaid:
High lifted vp were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre ouer laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And ſpake the praiſes of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that ſo faire a mould
Did on ſo weake foundation euer ſit:
For on a ſandie hill, that ſtill did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That euery breath of heauen ſhaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could ſpie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arriued there they paſſed in forth right;
For ſtill to all the gates ſtood open wide,
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Cald *Maluenù*, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on euery ſide
With rich array and coſtly arras dight:
Infinite ſorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wiſhed ſight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

By

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In liuing Princes court none euer knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne *Persia* selfe, the nourse of pompous pride
Like euer saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lordes and Ladies stood on euery side,
Which with their presence faire, the place much beautifide.

High aboue all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most braue embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,
In glistring gold, and peereless pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As enuying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

Exceeding shone, like *Phœbus* fairest childe,
That did presume his fathers firie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes vnwonted wilde
Through highest heauen with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and aduancement vaine,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to heauen; for earth she did disdayne,
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo vnderneath her scornefull feete, was layne

A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lou'd semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

Of griesly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her peareless wroth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell:
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud *Lucifera* men did her call,
That made her selfe Queene, and crowned to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of natiue soueraintie,
But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Vpon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong aduizement of six wisards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did vphold.

Soone as the Elfing knight in presence came,
And false *Duessa* seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, *Vanitie* by name
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeysance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To proue the wide report of her great Maiestee.

With

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke ſo low,
She thanked them in her diſdainefull wiſe,
Ne other grace vouchſafed them to ſhow
Of Princeſſe worthy, ſcarſe them bad ariſe.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while deuiſe
Themſelues to ſetten forth to ſtraungers ſight:
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guiſe,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does ſpight.

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to haue increaſt their crew:
But to *Dueſſ* each one himſelfe did paine
All kindneſſe and faire courteſie to ſhew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the ſtout Faerie mongſt the middeſt crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princeſſe too exceeding prowd,
That to ſtrange knight no better countenance allowd.

Suddein vpriſeth from her ſtately place
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth, and ſhe with Princely pace,
As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
Out of the Eaſt the dawning day doth call:
So forth ſhe comes: her brightneſſe brode doth blaze;
The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, vpon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

So forth ſhe comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That ſeemd as freſh as *Flora* in her prime,
And ſtroue to match, in royall rich array,

Great *Iunoes* golden chaire, the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To *Ioues* high house through heauens bras-paued way
Drawne of faire Peacocks, that excell in pride,
And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish *Idlenesse* the nourse of sin;
Vpon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the seruice to begin.

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red,
For of deuotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once vphold his heauie hed,
To looken, whether it were night or day:
May seeme the wayne was very euill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himselfe he did essoyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise,
For euery worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grieuous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
A shaking feuer raigned continually:
Such one was *Idlenesse*, first of this company.

And

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne,
His belly was vp-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
And like a Crane his necke was long and syne,
With which he swallowd vp excessiue feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued vp his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an yuie girland had,
From vnder which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse vpholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

Vnfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke vnhable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his friend he seldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow:
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
And whally eyes (the signe of gelosy,)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:

Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
Vnseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loued deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fangleneſſe:
For he was false, and fraught with fickleneſſe,
And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulneſſe,
And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
And thousand other wayes, to bait his fleshly hookes.

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did loue,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt and proue
If from their loyall loues he might them moue;
Which lewdneſſe fild him with reprochfull paine
Of that fowle euill, which all men reproue,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine:
Such one was *Lecherie*, the third of all this traine.

And greedy *Auarice* by him did ride,
Vpon a Camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious mettall full, as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And vnto hell him selfe for money sold;
Accursed vsurie was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

His

His life was nigh vnto deaths doore yplast,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did tast,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;
Yet chylde ne kinsman liuing had he none
To leaue them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end couetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plēty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished euer more;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grieuous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was *Auarice*, the fourth of this faire band.

And next to him malicious *Enuie* rode,
Vpon a rauenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him euer sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vptyes

In many folds, and mortall ſting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnaſht his teeth, to ſee
Thoſe heapes of gold with griple Couetyſe,
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud *Lucifera*, and his owne companie.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no leſſe, that any like did vſe,
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuſe;
So euery good to bad he doth abuſe:
And eke the verſe of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and ſpightfull poiſon ſpues
From leprous mouth on all, that euer writt:
Such one vile *Enuie* was, that firſt in row did ſitt.

And him beſide rides fierce reuenging *Wrath*,
Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandiſheth about his hed;
His eyes did hurle forth ſparkles fiery red,
And ſtared ſterne on all, that him beheld,
As aſhes pale of hew and ſeeming ded;
And on his dagger ſtill his hand he held,
Trembling through haſty rage, whē choler in him ſweld.

His ruffin raiment all was ſtaind with blood,
Which he had ſpilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through vnaduized raſhneſſe woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no gouernement,
Ne car'd for bloud in his auengement:
But when the furious fit was ouerpaſt,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he neuer would forecaſt,
How many miſchieues ſhould enſue his heedleſſe haſt.

Full

Full many miſchiefes follow cruell *VVrath*;
Abhorred bloudſhed, and tumultuous ſtrife,
Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty ſcath,
Bitter deſpight, with rancours ruſty knife,
And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
All theſe, and many euils moe haunt ire,
The ſwelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The ſhaking Palſey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:
Such one was *VVrath*, the laſt of this vngodly tire.

And after all, vpon the wagon beame
Rode *Sathan*, with a ſmarting whip in hand,
With which he forward laſht the laeſie teme,
So oft as *Slowth* ſtill in the mire did ſtand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for ioy, and ſtill before their way
A foggy miſt had couered all the land;
And vnderneath their feet, all ſcattered lay
Dead ſculs & bones of men, whoſe life had gone aſtray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly ſort,
To take the ſolace of the open aire,
And in freſh flowring fields themſelues to ſport;
Emongſt the reſt rode that falſe Lady faire,
The fowle *Dueſſa*, next vnto the chaire
Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not ſo nigh repaire,
Him ſelfe eſtraunging from their ioyaunce vaine,
Whoſe fellowſhip ſeemd far vnfit for warlike ſwaine.

So hauing ſolaced themſelues a ſpace
With pleaſaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe returned to the Princely Place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes ycled,

And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ *Sans ioy*, they new arriued find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,
And nourish bloudy vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

Who when the shamed shield of slaine *Sans foy*
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
His eldest brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that same enuious gage
Of victors glory from him snatcht away:
But th'Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene vpon eternall paine
Of high displeasure, that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

Ah deareſt Dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,)
Pardon the errour of enraged wight,
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn
The proweſt knight, that euer field did fight,
Euen stout *Sans foy* (O who can then refrayn?) (dayn.
Whose shield he beares renuerst, the more to heape dis-

And

And to augment the glorie of his guile,
His deareſt loue the faire *Fideſſa* loe
Is there poſſeſſed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the harueſt ſowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloudy field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand ſhall dearely well requight
So be, ô Queene, you equall fauour ſhowe.
Him litle anſwerd th'angry Elfin knight; (right.
He neuer meant with words, but ſwords to plead his

But threw his gauntlet as a ſacred pledge,
His cauſe in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edge,
To be aueng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
Feaſting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was exceſſiue *Gluttonie*,
That of his plenty poured forth to all; (call.
Which doen, the Chamberlain *Slowth* did to reſt them

Now whenas darkeſome night had all diſplayd
Her coleblacke curtein ouer brighteſt skye,
The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away ſweet ſleepe from ſluggiſh eye,
To muſe on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas *Morpheus* had with leaden mace
Arreſted all that courtly company,
Vp-roſe *Duеſſa* from her reſting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with ſilent pace.

Whom broad awake ſhe finds, in troublous fit,
Forecaſting, how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoues with ſpeaches ſeeming fit:
Ah deare *Sans ioy*, next deareſt to *Sans foy*,

Cauſe of my new griefe, cauſe of new ioy,
Ioyous, to ſee his ymage in mine eye,
And greeu'd, to thinke how foe did him deſtroy,
That was the flowre of grace and cheualrye;
Lo his *Fideſſa* to thy ſecret faith I flye.

With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
And bad ſay on the ſecret of her hart.
Then ſighing ſoft, I learne that litle ſweet
Oft tempred is (quoth ſhe) with muchell ſmart:
For ſince my breſt was launcht with louely dart
Of deare *Sansfoy*, I neuer ioyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Haue waſted, louing him with all my powre,
And for his ſake haue felt full many an heauie ſtowre.

At laſt when perils all I weened paſt,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes vnweeting I was caſt,
By this falſe faytor, who vnworthy ware
His worthy ſhield, whom he with guilefull ſnare
Entrapped ſlew, and brought to ſhamefull graue.
Me ſilly maid away with him he bare,
And euer ſince hath kept in darkſome caue,
For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans-foy* I gaue.

But ſince faire Sunne hath ſperſt that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now ſhewes ſome light,
Vnder your beames I will me ſafely ſhrowd,
From dreaded ſtorme of his diſdainfull ſpight:
To you th'inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayſe, to you eke longs his loue.
Let not his loue, let not his reſtleſſe ſpright
Be vnreueng'd, that calles to you aboue (moue.
From wandring *Stygian* ſhores, where it doth endleſſe

Thereto

Thereto ſaid he, faire Dame be nought diſmaid
For ſorrowes paſt; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of preſent perill be affraid;
For needleſſe feare did neuer vantage none,
And helpleſſe hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is *Sans foy*, his vitall paines are paſt,
Though greeued ghoſt for vengeance deepe do grone:
He liues, that ſhall him pay his dewties laſt,
And guiltie Elfin bloud ſhall ſacrifice in haſt.

O but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth ſhee)
Of fortune falſe, and oddes of armes in field.
Why dame (quoth he) what oddes can euer bee,
Where both do fight alike, to win or yield?
Yea but (quoth ſhe) he beares a charmed ſhield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce,
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield.
Charmd or enchaunted (anſwerd he then ferce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

But faire *Fideſſa*, ſithens fortunes guiſe,
Or enimies powre hath now captiued you,
Returne from whence ye came, and reſt a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe ſubdew,
And with *Sans-foyes* dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (ſhe ſaid)
With proud foes ſight my ſorrow to renew:
Where euer yet I be, my ſecret aid
Shall follow you. So paſſing forth ſhe him obaid.

Cant. V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
subdewes his faithlesse foe.
Whom false Duessa saues, and for
his cure to hell does goe.

THe noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent:
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Deuizing, how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieuen might;
Still did wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last the golden Orientall gate,
Of greatest heauen gan to open faire,
And *Phœbus* fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire:
And hurls his glistring beames through gloomy aire
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiu'd, streight way
He started vp, and did him selfe prepaire,
In sun-bright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,

To

To driue away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voyces cunningly,
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wouen maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
And daintie spices fetcht from furthest *Ynd*,
To kindle heat of corage priuily:
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T'obserue the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

At last forth comes that far renowmed Queene,
With royall pomp and Princely maiestie;
She is ybrought vnto a paled greene,
And placed vnder stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th'other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sans-foy his shield is hangd with bloudy hew:
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

A shrilling trompet sownded from on hye,
And vnto battaill bad them selues addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heads do blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heauinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle;
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weake & fraile.

The Sarazin was ſtout, and wondrous ſtrong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great:
For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat:
And doubled ſtrokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for prayſe and honour he did fight.
Both ſtricken ſtrike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their ſhields forth flyeth firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe, ſhew marks of eithers might.

So th'one for wrong, the other ſtriues for right:
As when a Gryfon ſeized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through wideſt ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull rauine rend away:
With hideous horrour both together ſmight,
And ſouce ſo ſore, that they the heauens affray:
The wiſe Southſayer ſeeing ſo ſad ſight,
Th'amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

So th'one for wrong, the other ſtriues for right,
And each to deadly ſhame would driue his foe:
The cruell ſteele ſo greedily doth bight
In tender fleſh, that ſtreames of bloud down flow,
With which the armes, that earſt ſo bright did ſhow
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde:
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape ſo wyde,
That victory they dare not wiſh to either ſide.

At laſt the Paynim chaunſt to caſt his eye,
His ſuddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Vpon his brothers ſhield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,

And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,
Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
And sluggish german doest thy forces slake,
To after-send his foe, that him may ouertake?

Goe caytiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe;
Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield haue quit from dying foe.
Therewith vpon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall;
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false *Duessa*, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mou'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast auengd to bee,
And with so'exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe vpon his knee;
Had he not stouped so, he should haue clouen bee.

And to him said, Goe now proud Miscreant,
Thy selfe thy message doe to german deare,
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heauie hand he high gan reare,
Him to haue slaine; when loe a darkesome clowd
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him cals alowd,
But answer none receiues: the darknes him does shrowd.

In haſte *Dueſſa* from her place aroſe,
And to him running ſaid, O proweſt knight,
That euer Ladie to her loue did choſe,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious deſpight,
And bloudie vengeance; lo th'infernall powres
Couering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
The conqueſt yours, I yours, the ſhield, and glory yours.

Not all ſo ſatisfide, with greedie eye
He ſought all round about, his thirſtie blade
To bath in bloud of faithleſſe enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in ſecret ſhade:
He ſtandes amazed, how he thence ſhould fade.
At laſt the trumpets, Triumph ſound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the ſhield, the cauſe of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that ſoueraine Queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes preſent of his ſeruice ſeene:
Which ſhe accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,
Greatly aduauncing his gay cheualree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heauen bright.

Home is he brought, and laid in ſumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To ſalue his hurts, that yet ſtill freſhly bled.
In wine and oyle they waſh his woundes wide,

And softly can embalme on euery side.
And all the while, most heauenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did diuide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while *Duessa* wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traueller that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seuen-mouthed *Nile*,
Vnweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowd vp vnwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

So wept *Duessa* vntill euentide,
That shyning lampes in *Ioues* high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes vnto the place, where th'Hethen knight
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his woefull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

Where griesly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
That *Phœbus* chearefull face durst neuer vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darkesome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Alreadie harnessed for iourney new;
And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who when she saw *Duessa* sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and iewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th'vnacquainted light began to feare:
For neuer did such brightnesse there appeare,
And would haue backe retyred to her caue,
Vntill the witches speech she gan to heare,
Saying, yet ô thou dreaded Dame, I craue
Abide, till I haue told the message, which I haue.

She stayd, and foorth *Duessa* gan proceede,
O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods cæleſtiall,
Which wast begot in *Demogorgons* hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world vnmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
Lo where the stout *Sansioy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sansfoy* shrinke vnderneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor laid on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old *Aveugles* sonnes so euill heare?
Or who shall not great *Nights* children scorne,
When two of three her Nephews are so fowle forlorne?

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darkneſſe Queene,
Go gather vp the reliques of thy race,
Or else goe them auenge, and let be seene,
That dreaded *Night* in brightest day hath place,

And can the children of faire light deface.
Her feeling ſpeeches ſome compaſſion moued
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pittie in her hart was neuer proued
Till then: and euermore ſhe hated, neuer loued.

And ſaid, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good ſucceſſes, which their foes enſew:
But who can turne the ſtreame of deſtinee,
Or breake the chayne of ſtrong neceſſitee,
Which faſt is tyde to *Ioues* eternall ſeat?
The ſonnes of Day he fauoureth, I ſee,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others loſſe, is bad excheat.

Yet ſhall they not eſcape ſo freely all;
For ſome ſhall pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made *Sansfoy* to fall,
Shall with his owne bloud price that he hath ſpilt.
But what art thou, that telſt of Nephews kilt?
I that do ſeeme not I, *Dueſſa* am,
(Quoth ſhe) how euer now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came;
Dueſſa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, ſhe kiſt
The wicked witch, ſaying; In that faire face
The falſe reſemblance of Deceipt, I wiſt
Did cloſely lurke; yet ſo true-ſeeming grace
It carried, that I ſcarſe in darkeſome place
Could it diſcerne, though I the mother bee
Of falſhood, and root of *Dueſſues* race.
O welcome child, whom I haue longd to ſee,
And now haue ſeene vnwares. Lo now I go with thee.

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfauourd witch:
Through mirkesome aire her readie way she makes.
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich,
Did softly swim away, ne euer stampe,
Vnlesse she chaūst their stubborne mouths to twitch;
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Vnto the place, whereas the Payhim lay,
Deuoid of outward sense, and natiue strength,
Couerd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congealed,
They binden vp so wisely, as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be healed:
So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed.

And all the while she stood vpon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did neuer cease to bay,
As giuing warning of th'vnwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay;
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle
With drearie shrickes did also her bewray;
And hungry Wolues continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heauie corse with easie pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Auernus* hole.
By that fame hole an entrance darke and bace

With

With ſmoake and ſulphure hiding all the place,
Deſcends to hell: there creature neuer paſt,
That backe returned without heauenly grace;
But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braſt,
And damned ſprights ſent forth to make ill men aghaſt.

By that ſame way the direfull dames doe driue
Their mournefull charet, fild with ruſty blood,
And downe to *Plutoes* houſe are come biliue:
Which paſſing through, on euery ſide them ſtood
The trembling ghoſts with ſad amazed mood,
Chattring their yron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtonie eyes; and all the helliſh brood
Of feends infernall flockt on euery ſide,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durſt ride.

They pas the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
Where many ſoules ſit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
Whereas the damned ghoſts in torments fry,
And with ſharpe ſhrilling ſhriekes doe bootleſſe cry,
Curſing high *Ioue*, the which them thither ſent.
The houſe of endleſſe paine is built thereby,
In which ten thouſand ſorts of puniſhment
The curſed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threſhold dreadfull *Cerberus*
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thouſand adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his briſtles ſtrong,
And felly gnarre, vntill dayes enemy
Did him appeaſe; then downe his taile he hong
And ſuffered them to paſſen quietly:
For ſhe in hell and heauen had power equally.

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin;
And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirstie *Tantalus* hong by the chin;
And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhæus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law,
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leaue off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come vnto the furthest part:
Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, vneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad *Æsculapius* farre a part
Emprisond was in chaines remediless,
For that *Hippolytus* rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
That wont in charet chace the foming Bore;
He all his Peeres in beautie did surpas,
But Ladies loue as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
But when she saw her offred sweets refused
Her loue she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accused,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abused.

Who all in rage his Sea-god syre besought,
Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:
Frõ surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,
With dread whereof his chasing steedes aghast,

Both

Both charet swift and huntsman ouercast.
His goodly corps on ragged clifts yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went,
That of *Hippolytus* was left no moniment.

His cruell stepdame seeing what was donne,
Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
In death auowing th'innocence of her sonne.
Which hearing his rash Syre, began to rend
His haire, and hastie tongue, that did offend:
Tho gathering vp the relicks of his smart
By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolyts* frend,
Them brought to *Æsculape*, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raine
When *Ioue* auizd, that could the dead reuiue,
And fates expired could renew againe,
Of endlesse life he might him not depriue,
But vnto hell did thrust him downe aliue,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue
Himselfe with salues to health for to restore,
And slake the heauenly fire, that raged euermore.

There auncient Night arriuing, did alight
From her high wearie waine, and in her armes
To *Æsculapius* brought the wounded knight:
Whom hauing softly disarayd of armes,
Tho gan to him discouer all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou temptest me in vaine,
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that thrust from heauen dew
Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray (day?
The wrath of thundring *Iowe*, that rules both night and

Not so (quoth she) but sith that heauens king
From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of euerlasting Night?
Goe to then, ô thou farre renowmed sonne
Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great paines, & greater praise, both neuer to be donne.

Her words preuaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which hauing seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aueugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
To runne her timely race, whilst *Phœbus* pure
In westerne waues his wearie wagon did recure.

The false *Duessa* leauing ioyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence, albe his woundes wide

Not

Not throughly heald, vnready were to ride.
Good cause he had to haſten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had ſpide,
Where in a dongeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytiue wretched thrals, that wayled night and day.

A ruefull ſight, as could be ſeene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in ſecret wiſe
The hidden cauſe of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their liues to *Couetiſe*,
Through waſtfull Pride, and wanton Riotiſe,
They were by law of that proud Tyrannеſſe
Prouokt with *Wrath*, and *Enuies* falſe ſurmiſe,
Condemned to that Dongeon mercileſſe,
Where they ſhould liue in woe, & die in wretchedneſſe.

There was that great proud king of *Babylon*,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call vpon,
Till through celeſtiall doome throwne out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:
There alſo was king *Craſus*, that enhaunſt
His heart too high through his great riches ſtore;
And proud *Antiochus*, the which aduaunſt
His curſed hand gainſt God, and on his altars daunſt.

And eke long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
That firſt the world with ſword and fire warrayd;
And after him old *Ninus* farre did pas
In princely pompe, of all the world obayd;
There alſo was that mightie Monarch layd
Low vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
That name of natiue ſyre did fowle vpbrayd,
And would as *Ammons* ſonne be magnifide,
Till ſcornd of God and man a ſhamefull death he dide.

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruines of the *Romaines* fall:
Great *Romulus* the Grandsyre of them all,
Proud *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
Stout *Scipio*, and stubborne *Hanniball*,
Ambitious *Sylla*, and sterne *Marius*,
High *Cæsar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

Amongst these mighty men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold *Semiramis*, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes owne blade, her fowle reproches spoke;
Faire *Sthenoboea*, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill.

Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride, and wasted wealthes decay.
But most of all, which in the Dongeon lay
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly throwne themselues into these heauy stowres.

Whose cáse when as the carefull Dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournefull sight
Vnto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,

But early roſe, and ere that dawning light
Diſcouered had the world to heauen wyde,
He by a priuie Poſterne tooke his flight,
That of no enuious eyes he mote be ſpyde:
For doubtleſſe death enſewd, if any him deſcryde.

Scarſe could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corſes, like a great Lay-ſtall
Of murdred men which therein ſtrowed lay,
Without remorſe, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great Princeſſe pride did fall
And came to ſhamefull end. And them beſide
Forth ryding vnderneath the caſtell wall,
A donghill of dead carkaſes he ſpide,
The dreadfull ſpectacle of that ſad houſe of *Pride*.

Cant. VI.

From lawleſſe luſt by wondrous grace
fayre Una is releaſt:
Whom ſaluage nation does adore,
and learnes her wiſe beheaſt.

AS when a ſhip, that flyes faire vnder ſaile,
An hidden rocke eſcaped hath vnwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed ſtares
At perill paſt, and yet it doubt ne dares
To ioy at his foole-happie ouerſight:
So doubly is diſtreſt twixt ioy and cares
The dreadleſſe courage of this Elfin knight,
Hauing eſcapt ſo ſad enſamples in his ſight.

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speed
The faire *Duessa* had forst him leaue behind;
And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare dreed
Her truth had staind with treason so vnkind;
Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,
But for his loue, and for her owne selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other *Ynd*,
Him for to seeke, ne euer would forsake,
Till her vnwares the fierce *Sansfoy* did ouertake.

Who after *Archimagoes* fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forrest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to haue defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to perswade, that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard loue he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
And looking louely, and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diuerse guile:
But wordes and lookes, and sighes she did abhore,
As rocke of Diamond stedfast euermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele, that hong her face before;
Then gan her beautie shine, as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

So when he saw his flatt'ring arts to fayle,
And subtile engines bet from batteree,
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,

And

And with rich spoile of ransackt chastetee.
Ah heauens, that do this hideous act behold,
And heauenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames vpon that Paynim bold?

The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, & shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes;
And *Phœbus* flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

Eternall prouidence exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shriekes so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd;
A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old *Syluanus* slept in shady arber sownd.

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In hast forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.
Vnto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
A rude, misshapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he neuer saw, he durst not bide,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

The wyld woodgods arriued in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;
All stand amazed at so vncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her vnhappie state,
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes vnworthie of so wofull plight.

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell;
And euery tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedie Wolfe through hunger fell
A seely Lambe farre from the flocke does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
Which quit from death yet quakes in euery lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:
The saluage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rusticke horror all a side doe lay,
And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her, and feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth,
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
Late learnd what harme to hastie trust ensu'th,

They

They in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soueraine,
Are wonne with pitty and vnwonted ruth,
And all prostrate vpon the lowly plaine,
Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with countenance faine.

Their harts she gheſseth by their humble guiſe,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time;
So from the ground she feareleſse doth ariſe,
And walketh forth without ſuſpect of crime:
They all as glad, as birdes of ioyous Prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and ſinging all a ſhepheards ryme,
And with greene braunches ſtrowing all the ground,
Do worſhip her, as Queene, with oliue girlond cround.

And all the way their merry pipes they ſound,
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring,
And with their horned feet do weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleaſant Spring.
So towards old *Syluanus* they her bring;
Who with the noyſe awaked, commeth out,
To weet the cauſe, his weake ſteps gouerning,
And aged limbs on Cypreſſe ſtadle ſtout,
And with an yuie twyne his waſt is girt about.

Far off he wonders, what them makes ſo glad,
Of *Bacchus* merry fruit they did inuent,
Or *Cybeles* franticke rites haue made them mad;
They drawing nigh, vnto their God preſent
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
The God himſelfe vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent;
His owne faire *Dryope* now he thinkes not faire,
And *Pholoe* fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
And old *Syluanus* selfe bethinkes not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe he seemes to see,
But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood;
Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to bee,
But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

By vew of her he ginneth to reuiue
His ancient loue, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
And calles to mind his pourtraiture aliue,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the louely boy
Did loue as life, aboue all worldly blisse;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

The wooddy Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*,
Her to behold do thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot *Naiades*,
Flocke all about to see her louely face:
But when they vewed haue her heauenly grace,
They enuie her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
But all the *Satyres* scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that saluage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries.

During

During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th'Image of Idolatryes;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine
Frō her own worship, they her Asse would worship fayn.

It fortuned a noble warlike knight
By iust occasion to that forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
From whence he tooke his well deserued name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far landes with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And euer lou'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge aduenture as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Faire *Thyamis* the daughter of *Labryde*,
That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde
To *Therion*, a loose vnruly swayne;
Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the saluage beast with busie payne,
Then serue his Ladies loue, and wast in pleasures vayne.

The forlorne mayd did with loues longing burne,
And could not lacke her louers company,
But to the wood she goes, to serue her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to find,
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall links of wedlocke did vnbind,
And made her person thrall vnto his beastly kind.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captiue to his sensuall desire,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy vnto that saluage sire:
Then home he suffred her for to retire,
For ransome leauing him the late borne childe;
Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire,
He noursled vp in life and manners wilde, (exilde.
Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes of men

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Vpon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;
And the Robuckes in flight to ouertake,
That euery beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so feareless, and so fell he grew,
That his owne sire and maister of his guise
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to prouoke; for he would learne
The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
Leaue roaring, when in rage he for reuenge did earne.

And for to make his powre approued more,
Wyld beasts in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell;

The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell;
And them conſtraine in equall teme to draw.
Such ioy he had, their ſtubborne harts to quell,
And ſturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheaſt they feared, as tyrans law.

His louing mother came vpon a day
Vnto the woods, to ſee her little ſonne;
And chaunſt vnwares to meet him in the way,
After his ſportes, and cruell paſtime donne,
When after him a Lyoneſſe did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The Lyon whelpes ſhe ſaw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childiſh feare.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the ſight,
And turning backe, gan faſt to fly away,
Vntill with loue reuokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perſwaded was to ſtay,
And then to him theſe womaniſh words gan ſay;
Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my ioy,
For loue of me leaue off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
Go find ſome other play-fellowes, mine own ſweet boy.

In theſe and like delights of bloudy game
He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught,
And there abode, whilſt any beaſt of name
Walkt in that foreſt, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Deſird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for ſtraunge aduentures ſought:
In which his might was neuer ouerthrowne,
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and aduentures spent,
Vnto those natiue woods for to repaire,
To see his sire and offspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he vnwares the faireſt *Vna* found,
Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

He wondred at her wisedome heauenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he neuer knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And ioyd to make proofe of her crueltie
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and veritie.

But she all vowd vnto the *Redcrosse* knight,
His wandring peril closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in priuie wise
To *Satyrane* she shewed her intent;
Who glad to gain such fauour, gan deuise,
How with that pensiue Maid he best might thence arise.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone,
To do their seruice to *Syluanus* old,
The gentle virgin left behind alone
He led away with courage stout and bold.

Too late it was, to Satyres to be told,
Or euer hope recouer her againe:
In vaine he seekes that hauing cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, & come now to the plaine.

The better part now of the lingring day,
They traueild had, when as they farre espide
A wearie wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcrosse*.
But he them spying, gan to turne aside,
For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse;
More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilesome trauell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traueild many a sommers day,
Through boyling sands of *Arabie* and *Inde*;
And in his hand a *Iacobs* staffe, to stay
His wearie limbes vpon: and eke behind,
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The knight approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tydings of warre, and of aduentures new;
But warres, nor new aduentures none he herd.
Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a crosslet red.
Aye me, Deare dame (quoth he) well may I rew
To tell the sad sight, which mine eies haue red:
These eyes did see that knight both liuing and eke ded.

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddein cold did runne through euery vaine,
And stony horrour all her sences fild
With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden griefe;
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,
This fatall day, that shall I euer rew,
To see two knights in trauell on my way
(A sory sight) arraung'd in battell new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That drunke with bloud, yet thirsted after life: (knife.
What more? the *Redcrosse* knight was slaine with Paynim

Ah deareſt Lord (quoth she) how might that bee,
And he the stouteſt knight, that euer wonne?
Ah deareſt dame (quoth he) how might I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?
Where is (said *Satyrane*) that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and vs of ioy hath reft?
Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (were cleft.
Washing his bloudy wounds, that through the steele

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in haſt,
Whiles *Vna* with huge heauineſſe oppreſt,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had gheſt,
Whereas

Whereas that *Pagan* proud him selfe did rest,
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Euen he it was, that earst would haue suppresst
Faire *Vna*: whom when *Satyrane* espide,
With fowle reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreaunt,
That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous train
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the *Redcrosse* to haue slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And catching vp in hast his three square shield,
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

And drawing nigh him said, Ah misborne Elfe,
In euill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
Anothers wrongs to wreake vpon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for hauing blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent;
That *Redcrosse* knight, perdie, I neuer slew,
But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,
Th'enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope now prouen trew.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiercly to assaile
Each other bent his enimy to quell,
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty any liuing eie.
Large floods of bloud adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of bloud could not them satisfie:
Both hungred after death: both chose to win, or die.

So long they fight, and fell reuenge purſue,
That fainting each, themſelues to breathen let,
And oft refreſhed, battell oft renue:
As when two Bores with rancling malice met,
Their gory ſides freſh bleeding fiercely fret,
Till breathleſſe both them ſelues aſide retire,
Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whet,
And trample th'earth, the whiles they may reſpire;
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fierſly, when theſe knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight returne, increaſing more
Their puiſſant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped ſtrokes more hugely, then before,
That with their drerie wounds and bloudy gore
They both deformed, ſcarſely could be known.
By this ſad *Vna* fraught with anguiſh ſore, (thrown:
Led with their noiſe, which through the aire was
Arriu'd, where they in erth their fruitles bloud had ſown.

Whom all ſo ſoone as that proud Sarazin
Eſpide, he gan reuiue the memory
Of his lewd luſts, and late attempted ſin,
And left the doubtfull battell haſtily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But *Satyrane* with ſtrokes him turning, ſtaid,
And ſternely bad him other buſineſſe plie,
Then hunt the ſteps of pure vnſpotted Maid:
Wherewith he all enrag'd, theſe bitter ſpeaches ſaid.

O fooliſh faeries ſonne, what furie mad
Hath thee incenſt, to haſt thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better, I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadſt repented it too late?

Moſt

Most senceleſſe man he, that himſelfe doth hate,
To loue another. Lo then for thine ayd
Here take thy louers token on thy pate.
So they two fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
Fled farre away, of that proud Paynim ſore afrayd.

But that falſe *Pilgrim*, which that leaſing told,
Being in deed old *Archimage*, did ſtay
In ſecret ſhadow, all this to behold,
And much reioyced in their bloudy fray:
But when he ſaw the Damſell paſſe away
He left his ſtond, and her purſewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her laſt decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

Cant. VII.

The Redcroſſe knight is captiue made
By Gyaunt proud oppreſt,
Prince Arthur meets with Vna great-
ly with thoſe newes diſtreſt.

WHat man ſo wiſe, what earthly wit ſo ware,
As to deſcry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceipt doth maske in viſour faire,
And caſt her colours dyed deepe in graine,
To ſeeme like Truth, whoſe ſhape ſhe well can faine,
And fitting geſtures to her purpoſe frame;
The guiltleſſe man with guile to entertaine?
Great maiſtreſſe of her art was that falſe Dame,
The falſe *Duеſſa*, cloked with *Fideſſaes* name.

Who when returning from the drery *Night*,
She fownd not in that perilous houſe of *Pryde*,
Where ſhe had left, the noble *Redcroſſe* knight,
Her hoped pray; ſhe would no lenger bide,
But forth ſhe went, to ſeeke him far and wide.
Ere long ſhe fownd, whereas he wearie ſate,
To reſt him ſelfe, foreby a fountaine ſide,
Diſarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
And by his ſide his ſteed the graſſy forage ate.

He feedes vpon the cooling ſhade, and bayes
His ſweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trẽbling leaues full gently playe
Wherein the cherefull birds of ſundry kind
Do chaunt ſweet muſick, to delight his mind:
The Witch approching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproch of careleſneſſe vnkind
Vpbrayd, for leauing her in place vnmeet, (ſwee
With fowle words tempring faire, ſoure gall with hony

Vnkindneſſe paſt, they gan of ſolace treat,
And bathe in pleaſaunce of the ioyous ſhade,
Which ſhielded them againſt the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whoſe bubbling waue did euer freſhly well,
Ne euer would through feruent ſommer fade:
The ſacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of *Dianes* fauour, as it then befell.

The cauſe was this: one day when *Phœbe* fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of ſcorching ayre
Sat downe to reſt in middeſt of the race:

The goddesse wroth gan fowly he disgrace,
And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
And all that drunke thereof, did faint and feeble grow.

Hereof this gentle knight vnweeting was,
And lying downe vpon the sandie graile,
Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas,
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to faile,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile.
His chaunged powres at first them selues not felt,
Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
And chearefull bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
Which like a feuer fit through all his body swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both careless of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd, (bownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing, did re-
That all the earth for terrour seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe therewith astownd,
Vpstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous Geant horrible and hye,
That with his talnesse seemd to threat the skye,
The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed;
His liuing like saw neuer liuing eye,
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
The height of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

The greateſt Earth his vncouth mother was,
And bluſtring *Æolus* his boaſted ſire,
Who with his breath, which through the world dot
Her hollow womb did ſecretly inſpire,
And fild her hidden caues with ſtormie yre,
That ſhe conceiu'd; and trebling the dew time,
In which the wombes of women do expire,
Brought forth this monſtrous maſſe of earthly ſlime
Puft vp with emptie wind, and fild with ſinfull crime.

So growen great through arrogant delight
Of th'high deſcent, whereof he was yborne,
And through preſumption of his matchleſſe might,
All other powres and knighthood he did ſcorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to loſſe: his ſtalking ſteps are ſtayde
Vpon a ſnaggy Oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he diſmayde.

That when the knight he ſpide, he gan aduance
With huge force and inſupportable mayne,
And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who hapleſſe, and eke hopeleſſe; all in vaine
Did to him pace, ſad battaile to darrayne,
Diſarmd, diſgraſt, and inwardly diſmayde,
And eke ſo faint in euery ioynt and vaine,
Through that fraile foũtaine, which him feeble mad
That ſcarſely could he weeld his bootleſſe ſingle blade.

The Geaunt ſtrooke ſo maynly mercileſſe,
That could haue ouerthrowne a ſtony towre,
And were not heauenly grace, that him did bleſſe,
He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:

But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from vnderneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the wind it did him ouerthrow,
And all his sences stound, that still he lay full low.

As when that diuelish yron Engin wrought
In deepest Hell, and framd by *Furies* skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
Conceiueth fire, the heauens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke,
That th'onely breathing wight, who hath escapt the stroke.

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight
His heauie hand he heaued vp on hye,
And him to dust thought to haue battred quight,
Vntill *Duessa* loud to him gan crye;
O great *Orgoglio*, greatest vnder skye,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslaue make,
And me thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake:
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his new found make.
Then vp he tooke the slombred senceless corse,
And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

From that day forth *Duessa* was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,
He gaue her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall maiestye:
Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples harts with awfull terrour tye,
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome de

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,
Long fostred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
Whose many heads out budding euer new,
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:
But this same Monster much more vgly was;
For seuen great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and backe of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glas.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heauenly gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The euer-burning lamps from thence it brought,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of nought
And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy hearts foretaught.
Vpon this dreadfull Beast with seuenfold head
He set the false *Duessa*, for more aw and dread.

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,
When all was past, tooke vp his forlorne weed,

His mightie armour, missing most at need;
His siluer shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The ruefull moniments of heauinesse,
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

He had not trauaild long, when on the way
He wofull Ladie, wofull *Vna* met,
Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest *Satyrane* him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarfe had set,
And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And liuely breath her sad brest did forsake,
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

The messenger of so vnhappie newes,
Would faine haue dyde: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last recouering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chafe her chin,
And euery tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win,
Vnto her natiue prison to retourne:
Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament and mourne.

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threeds vnfould,
The which my life and loue together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of senseless cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through euery side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hide.

O lightsome day, the lampe of highest *Ioue*,
First made by him, mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darkenesse he in deepest dongeon droue,
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hyde,
And shut vp heauens windowes shyning wyde:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeled vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

Then downe againe she fell vnto the ground;
But he her quickly reared vp againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviu'd with busie paine:
At last when life recouer'd had the raine,
And ouer-wrestled his strong enemie,
With soltring tong, and trembling euery vaine,
Tell on (quoth she) the wofull Tragedie,
The which these reliques sad present vnto mine eie.

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his vtmost dart;
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heauy plight,
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse, then that I feare more fauour I haue found.

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
The subtill traines of *Archimago* old;
The wanton loues of false *Fidessa* faire,
Bought with the bloud of vanquisht Paynim bold:

The wretched payre transform'd to treen mould;
The house of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with *Sanſioy* did hould;
The luckleſſe conflict with the Gyant ſtout,
Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he ſtood in doubt.

She heard with patience all vnto the end,
And ſtroue to maiſter ſorrowfull aſſay,
Which greater grew, the more ſhe did contend,
And almoſt rent her tender hart in tway;
And loue freſh coles vnto her fire did lay:
For greater loue, the greater is the loſſe.
Was neuer Ladie loued dearer day,
Then ſhe did loue the knight of the *Redcroſſe*;
For whoſe deare ſake ſo many troubles her did toſſe.

At laſt when feruent ſorrow ſlaked was,
She vp aroſe, reſoluing him to find
A liue or dead: and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her aſſynd:
And euermore in conſtant carefull mind
She fed her wound with freſh renewed bale;
Long toſt with ſtormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High ouer hils, and low adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and meaſurd many a vale.

At laſt ſhe chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour ſhined farre away,
Like glauncing light of *Phœbus* brighteſt ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of ſteele endanger may:
Athwart his breſt a bauldrick braue he ware, (rare.
That ſhynd, like twinkling ſtars, with ſtons moſt pretious

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like *Hesperus* emongst the lesser lights,
And stroue for to amaze the weaker sights;
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yuory sheath, ycaru'd with curious slights;
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse, and great terrour bred;
For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and ouer all did spred
His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed
Close couched on the beuer, seem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
That suddeine horror to faint harts did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low.

Vpon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bunch of haires discolourd diuersly,
With sprincled pearle, and gold full richly dreſt,
Did shake, and seem'd to daunce for iollity,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossomes braue bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble euery one
At euery little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely couer'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be euer seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soone consumed bene:

But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massie entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it neuer percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword diuide the substance would.

The same to wight he neuer wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heauens he would affray;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That *Phœbus* golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay;
And siluer *Cynthia* wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloudie wordes of bold Enchaunters call,
But all that was not such, as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
And when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceedes,
For he that made the same, was knowne right well
To haue done much more admirable deedes.
It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excell
All liuing wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;
But when he dyde, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire
His ſpeare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whoſe harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riuen many a breſt with pikehead ſquare;
A goodly perſon, and could menage faire,
His ſtubborne ſteed with curbed canon bit,
Who vnder him did trample as the aire,
And chauſt, that any on his backe ſhould ſit;
The yron rowels into frothy ſome he bit.

When as this knight nigh to the Ladie drew,
With louely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her anſweres loth, he knew
Some ſecret ſorrow did her heart diſtraine:
Which to allay, and calme her ſtorming paine,
Faire feeling words he wiſely gan diſplay,
And for her humour fitting purpoſe faine,
To tempt the cauſe it ſelfe for to bewray; (fay.
Wherewith emmou'd, theſe bleeding words ſhe gan to

What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing ſpeach
Can heart, ſo plung'd in ſea of ſorrowes deepe,
And heaped with ſo huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creepe,
And in my heart his yron arrow ſteepe,
Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:
Such helpleſſe harmes yts better hidden keepe,
Then rip vp griefe, where it may not auaile,
My laſt left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

Ah Ladie deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
Well may I weene, your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my ſpright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your ſorrowes treat.

But wofull Ladie let me you intrete,
For to vnfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by aduice discrete,
And counsell mittigates the greatest smart;
Found neuer helpe, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O but (quoth she) great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought, then said.
Right so; (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,
Could neuer: will to might giues greatest aid.
But griefe (quoth she) does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breedes despaire.
Despaire breedes not (quoth he) where faith is staid.
No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

His goodly reason, and well guided speach
So deepe did settle in her gratious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
Which loue and fortune in her heart had wrought,
And said; faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the storie sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes haue seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare, whilest equall destinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The fauourable heauens did not enuy,
Did spread their rule through all the territories,
Which *Phison* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
And *Gebons* golden waues doe wash continually.

At last by subtill sleights she him betraid
Vnto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Vnwares surprised, and with mightie mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did neuer foe before behold;
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedilesse, for aie he doth him hold;
This is my cause of griefe, more great, then may be told.

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted and faire bespake,
Certes, Madame, ye haue great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take:
For till I haue acquit your captiue knight,
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
His chearefull words reuiu'd her cheareless spright
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding euer right.

Cant. VIII.

Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
brings Arthur to the fight:
Who slayes that Gyant, wounds the beast,
and strips Duessa quight.

AY me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that heauenly grace doth him vphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.

Her loue is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he through his owne fooliſh pride,
Or weakneſſe is to ſinfull bands made thrall:
Elſe ſhould this *Redcroſſe* knight in bands haue dyde,
For whoſe deliuerãce ſhe this Prince doth thither guide.

They ſadly traueild thus, vntill they came
Nigh to a caſtle builded ſtrong and hie:
Then cryde the Dwarfe, lo yonder is the ſame,
In which my Lord my liege doth luckleſſe lie,
Thrall to that Gyants hatefull tyrannie:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres aſſay.
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie ſteede, and bad the Ladie ſtay,
To ſee what end of fight ſhould him befall that day.

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that caſtle wall;
Whoſe gates he found faſt ſhut, ne liuing wight
To ward the ſame, nor anſwere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle ſmall,
Which hong adowne his ſide in twiſted gold,
And taſſels gay. Wyde wonders ouer all
Of that ſame hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approued bene in vſes manifold.

Was neuer wight, that heard that ſhrilling ſound,
But trembling feare did feele in euery vaine;
Three miles it might be eaſie heard around,
And Ecchoes three anſwerd it ſelfe againe:
No falſe enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blaſt,
But preſently was voide and wholly vaine:
No gate ſo ſtrong, no locke ſo firme and faſt,
But with that percing noiſe flew open quite, or braſt.

The same before the Geants gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the ground,
And euery dore of freewill open flew.
The Gyant selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his *Duessa* dalliance sownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet, what suddein stowre,
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre

And after him the proud *Duessa* came,
High mounted on her manyheaded beast,
And euery head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And euery head was crowned on his creast,
And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Vpon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
And eger greedinesse through euery member thrild.

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting vp his dreadfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to haue slaine.
But wise and warie was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did faire auoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought, to thinke, such thunderbolts to beare

Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might:
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
Did fall to ground, and with his heauie sway

So deepely dinted in the driuen clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow vp did throw:
The ſad earth wounded with ſo ſore aſſay,
Did grone full grieuous vnderneath the blow, (ſhow.
And trembling with ſtrange feare, did like an earthquake

As when almightie *Ioue* in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall ſins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and ſmouldring dreriment,
Through riuen cloudes and molten firmament;
The fierce threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and higheſt trees hath rent,
And all that might his angrie paſſage ſtay,
And ſhooting in the earth, caſts vp a mount of clay.

His boyſtrous club, ſo buried in the ground,
He could not rearen vp againe ſo light,
But that the knight him at auantage found,
And whiles he ſtroue his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He ſmote off his left arme, which like a blocke
Did fall to ground, depriu'd of natiue might;
Large ſtreames of bloud out of the truncked ſtocke
Forth guſhed, like freſh water ſtreame from riuen rocke.

Diſmaied with ſo deſperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted paine,
He loudly brayd with beaſtly yelling ſound,
That all the fields rebellowed againe;
As great a noyſe, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth ſting,
Do for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw
The euill stownd, that daungerd her estate,
Vnto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with bloud of late
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate
And threatned all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce disdaine, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might
That stop out of the way to ouerthroe,
Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:
But nathemore would that courageous swayne
To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his bodie bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner parts,
Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts;
Which after charmes and some enchauntments saide
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd,
And all his senses were with suddeine dread dismayd.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his necke his bloudie clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.

That when the carefull knight gan well auiſe,
He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
And to the beaſt gan turne his enterpriſe;
For wondrous anguiſh in his hart it wrought,
To ſee his loued Squire into ſuch thraldome brought.

And high aduauncing his bloud-thirſtie blade,
Stroke one of thoſe deformed heads ſo ſore,
That of his puiſſance proud enſample made;
His monſtrous ſcalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed ſhape-miſ-ſhaped more:
A ſea of bloud guſht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments ſtaynd with filthy gore,
And ouerflowed all the field around;
That ouer ſhoes in bloud he waded on the ground.

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,
And ſcourging th'emptie ayre with his long traine,
Through great impatience of his grieued hed
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie ſted
Would haue caſt downe, and trod in durtie myre,
Had not the Gyant ſoone her ſuccoured;
Who all enrag'd with ſmart and franticke yre,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forſt the knight retyre.

The force, which wont in two to be diſperſt,
In one alone left hand he now vnites, (erſt;
Which is through rage more ſtrong then both were
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigour ſmites,
That ſtrongeſt Oake might ſeeme to ouerthrow:
The ſtroke vpon his ſhield ſo heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low (blow?
What mortall wight could euer beare ſo monſtrous

And in his fall his ſhield, that couered was,
Did looſe his vele by chaunce, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heauens light did pas,
Such blazing brightneſſe through the aier threw,
That eye mote not the ſame endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt ſpyde with ſtaring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and ſoft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaued was on hye
For to haue ſlaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beaſt, amaz'd
At flaſhing beames of that ſunſhiny ſhield,
Became ſtarke blind, and all his ſenſes daz'd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And ſeem'd himſelfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maiſtreſſe proud perceiu'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintneſſe reeld,
Vnto the Gyant loudly ſhe gan call,
O helpe *Orgoglio*, helpe, or elſe we periſh all.

At her ſo pitteous cry was much amoou'd,
Her champion ſtout, and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proou'd:
But all in vaine: for he has read his end
In that bright ſhield, and all their forces ſpend
Themſelues in vaine: for ſince that glauncing ſight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
As where th'Almighties lightning brond does ligh
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the ſenſes quigh

Whom when the Prince, to battell new addreſt,
And threatning high his dreadfull ſtroke did ſee,
His ſparkling blade about his head he bleſt,
And ſmote off quite his right leg by the knee,

That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is vndermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heauie make,
And yields it selfe vnto the victours might;
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his vnweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloudy gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store,
But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

Whose grieuous fall, when false *Duessa* spide,
Her golden cup she cast vnto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aside;
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound,
But leauing all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought vnto his Lord, as his deserued pray.

The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
In penſiue plight, and ſad perplexitie,
The whole atchieuement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running faſt to greet his victorie,
With ſober gladneſſe, and myld modeſtie,
And with ſweet ioyous cheare him thus beſpake;
Faire braunch of nobleſſe, flowre of cheualrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How ſhall I quite the paines, ye ſuffer for my ſake?

And you freſh bud of vertue ſpringing faſt,
Whom theſe ſad eyes ſawnigh vnto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for ſuch perill paſt,
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My ſimple ſelfe, and ſeruice euermore;
And he that high does ſit, and all things ſee
With equall eyes, their merites to reſtore,
Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,
And what I cannot quite, requite with vſuree.

But ſith the heauens, and your faire handeling
Haue made you maiſter of the field this day,
Your fortune maiſter eke with gouerning,
And well begun end all ſo well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked woman ſcape away;
For ſhe it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My deareſt Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath waſted all.
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

Forthwith he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
That ſcarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himſelfe with greedie great deſire
Into the Caſtle entred forcibly.

Where liuing creature none he did espye;
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:
But no man car'd to answere to his crye.
There raignd a solemne silence ouer all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall.

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his wearie gate both too and fro:
For his eye sight him failed long ygo,
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which vnused rust did ouergrow:
Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,
But he could not them vse, but kept them still in store.

But very vncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his vntoward pace,
For as he forward moou'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face,
Vnlike to men, who euer as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyant dead;
His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

His reuerend haires and holy grauitie
The knight much honord, as beseemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puissaunce fell
Had made his caytiue thrall, againe he sayde,
He could not tell: ne euer other answere made.

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the curteous knight displeased was,
And said, Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it fits with that same siluer hed
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages graue degree,
Aread in grauer wise, what I demaund of thee.

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose senceless speach, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras and resplendent gold.
And did with store of euery thing abound,
That greatest Princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And sacred ashes ouer it was strowed new.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altare, caru'd with cunning imagery,
On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,

With cruell malice and ſtrong tyranny:
Whoſe bleſſed ſprites from vnderneath the ſtone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
at hardeſt heart would bleede, to heare their piteous (mone.
rough euery rowme he ſought, and euery bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At laſt he came vnto an yron doore,
That faſt was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongſt that bounch, to open it withall;
But in the ſame a little grate was pight,
Through which he ſent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet, if liuing wight
ere houſed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

erewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
Theſe piteous plaints and dolours did reſound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying euery ſtound,
Yet liue perforce in balefull darkeneſſe bound?
For now three Moones haue chãged thrice their hew,
And haue beene thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
Since I the heauens chearefull face did vew,
welcome thou, that doeſt of death bring tydings trew.

hich when that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled ſore,
And trembling horrour ran through euery ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight ſo fowle forlore:
Which ſhaking off, he rent that yron dore,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe deſcent, as darke as hell,
at breathed euer forth a filthie banefull ſmell.

But neither darkeneſſe fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous ſmell his purpoſe could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with conſtant zeale, and courage bold,
After long paines and labours manifold,
He found the meanes that Priſoner vp to reare;
Whoſe feeble thighes, vnhable to vphold
His pined corſe, him ſcarſe to light could beare.
A ruefull ſpectacle of death and ghaſtly drere.

His ſad dull eyes deepe ſunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th'vnwonted ſunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty ſides deceiued of their dew,
Could make a ſtony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whoſe mighty brawned bowr
Were wont to riue ſteele plates, helmets hew,
Were cleane conſum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and all his fleſh ſhronk vp like withered flow

Whom when his Lady ſaw, to him ſhe ran
With haſty ioy: to ſee him made her glad,
And ſad to view his viſage pale and wan,
Who earſt in flowres of freſheſt youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares ſhe waſted had,
She ſaid, Ah deareſt Lord, what euill ſtarre
On you hath fround, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your ſelfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this miſſeeming hew your manly looks doth ma

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whoſe preſence I kaue lackt too long a day;
And fie on Fortune mine auowed foe,
Whoſe wrathfull wreakes them ſelues do now alay

And for theſe wrongs ſhall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of euils prieſe.
The cheareleſſe man, whom ſorrow did diſmay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
s long endured famine needed more reliefe.

re Lady, then ſaid that victorious knight,
The things, that grieuous were to do, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Beſt muſicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th'onely good, that growes of paſſed feare,
s to be wiſe, and ware of like agein.
This dayes enſample hath this leſſon deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
t bliſſe may not abide in ſtate of mortall men.

nceforth ſir knight, take to you wonted ſtrength,
And maiſter theſe miſhaps with patient might;
Loe where your foe lyes ſtretcht in monſtrous length,
And loe that wicked woman in your ſight,
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her liue, or dye.
To do her dye (quoth *Vna*) were deſpight,
And ſhame t'auenge ſo weake an enimy;
ſpoile her of her ſcarlot robe, and let her fly.

as ſhe bad, that witch they diſaraid,
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were diſplaid;
Ne ſpared they to ſtrip her naked all.
Then when they had deſpoild her tire and call,
Such as ſhe was, their eyes might her behold,
That her miſhaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill fauoured, old,
hoſe ſecret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

Her craftie head was altogether bald,
And as in hate of honorable eld,
Was ouergrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin as rough, as maple rind,
So scabby was, that would haue loathd all womankind.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight;
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight,
The other like a Beares vneuen paw:
More vgly shape yet neuer liuing creature saw.

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
Such then (said *Vna*) as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of falshood, such the sight
Of fowle *Duessa*, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes vnknowne.

She flying fast from heauens hated face,
And from the world that her discouered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wilderneſſe apace,
From liuing eyes her open shame to hide,

And lurket in rocks and caues long vnespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selues, and weary powres repaire,
Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

Cant. IX.

His loues and lignage Arthur tells
The knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Trenisan flies from Despayre,
Whom Redcrosse knight withstands.

O Goodly golden chaine, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in louely wize:
And noble minds of yore allyed were,
In braue poursuit of cheualrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid enuy to him, in need that stands,
But friendly each did others prayse deuize,
How to aduaunce with fauourable hands, (bands.
As this good Prince redeemd the *Redcrosse* knight from

Who when their powres empaird through labour long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captiue wight now wexed strong,
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their aduentures fell,
But ere they parted, *Vna* faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die vnknown, & buried be in thankless thought.

Faire virgin (ſaid the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compas of my wit:
For both the lignage and the certain Sire,
From which I ſprong, from me are hidden yit.
For all ſo ſoone as life did me admit
Into this world, and ſhewed heauens light,
From mothers pap I taken was vnfit:
And ſtreight deliuered to a Faery knight,
To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th'experteſt man aliue,
And is the wiſeſt now on earth I weene;
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Vnder the foot of *Rauran* moſſy hore,
From whence the riuer *Dee* as ſiluer cleene
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
There all my dayes he traind me vp in vertuous lore.

Thither the great Magicien *Merlin* came,
As was his vſe, ofttimes to viſit me:
For he had charge my diſcipline to frame,
And Tutours nouriture to ouerſee.
Him oft and oft I askt in priuitie,
Of what loines and what lignage I did ſpring:
Whoſe aunſwere bad me ſtill aſſured bee,
That I was ſonne and heire vnto a king,
As time in her iuſt terme the truth to light ſhould bring.

Well worthy impe, ſaid then the Lady gent,
And Pupill fit for ſuch a Tutours hand.
But what aduenture, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,

Aread

Aread Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band?
Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
The course of heauenly cause, or vnderstand
The secret meaning of th'eternall might, (wight.
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of liuing

For whither he through fatall deepe foresight
Me hither sent, for cause to me vnghest,
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riuen brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet neuer found,
You to haue helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.
Ah curteous knight (quoth she) what secret wound
Could euer find, to grieue the gentlest hart on ground?

Deare Dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
Ne euer will their feruent fury slake,
Till liuing moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life do lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
I will reuele, what ye so much desire:
Ah Loue, lay downe thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the coale of kindly heat appeares
To kindle loue in euery liuing brest;
But me had warnd old *Timons* wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great vnrest,
As miserable louers vse to rew,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

That idle name of loue, and louers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy
I euer scornd, and ioyd to stirre vp strife,
In middest of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their God himselfe, grieu'd at my libertie,
Shot many a dart at me with fiers intent,
But I them warded all with wary gouernment.

But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or vnwares at disauantage found;
Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground:
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boasts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disauentrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytiue neck to victours most despight.

Ensample make of him your hapless ioy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud auenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertie.
For on a day prickt forth with iollitie
Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent
Did seeme to laugh at me, and fauour mine intent.

For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
From lostie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire displayd:

Whiles euery ſence the humour ſweet embayd,
And ſlombring ſoft my hart did ſteale away,
Me ſeemed, by my ſide a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full ſoftly down did lay:
So faire a creature yet ſaw neuer ſunny day.

Moſt goodly glee and louely blandiſhment
She to me made, and bad me loue her deare,
For dearely ſure her loue was to me bent,
As when iuſt time expired ſhould appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was neuer hart ſo rauiſht with delight,
Ne liuing man like words did euer heare,
As ſhe to me deliuered all that night;
And at her parting ſaid, She Queene of Faeries hight.

When I awoke, and found her place deuoyd,
And nought but preſſed gras, where ſhe had lyen,
I ſorrowed all ſo much, as earſt I ioyd,
And waſhed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lou'd that face diuine;
From that day forth I caſt in carefull mind,
To ſeeke her out with labour, and long tyne,
And neuer vow to reſt, till her I find,
Nine monethes I ſeeke in vaine yet ni'll that vow vnbind.

Thus as he ſpake, his viſage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great paſſion did bewray;
Yet ſtill he ſtroue to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the ſmoke, that did his fire diſplay,
Till gentle *Vna* thus to him gan ſay;
O happy Queene of Faeries, that haſt found
Mongſt many, one that with his proweſſe may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True Loues are oftē ſown, but ſeldom grow on ground.

Thine, O then, said the gentle *Redcrosse* knight,
Next to that Ladies loue, shalbe the place,
O faireſt virgin, full of heauenly light,
Whoſe wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmeſt fixt in mine extremeſt caſe.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
For onely worthy you through prowes prieſe
Yf liuing man mote worthy be, to be her liefe.

So diuerſly diſcourſing of their loues,
The golden Sunne his gliſtring head gan ſhew,
And ſad remembraunce now the Prince amoues,
With freſh deſire his voyage to purſew:
Als *Vna* earnd her traueill to renew.
Then thoſe two knights, faſt friendſhip for to bynd,
And loue eſtabliſh each to other trew,
Gaue goodly gifts, the ſignes of gratefull mynd,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

Prince *Arthur* gaue a boxe of Diamond ſure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were cloſd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent:
Which to requite, the *Redcroſſe* knight him gaue
A booke, wherein his Saueours teſtament
Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able ſoules to ſaue.

Thus beene they parted, *Arthur* on his way
To ſeeke his loue, and th'other for to fight
With *Vnaes* foe, that all her realme did pray.
But ſhe now weighing the decayed plight,

And ſhrunken ſynewes of her choſen knight,
Would not a while her forward courſe purſew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recouered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well ſhe knew.

So as they traueild, lo they gan eſpy
An armed knight towards them gallop faſt,
That ſeemed from ſome feared foe to fly,
Or other grieſly thing, that him agaſt.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward caſt,
As if his feare ſtill followed him behind;
Als flew his ſteed, as he his bands had braſt,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As he had beene a fole of *Pegaſus* his kind.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
To be vnarmd, and curld vncombed heares
Vpſtaring ſtiffe, diſmayd with vncouth dread;
Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares
Nor life in limbe: and to increaſe his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his gliſtring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

The *Redcroſſe* knight toward him croſſed faſt,
To weet, what miſter wight was ſo diſmayd:
There him he finds all ſenceleſſe and aghaſt,
That of him ſelfe he ſeemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward ſtayd,
Till he theſe wordes to him deliuer might;
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this haſty flight:
For neuer knight I ſaw in ſuch miſſeeming plight.

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wide
With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspide
Infernall furies, with their chaines vntide.
Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
But trembling euery ioynt did inly quake, (shake
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to

For Gods deare loue, Sir knight, do me not stay;
For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.
Eft looking backe would faine haue runne away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secret cause of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach,
Could his bloud-frosen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach,
Yet forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach

And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
From him, that would haue forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may tell this hapless history?
Feare nought: (quoth he) no daunger now is nye?
Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,
(Said he) the which with this vnlucky eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

I lately chaunst (Would I had neuer chaunst)
With a faire knight to keepen companee,
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe aduaunst
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,

Bu

But not so happie as mote happie bee:
He lou'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,
That him againe lou'd in the least degree:
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyd to see her louer languish and lament.

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen (God from him me blesse)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of hell, that cals himselfe *Dessaire*:
Who first vs greets, and after faire areedes
Of tydings strange, and of aduentures rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which loue had launched with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of foule repriefe,
He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,
That earst vs held in loue of lingring life;
Then hopelesse hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade vs die, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

With which sad instrument of hastie death,
That wofull louer, loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth liuing breath.
But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare:
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare:
But God you neuer let his charmed speeches heare.

How may a man (said he) with idle speach
Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:
His subtill tongue, like dropping honny, mealth
Into the hart, and searcheth euery vaine,
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weakenesse doth remaine.
O neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

Certes (said he) hence shall I neuer rest,
Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride;
And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me vnto his cabin guide.
I that hight *Trevisan* (quoth he) will ride
Against my liking backe, to doe you grace:
But nor for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arriue in that same place;
For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow caue,
Farre vnderneath a craggie clift ypight,
Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedie graue,
That still for carrion carcases doth craue:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue
Farre from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer seene,
Did hang vpon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,

Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the clifts. Arriued there,
That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine haue fled, ne durst approchen neare,
But th'other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.

That darkesome caue they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind;
His grieſie lockes, long growen, and vnbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes through penurie and pine,
Where shronke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay vpon the gras
A drearie corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approuing trew
The wofull tale that *Trevisan* had told,
When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to auenge, before his bloud were cold,
And to the villein said, Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
With thine owne bloud to price his bloud, here shed in sight.

What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to giue?
What iustice euer other iudgement taught,
But he should die, who merites not to liue?
None else to death this man despayring driue,
But his owne guiltie mind deseruing death.
Is then vniust to each his due to giue?
Or let him die, that loatheth liuing breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liueth here vneath?

Who trauels by the wearie wandring way,
To come vnto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to helpe him ouer past,
Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke fast?
Most enuious man, that grieues at neighbours good
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Vpon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

He there does now enioy eternall rest
And happie ease, which thou doest want and craue,
And further from it daily wandrest:
What if some litle paine the passage haue,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And said, The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted,

Nor leaue his ſtand, vntill his Captaine bed.
Who life did limit by almightie doome,
(Quoth he) knowes beſt the termes eſtabliſhed;
And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
oth license him depart at ſound of morning droome.

not his deed, what euer thing is donne,
In heauen and earth? did not he all create
To die againe? all ends that was begonne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written ſure, and haue their certaine date.
Who then can ſtriue with ſtrong neceſſitie,
That holds the world in his ſtill chaunging ſtate,
Or ſhunne the death ordaynd by deſtinie? (why.
Vhē houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor

he lenger life, I wote the greater ſin,
The greater ſin, the greater puniſhment:
All thoſe great battels, which thou boaſts to win,
Through ſtrife, and bloud-ſhed, and auengement,
Now prayſd, hereafter deare thou ſhalt repent:
For life muſt life, and bloud muſt bloud repay.
Is not enough thy euill life foreſpent?
For he, that once hath miſſed the right way,
he further he doth goe, the further he doth ſtray.

hen do no further goe, no further ſtray,
But here lie downe, and to thy reſt betake,
Th'ill to preuent, that life enſewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loued make,
And giues not rather cauſe it to forſake?
Feare, ſickneſſe, age, loſſe, labour, ſorrow, ſtrife,
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
And euer fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thouſands mo do make a loathſome life.

Thou wretched man, of death haſt greateſt need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy ſtate:
For neuer knight, that dared warlike deede,
More luckleſſe diſauentures did amate:
Witneſſe the dongeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life ſhut vp, for death ſo oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then, would the like miſhaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maieſt happen fall.

Why then doeſt thou, ô man of ſin, deſire
To draw thy dayes forth to their laſt degree?
Is not the meaſure of thy ſinfull hire
High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,
Againſt the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
Thou falſed haſt thy faith with periurie,
And ſold thy ſelfe to ſerue *Duessa* vilde,
With whom in all abuſe thou haſt thy ſelfe defilde?

Is not he iuſt, that all this doth behold
From higheſt heauen, and beares an equall eye?
Shall he thy ſins vp in his knowledge fold,
And guiltie be of thine impietie?
Is not his law, Let euery ſinner die:
Die ſhall all fleſh? what then muſt needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger, till the glaſſe be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die ſoone, O faeries ſonne.

The knight was much enmoued with his ſpeach,
That as a ſwords point through his hart did perſe,
And in his conſcience made a ſecret breach,
Well knowing true all, that he did reherſe,

And to his freſh remembrance did reuerſe
The vgly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did diſperſe,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement, when the Miſcreant
Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conſcience dant,
And helliſh anguiſh did his ſoule aſſaile,
To driue him to deſpaire, and quite to quaile,
He ſhew'd him painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghoſts, that doe in torments waile,
And thouſand feends that doe them endleſſe paine
With fire and brimſtone, which for euer ſhall remaine.

The ſight whereof ſo throughly him diſmaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he ſaw,
And euer burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous ſentence of th'Almighties law:
Then gan the villein him to ouercraw,
And brought vnto him ſwords, ropes, poiſon, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him chooſe, what death he would deſire:
For death was due to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But when as none of them he ſaw him take,
He to him raught a dagger ſharpe and keene,
And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of Aſpin greene,
And troubled bloud through his pale face was ſeene
To come, and goe with tydings from the hart,
As it a running meſſenger had beene.
At laſt reſolu'd to worke his finall ſmart,
He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did ſtart.

Which when as *Vna* ſaw, through euery vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a ſwowne: but ſoone reliu'd againe,
Out of his hand ſhe ſnatcht the curſed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him ſaid, Fie, fie, faint harted knight,
What meaneſt thou by this reprochfull ſtrife?
Is this the battell, which thou vauntſt to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

Come, come away, fraile, ſeely, fleſhly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne diueliſh thoughts diſmay thy conſtant ſpright.
In heauenly mercies haſt thou not a part?
Why ſhouldſt thou then deſpeire, that choſen art?
Where iuſtice growes, there grows eke greater grace
The which doth quench the brond of helliſh ſmart,
And that accurſt hand-writing doth deface,
Ariſe, Sir knight ariſe, and leaue this curſed place.

So vp he roſe, and thence amounted ſtreight.
Which when the carle beheld, and ſaw his gueſt
Would ſafe depart, for all his ſubtill ſleight,
He choſe an halter from among the reſt,
And with it hung himſelfe, vnbid vnbleſt.
But death he could not worke himſelfe thereby;
For thouſand times he ſo himſelfe had dreſt,
Yet natheleſſe it could not doe him die,
Till he ſhould die his laſt, that is eternally.

CANT

Cant. X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
to house of Holinesse,
Where he is taught repentance, and
the way to heauenly blesse.

WHat man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight,
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we haue, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

By that, which lately hapned, Una saw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinews woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was vnfit for bloudie fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recouered had his late decayed plight.

There was an auntient house nor farre away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure vnspotted life: so well they say
It gouernd was, and guided euermore,

Through wisedome of a matrone graue and hore;
Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

Dame *Celia* men did her call, as thought
From heauen to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters, well vpbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire *Charissa* to a louely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

Arriued there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,
The Porter opened vnto them streight way:
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight *Humilta*. They passe in stouping low;
For streight & narrow was the way, which he did show.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,
But entred in a spacious court they see,
Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
His name was *Zele*, that him right well became,
For in his speeches and behauiour hee
Did labour liuely to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

Then

There fairely them receiues a gentle Squire,
Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
In word and deede that shew'd great modestie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight *Reuerence*. He them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,
But simple true, and eke vnfained sweet,
As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place:
Who all this while was busie at her beades:
Which doen, she vp arose with seemely grace;
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where when that faireſt *Vna* she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heauenly race,
Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

And her embracing said, O happie earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
Most vertuous virgin borne of heauenly berth,
That to redeeme thy woefull parents head,
From tyrans rage, and euer-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day;
Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet vnweeting hither stray?

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:

All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their euill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way;
O foolish men, why haste ye to your owne decay?

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,
O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came,
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Led with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
That vp to heauen is blowne. The auncient Dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entertaynd them both, as best became,
With all the courtsies, that she could deuise,
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

Thus as they gan of sundry things deuise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in louely wise,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred euen steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face,
That could haue dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heauens light.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild vp to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all, that did behold;
But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderstood.

Her

er younger ſiſter, that *Speranza* hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beſeemed well;
Not all ſo chearefull ſeemed ſhe of ſight,
As was her ſiſter; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguiſh in her hart, is hard to tell:
Vpon her arme a ſiluer anchor lay,
Whereon ſhe leaned euer, as befell:
And euer vp to heauen, as ſhe did pray,
er ſtedfaſt eyes were bent, ne ſwarued other way.

hey ſeeing *Vna*, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courteſie;
Many kind ſpeeches they betwene them ſpend,
And greatly ioy each other well to ſee:
Then to the knight with ſhamefaſt modeſtie
They turne themſelues, at *Vnaes* meeke requeſt,
And him ſalute with well beſeeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beſeemed beſt,
nd goodly gan diſcourſe of many a noble geſt.

hen *Vna* thus; But ſhe your ſiſter deare,
The deare *Charissa* where is ſhe become?
Or wants ſhe health, or buſie is elſewhere?
Ah no, ſaid they, but forth ſhe may not come:
For ſhe of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreaſt the world with one ſonne more,
That her to ſee ſhould be but troubleſome.
Indeede (quoth ſhe) that ſhould be trouble ſore,
ut thankt be God, and her encreaſe ſo euermore.

hen ſaid the aged *Cælia*, Deare dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a whyle

I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called she a Groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed;
His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with due repast,
Faire *Vna* gan *Fidelia* faire request,
To haue her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
That of her heauenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedome of her words diuine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

And that her sacred Booke, with bloud ywrit,
That none could read, except she did them teach,
She vnto him disclosed euery whit,
And heauenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was able, with her words to kill,
And raise againe to life the hart, that she did thrill.

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hastie Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heauens hight;
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay,
And eke huge mountaines from their natiue seat
She would commaund, themselues to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gaue such powre, and puissance

he faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heauenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greeu'd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde, to end his wretched dayes:
o much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

ut wise *Speranza* gaue him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Vpon her siluer anchor, as was meet;
Else had his sinnes so great, and manifold
Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
In this distressed doubtfull agonie,
When him his deerest *Vna* did behold,
Disdeining life, desiring leaue to die,
he found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie.

nd came to *Cælia* to declare her smart,
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and aduisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieued conscience,
nd well could cure the same; His name was *Patience*.

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat, to tell his griefe:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply reliefe.

Of ſalues and med'cines, which had paſſing prieſe,
And thereto added words of wondrous might:
By which to eaſe he him recured brieſe,
And much aſſwag'd the paſſion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as ſeeming now more ligh

But yet the cauſe and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption, and infected ſin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained ſtill,
And feſtring ſore did rankle yet within,
Cloſe creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him priuily
Downe in a darkeſome lowly place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corroſiues to apply,
And with ſtreight diet tame his ſtubborne malady.

In aſhes and ſackcloth he did array
His daintie corſe, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with faſting euery day,
The ſwelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And euer as ſuperfluous fleſh did rot
Amendment readie ſtill at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers firie whot,
That ſoone in him was left no one corrupted iot.

And bitter *Penance* with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to diſple euery day:
And ſharpe *Remorſe* his hart did pricke and nip,
That drops of bloud thence like a well did play;
And ſad *Repentance* vſed to embay,
His bodie in ſalt water ſmarting ſore,
The filthy blots of ſinne to waſh away.
So in ſhort ſpace they did to health reſtore (dore
The man that would not liue, but earſt lay at deathes

which his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare *Vna* hearing euermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,
For pitty of his paine and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
For well she wist, his crime could else be neuer cleare.

Whom thus recouer'd by wise Patience,
And trew *Repentance* they to *Vna* brought:
Who ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fairely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this *Charissa*, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;
To her faire *Vna* brought this vnacquainted guest.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton snare
As hell she hated, chast in worke and will;
Her necke and breasts were euer open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports, that ioyd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake & young,
But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old:

And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire.
Whose passing price vneath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle paire
Of turtle doues, she sitting in an yuorie chaire.

The knight and *Vna* entring, faire her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happie brood;
Who them requites with courtesies seeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
Then *Vna* her besought, to be so good,
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood,
In that sad house of *Penaunce*, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

She was right ioyous of her iust request,
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in euery good behest,
Of loue, and righteousnesse, and well to donne,
And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred, and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heauen she teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wise does well deseride:
Her name was *Mercie*, well knowne ouer all,
To be both gratious, and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gaue,
To lead aright, that he should neuer fall
In all his wayes through this wide worldes waue,
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might saue.

he godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remou'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And euer when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did vpbeare,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

Soones vnto an holy Hospitall,
That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
In which seuen Bead-men that had vowed all
Their life to seruice of high heauens king
Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing:
There gates to all were open euermore,
That by the wearie way were traueiling,
And one sate wayting euer them before,
To call in-commers by, that needy were and pore.

The first of them that eldest was, and best,
Of all the house had charge and gouernement,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest:
His office was to giue entertainement
And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:
Not vnto such, as could him feast againe,
And double quite, for that he on them spent,
But such, as want of harbour did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was as Almner of the place,
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thrifty giue to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,

Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd vp still in store,
Which as a stocke he left vnto his seede;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would giue to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custodie,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
But clothes meet to keepe keene could away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no spare cloths to giue he had,
His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poore prisoners to relieue with gratious ayd,
And captiues to redeeme with price of bras,
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
And though they faultie were, yet well he wayd,
That God to vs forgiueth euery howre
Much more then that, why they in bands were layd,
And he that harrowd hell with heauie stowre,
The faultie soules from thence brought to his heauenly bowr

The fift had charge sicke persons to attend,
And comfort those, in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that liuing we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man haue mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer low.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corses to engraue,
And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
That to their heauenly spouse both sweet and braue
They might appeare, when he their soules shall saue.
The wondrous workemanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made, all beasts to feare, and gaue
All in his hand, euen dead we honour should.
Ah deareſt God me graunt, I dead be not defould.

The seuenth now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And widowes ayd, least they should be vndone:
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gaue them euer free.

There when the Elfin knight arriued was,
The first and chiefest of the seuen, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towardes him did pas:
Where seeing *Mercie*, that his steps vp bare,
And alwayes led, to her with reuerence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe *Charissa* were their chiefest foundéresse.

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
That to the rest more able he might bee:
During which time, in euery good behest
And godly worke of Almes and charitee

She him instructed with great industree;
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first vnto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas,
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lye,
That day and night said his deuotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply;
His name was heauenly *Contemplation*;
Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him giuen had;
For God he often saw from heauens hight,
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,
As Eagles eye, that can behold the Sunne:
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his frayle thighes nigh wearie and fordonne
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

There they do finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowy locks adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And euery sinew seene through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long vnfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast.

Who

Who when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieued sore,
That forst him lay his heauenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,
He would not once haue moued for the knight.
They him saluted standing far afore;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious height.

What end (quoth he) should cause vs take such paine,
But that same end, which euery liuing wight
Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres, and euerliuing fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
By wise *Fidelia*? she doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.

Thrise happy man, said then the father graue,
Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to saue.
Who better can the way to heauen aread,
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
In heauenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?
Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead
Present before the maiestie diuine,
And his auenging wrath to clemencie incline.

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
That neuer yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
That neuer leads the traueiler astray,

But after labours long, and sad delay,
Bring them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And haue her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That bloud-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt fortie dayes vpon; where writ in stone
With bloudy letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receiue, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Oliues all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was fownd,
For euer with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

From thence, far off he vnto him did shew
A litle path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citie led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song;
The Citie of the great king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

As

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heauen, in gladsome companee,
And with great ioy into that Citie wend,
As commonly as friend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her loftie towres vnto the starry sphere,
And what vnknowen nation there empeopled were.

Faire knight (quoth he) *Hierusalem* that is,
The new *Hierusalem*, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinfull guilt,
With piteous bloud, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that vnspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of all the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,
More deare vnto their God, then youūglings to their dam.

Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue beene,
In which that faireſt *Faerie Queene* doth dwell
The faireſt Citie was, that might be seene;
And that bright towre all built of christall cleene,
Panthea, seemd the brighteſt thing, that was:
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene;
For this great Citie that does far surpas, (glas.
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of

Most trew, then said the holy aged man;
Yet is *Cleopolis* for earthly fame,
The faireſt peece, that eye beholden can:
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,

That couet in th'immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that ſame to haunt,
And doen their ſeruice to that ſoueraigne Dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:
For ſhe is heauenly borne, and heauen may iuſtly vaunt.

And thou faire ymp, ſprong out from Engliſh race,
How euer now accompted Elfins ſonne,
Well worthy doeſt thy ſeruice for her grace,
To aide a virgin deſolate foredonne.
But when thou famous victorie haſt wonne,
And high emongſt all knights haſt hong thy ſhield,
Thenceforth the ſuit of earthly conqueſt ſhonne,
And waſh thy hands from guilt of bloudy field:
For bloud can nought but ſin, & wars but ſorrowes yield.

Then ſeeke this path, that I to thee preſage,
Which after all to heauen ſhall thee ſend;
Then peaceably to thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder ſame *Hieruſalem* do bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a bleſſed end:
For thou emongſt thoſe Saints, whom thou doeſt ſee,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
And Patrone: thou Saint *George* ſhalt called bee,
Saint *George* of mery England, the ſigne of victoree.

Vnworthy wretch (quoth he) of ſo great grace,
How dare I thinke ſuch glory to attaine?
Theſe that haue it attaind, were in like caee
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liu'd in like paine.
But deeds of armes muſt I at laſt be faine,
And Ladies loue to leaue ſo dearely bought?
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
(Said he) and battailes none are to be fought?
As for looſe loues are vaine, and vaniſh into nought.

) let me not(quoth he)then turne againe
Backe to the world,whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me here for aye in peace remaine,
Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.
That may not be(said he)ne maist thou yit
Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
ill from her cursed foe thou haue her freely quit.

hen shall I soone,(quoth he)so God me grace,
Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly backe returne vnto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father,why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen then nominate?
That word shall I(said he)auouchen good,
ith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

or well I wote,thou springst from ancient race
Of *Saxon* kings,that haue with mightie hand
And many bloudie battailes fought in place
High reard their royall throne in *Britane* land,
And vanquisht them, vnable to withstand:
From thence a Faerie thee vnweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left. (theft.
uch men do Chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries

hence she thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
Where thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toyleſome teme that way did guyde,

And brought thee vp in ploughmans ſtate to byde,
Whereof *Georgos* he thee gaue to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'ſt to ſeeke for fame, (cam
And proue thy puiſſaunt armes, as ſeemes thee beſt be-

O holy Sire (quoth he) how ſhall I quight
The many fauours I with thee haue found,
That haſt my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heauen bound?
This ſaid, adowne he looked to the ground,
To haue returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
Through paſſing brightneſſe, which did quite cõfoun
His feeble ſence, and too exceeding ſhyne.
So darke are earthly things compard to things diuine.

At laſt whenas himſelfe he gan to find,
To *Vna* back he caſt him to retire;
Who him awaited ſtill with penſiue mind.
Great thankes and goodly meed to that good ſyre,
He thence departing gaue for his paines hyre.
So came to *Vna*, who him ioyd to ſee,
And after litle reſt, gan him deſire,
Of her aduenture mindfull for to bee.
So leaue they take of *Cœlia*, and her daughters three.

Can

Cant. XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
two dayes incessantly:
The third him ouerthrowes, and gayns
most glorious victory.

HIgh time now gan it wex for *Vna faire*,
To thinke of those her captiue Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdome to repaire:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie words her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
Deare knight, as deare, as euer knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heauen behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take.

Now are we come vnto my natiue soyle,
And to the place, where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle,
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And striue your excellent selfe to excell;
That shall ye euermore renowmed make,
Aboue all knights on earth, that batteill vndertake.

And pointing forth, lo yonder is (said she)
The brasen towre in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be
Whom I from far, see on the walles appeare

Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,
That ó my parents might I happily
Vnto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
And seemd vneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadfull Dragon they espide,
Where stretch he lay vpon the sunny side,
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
But all so soone, as he from far descride
Those glistring armes, that heauen with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blith, and hastned them vntill.

Then bad the knight this Lady yede aloofe,
And to an hill her selfe with draw aside,
From whence she might behold that battailes proof
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
Faire ympe of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,
The Nourse of time, and euerlasting fame,
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name;

O gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may asswage,
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe neuer he so sownd,
And feared nations doest with horrour sterne astownd.

Faire

Faire Goddesse lay that furious fit aside,
Till I of warres and bloudy *Mars* do sing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde,
Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
That with their horrour heauen and earth did ring,
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
But now a while let downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his hast,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow vnder his huge wast;
As mountaine doth the valley ouercast.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and wast,
Which to increase his wondrous greatnesse more,
Was swolne with wrath, & poyson, & with bloudy gore.

And ouer, all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare, (charmd
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse be
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horrour was to heare,
For as the clashing of an Armour bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send vnto the knight.

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd

Were like mayne-yards, with flying canuas lynd,
With which whenas him liſt the ayre to beat,
And there by force vnwonted paſſage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
And all the heauens ſtood ſtill amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle wound vp in hundred foldes,
Does ouerſpred his long bras-ſcaly backe,
Whoſe wreathed boughts when euer he vnfoldes,
And thicke entangled knots adown does ſlacke.
Beſpotted all with ſhields of red and blacke,
It ſweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two ſtings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly ſharpe, that ſharpeſt ſteele exceeden farre.

But ſtings and ſharpeſt ſteele did far exceed
The ſharpneſſe of his cruell rending clawes;
Dead was it ſure, as ſure as death in deed,
What euer thing does touch his rauenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he euer drawes.
But his moſt hideous head my toung to tell,
Does tremble: for his deepe deuouring iawes
Wide gaped, like the grieſly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abiſſe all rauin fell.

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yet trickling bloud and gobbets raw
Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,
That ſight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increaſe, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of ſmoothering ſmoke and ſulphur ſeare
Out of his ſtinking gorge forth ſteemed ſtill,
That all the ayre about with ſmoke and ſtench did fill.

His

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled liuing fyre;
As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames farre off to euery shyre,
And warning giue, that enemies conspyre,
With fire and sword the region to inuade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But farre within, as in a hollow glade, (shade.
Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting vp aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the bruséd gras,
As for great ioyance of his newcome gueſt.
Eftsoones he gan aduance his haughtie creſt,
As chauffed Bore his briſtles doth vpreare,
And shoke his scales to battell readie dreſt;
That made the *Redcroſſe* knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

The knight gan fairely couch his steadie speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele arriuing rudely theare,
His harder hide would neither perce, nor bight,
But glauncing by forth paſſed forward right;
Yet sore amoued with so puiſſant push,
The wrathfull beaſt about him turned light,
And him so rudely paſſing by, did brush (rush.
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did

Both horse and man vp lightly roſe againe,
And freſh encounter towards him addreſt:
But th'idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to reſt.

Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beaſt,
To be auenged of ſo great deſpight;
For neuer felt his imperceable breſt
So wondrous force, from hand of liuing wight;
Yet had he prou'd the powre of many a puiſſant knight.

Then with his wauing wings diſplayed wyde,
Himſelfe vp high he lifted from the ground,
And with ſtrong flight did forcibly diuide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting partes, and element vnfound,
To beare ſo great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad ſayles, about him ſoared round:
At laſt low ſtouping with vnweldie ſway,
Snatcht vp both horſe & man, to beare them quite away.

Long he them bore aboue the ſubiect plaine,
So farre as Ewghen bow a ſhaft may ſend,
Till ſtruggling ſtrong did him at laſt conſtraine,
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke preſuming to contend
With hardie fowle, aboue his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth ſpend,
To truſſe the pray too heauie for his flight; (fight
Which comming downe to ground, does free it ſelfe by

He ſo diſſeized of his gryping groſſe,
The knight his thrillant ſpeare againe aſſayd
In his bras-plated body to emboſſe,
And three mens ſtrength vnto the ſtroke he layd;
Wherewith the ſtiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glauncing from his ſcaly necke, did glyde
Cloſe vnder his left wing, then broad diſplayd.
The percing ſteele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the vncouth ſmart the Monſter lowdly cryde.

He

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedie gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his reuenge:
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat,
To moue the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battell make, each other to auenge.

The steely head stucke fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing riuer of blacke goarie blood,
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would driue a water-mill.
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sense of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth frō his large nosethrill.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striuing to loose the knot, that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his rider: who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty bloud distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd.

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand:
Vpon his crest the hardned yron fell,

But his more hardned creſt was armd ſo well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet ſo extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he ſhund the like to take,
But when he ſaw them come, he did them ſtill forſake.

The knight was wrath to ſee his ſtroke beguyld,
And ſmote againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the ſparckling ſteele recoyld,
And left not any marke, where it did light;
As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.
The beaſt impatient of his ſmarting wound,
And of ſo fierce and forcible deſpight,
Thought with his wings to ſtye aboue the ground;
But his late wounded wing vnſeruiceable found.

Then full of griefe and anguiſh vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
And from his wide deuouring ouen ſent
A flake of fire, that flaſhing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almoſt made affeard:
The ſcorching flame ſore ſwinged all his face,
And through his armour all his bodie ſeard,
That he could not endure ſo cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verſe ſo much doth daunt,
And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,
So many furies and ſharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poyſoned garment did enchaunt
With *Centaures* bloud, and bloudie verſes charm'd,
As did this knight twelue thouſand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie ſteele now burnt, that earſt him arm'd,
That erſt him goodly arm'd, now moſt of all him harm'd.

Faint,

Faint, wearie, ſore, emboyled, grieued, brent
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, ſmart, & inward fire
That neuer man ſuch miſchiefes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft deſire,
But death will neuer come, when needes require.
Whom ſo diſmayd when that his foe beheld,
He caſt to ſuffer him no more reſpire,
But gan his ſturdie ſterne about to weld,
And him ſo ſtrongly ſtroke, that to the ground him feld.

It fortuned (as faire it then befell)
Behind his backe vnweeting, where he ſtood,
Of auncient time there was a ſpringing well,
From which faſt trickled forth a ſiluer flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that curſed Dragon got
That happie land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld thoſe ſacred waues, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

For vnto life the dead it could reſtore,
And guilt of ſinfull crimes cleane waſh away,
Thoſe that with ſickneſſe were infected ſore,
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as it were borne that very day.
Both *Silo* this, and *Iordan* did excell,
And th'Engliſh *Bath*, and eke the german *Spau*,
Ne can *Cephiſe*, nor *Hebrus* match this well:
Into the ſame the knight backe ouerthrowen, fell.

Now gan the golden *Phœbus* for to ſteepe
His fierie face in billowes of the weſt,
And his faint ſteedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did reſt,

When that infernall Monſter, hauing keſt
His wearie foe into that liuing well,
Can high aduance his broad diſcoloured breſt,
Aboue his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his penſiue Ladie ſaw from farre,
Great woe and ſorrow did her ſoule aſſay,
As weening that the ſad end of the warre,
And gan to higheſt God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away;
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
All night ſhe watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her daintie limbs in her ſad dreriment,
But praying ſtill did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That *Titan* roſe to runne his daily race;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the ſea faire *Titans* deawy face,
Vp roſe the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if ſhe might ſpy
Her loued knight to moue his manly pace:
For ſhe had great doubt of his ſafety,
Since late ſhe ſaw him fall before his enemy.

At laſt ſhe ſaw, where he vpſtarted braue
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As Eagle freſh out of the Ocean waue,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himſelfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke vp mounts vnto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to aſſay,
And marueiles at himſelfe, ſtill as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did riſe.

Whom

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy.
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He, now to proue his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Vpon his crested scalpe so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismaid.

I wote not, whether the reuenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew,
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Else neuer could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall in his bloud embrew:
For till that stownd could neuer wight him harme,
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelded for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
Whom rauenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,
That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

The same aduauncing high aboue his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
That to the earth him droue, as stricken dead,
Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot:

The mortall ſting his angry needle ſhot
Quite through his ſhield, and in his ſhoulder ſeaſd,
Where faſt it ſtucke, ne would there out be got:
The griefe thereof him wondrous ſore diſeaſd,
Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeaſd.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grieuous ſmart, which him did wring,
From loathed ſoile he can him lightly reare,
And ſtroue to looſe the farre infixed ſtring:
Which when in vaine he tryde with ſtruggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the knotty ſting
Of his huge taile he quite a ſunder cleft,
Fiue ioynts thereof he hewd, and but the ſtump him left.

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foule enfouldred ſmoake and flaſhing fire,
The hell-bred beaſt threw forth vnto the skyes,
That all was couered with darkneſſe dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He caſt at once him to auenge for all,
And gathering vp himſelfe out of the mire,
With his vneuen wings did fiercely fall,
Vpon his ſunne-bright ſhield, and gript it faſt withall.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to loſe his weapon in his paw,
Ne wiſt yet, how his talants to vnfold;
For harder was from *Cerberus* greedie iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reaue by ſtrength, the griped gage away:
Thriſe he aſſayd it from his foot to draw,
And thriſe in vaine to draw it did aſſay,
It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

Tho

Tho when he saw no power might preuaile,
His trustie sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparckles from the Anduile vse to fly,
When heauie hammers on the wedge are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to vnty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foot, fast fixed on his shield
Whenas no strength, nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smot thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissance might sustaine;
Vpon the ioynt the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yet missed not his mightie might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For griefe thereof, and diuelish despight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heauens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew;
As burning *Aetna* from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heauen with horror choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To saue his bodie from the scorching fire,

Which he from helliſh entrailes did expire.
It chaunſt (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoyled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did ſlide,
And downe he fell, with dread of ſhame ſore terrifide.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beſide,
Loaden with fruit and apples roſie red,
As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
Whereof great vertues ouer all were red:
For happie life to all, which thereon fed,
And life eke euerlaſting did befall:
Great God it planted in that bleſſed ſted
With his almightie hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our firſt fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be found,
Saue in that ſoile, where all good things did grow,
And freely ſprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them ſow,
Till that dread Dragon all did ouerthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof who ſo did eat, eftſoones did know
Both good and ill: O mornefull memory:
That tree through one mans fault hath doen vs all to dy.

From that firſt tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling ſtreame of Balme, moſt ſoueraine
And daintie deare, which on the ground ſtill fell,
And ouerflowed all the fertill plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gratious ointment gaue,
And deadly woundes could heale and reare againe
The ſenſeleſſe corſe appointed for the graue.
Into that ſame he fell: which did from death him ſaue.

For

For nigh thereto the euer damned beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preserued, did detest:
Yet he it oft aduentur'd to inuade.
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yeeld his roome to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth, and wayes of liuing wight,
And high her burning torch set vp in heauen bright.

When gentle *Vna* saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who wearie of long fight,
And faint through losse of bloud, mou'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight, (might
Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous
Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay,
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan deuoutly pray;
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And faire *Aurora* from her deawy bed
Of aged *Tithone* gan her selfe to reare,
With rosie cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden lockes for haste were loosely shed
About her eares, when *Vna* her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred;
From heauen high to chase the chearelesse darke,
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

Then freshly vp arose the doughtie knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battell readie dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside

To haue deuourd, ſo ſoone as day he ſpyde,
When now he ſaw himſelfe ſo freſhly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe diſmayd, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathleſſe with wonted rage he him aduaunced neare.

And in his firſt encounter, gaping wide,
He thought attonce him to haue ſwallowd quight,
And ruſht vpon him with outragious pride;
Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
Taking aduantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with ſo importune might,
That deepe emperſt his darkſome hollow maw,
And back retyrd, his life bloud forth with all did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vaniſht into ſmoke and cloudes ſwift;
So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath
Did grone, as feeble ſo great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
Whoſe falſe foundation waues haue waſht away,
With dreadfull poyſe is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe, great *Neptune* doth diſmay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight himſelfe euen trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a maſſe it ſeem'd;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durſt not approch for dread, which ſhe miſdeem'd,
But yet at laſt, when as the direfull feend
She ſaw not ſtirre, off-ſhaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and ſaw that ioyous end:
Then God ſhe prayſd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchieu'd ſo great a conqueſt by his might.

CANT.

Cant. XII.

Faire Una to the Redcrosse knight
betrouthed is with ioy:
Though false Duessa it to barre
her false sleights doe imploy.

BEhold I see the hauen nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare vp with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And seemeth safe from stormes, that may offend;
There this faire virgin wearie of her way
Must landed be, now at her iourneyes end:
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

Scarsely had *Phœbus* in the glooming East
Yet harnessed his firie-footed teeme,
Ne reard aboue the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,
Vnto the watchman on the castle wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
To tell, how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall,

Vprose with hastie ioy, and feeble speed
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet, if true indeede
Those tydings were, as he did vnderstand,

Which whenas true by tryall he out found,
He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
Which long time had bene ſhut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his ſtate;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

Then gan triumphant Trompets ſound on hie,
That ſent to heauen the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victorie
Gainſt him, that had them long oppreſt with tort,
And faſt impriſoned in ſieged fort.
Then all the people, as in ſolemne feaſt,
To him aſſembled with one full conſort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beaſt,
From whoſe eternall bondage now they were releaſt.

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And ſad habiliments right well beſeene;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of ſage and ſober Peres, all grauely gownd;
Whom farre before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to ſownd,
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
Glad ſigne of victorie and peace in all their land.

Vnto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themſelues proſtrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.
Soone after them all dauncing on a row
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As freſh as flowres in medow greene do grow,
When morning deaw vpon their leaues doth light:
And in their hands ſweet Timbrels all vpheld on hight.

And

And them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maydens sounding tymbrels sung
In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull muficke all the way,
Vntill they came, where that faire virgin stood;
As faire *Diana* in fresh sommers day,
Beholds her Nymphes, enraung'd in shadie wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
Themselues to ground with gratious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heauen her euerlasting fame:
Then on her head they set a girland greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
Who in her selfe-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

And after, all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man:
Whom all admired, as from heauen sent,
And gazd vpon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with idle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approch him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

Some feard, and fled; some feard and well it faynd;
One that would wiser seeme, then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,

Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden neſt
Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull ſeed;
Another ſaid, that in his eyes did reſt
Yet ſparckling fire, and bad thereof take heed;
Another ſaid, he ſaw him moue his eyes indeed.

One mother, when as her foolehardie chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe reuyld,
And to her goſſips gan in counſell ſay;
How can I tell, but that his talents may
Yet ſcratch my ſonne, or rend his tender hand?
So diuerſly themſelues in vaine they fray;
Whiles ſome more bold, to meaſure him nigh ſtand,
To proue how many acres he did ſpread of land.

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arriued, where that champion ſtout
After his foes defeaſance did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine,
With princely gifts of yuorie and gold,
And thouſand thankes him yeelds for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kiſſeth manifold.

And after to his Pallace he them brings.
With ſhaumes, & trompets, & with Clarions ſweet;
And all the way the ioyous people ſings,
And with their garments ſtrowes the paued ſtreet:
Whence mounting vp, they find purueyance meet
Of all, that royall Princes court became,
And all the floore was vnderneath their feet
Beſpred with coſtly ſcarlot of great name,
On which they lowly ſit, and fitting purpoſe frame.

What

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needs of daintie dishes to deuize,
Of comely seruices, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaues cannot in them containe
The large discourse of royall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:
For th'antique world excesse and pride did hate;
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen vp but late.

Then when with meates and drinkes of euery kinde
Their feruent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge aduentures, and of perils sad,
Which in his trauell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed gueſt:
Who then with vtt'rance graue, and count'nance sad,
From point to point, as is before expreſt,
Discourst his voyage long, according his requeſt.

Great pleasures mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whiles they his pittifull aduentures heard,
That oft they did lament his luckleſse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes:
For neuer gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

Then said the royall Pere in sober wise;
Deare Sonne, great beene the euils, which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note, whether prayse, or pitty more:

For neuer liuing man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
But since now safe ye seised haue the shore,
And well arriued are, (high God be blest)
Let vs deuize of ease and euerlasting rest.

Ah dearest Lord, said then that doughty knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet deuize;
For by the faith, which I to armes haue plight,
I bounden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well aduize,
Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
And her to serue six yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Pynim king, that workes her teene:
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue beene.

Vnhappie falles that hard necessitie,
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happie peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie;
Ne I against the same can iustly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen vndo; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain.

Which for my part I couet to performe,
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That who so kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battaile ouercame,
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heire apparaunt bee:
Therefore since now to thee perteines the same,
By dew desert of noble cheualree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo I yield to thee.

Then

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The faireſt *Vn'* his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heyre;
Who forth proceeding with ſad ſober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning ſtarre appeare
Out of the Eaſt, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell the dawning day is dawning neare,
And to the world does bring long wiſhed light;
So faire and freſh that Lady ſhewd her ſelfe in ſight.

So faire and freſh, as freſheſt flowre in May;
For ſhe had layd her mournefull ſtole aſide,
And widow-like ſad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heaunnly beautie ſhe did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney ſhe did ride;
And on her now a garment ſhe did weare,
All lilly white, withoutten ſpot, or pride,
That ſeemd like ſilke and ſiluer wouen neare,
But neither ſilke nor ſiluer therein did appeare.

The blazing brightneſſe of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her ſunſhyny face
To tell, were as to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
Her heauenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her owne deare loued knight,
All were ſhe dayly with himſelfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celeſtiall ſight:
Oft had he ſeene her faire, but neuer ſo faire dight.

So fairely dight, when ſhe in preſence came,
She to her Sire made humble reuerence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace vnto her excellence:

Who with great wisedome, and graue eloquence
Thus gan to say. But eare he thus had said,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
A Messenger with letters, which his message said.

All in the open hall amazed stood,
At suddeinnesse of that vnwarie sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hastie mood.
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake.

To thee, most mighty king of *Eden* faire,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest,
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be aduized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new vnknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another loue, and to another land.

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affiaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guiltie heauens of his bold periury,
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iust do fly,
And them coniure t'auenge this shamefull iniury.

Therefore ſince mine he is, or free or bond,
Or falſe or trew, or liuing or elſe dead,
Withhold, O ſoueraine Prince, your haſty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with ſtrength adowne to tread,
Through weakeneſſe of my widowhed, or woe:
For truth is ſtrong, his rightfull cauſe to plead,
And ſhall find friends, if need requireth ſoe,
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

Fidessa.

When he theſe bitter byting words had red,
The tydings ſtraunge did him abaſhed make,
That ſtill he ſate long time aſtoniſhed
As in great muſe, ne word to creature ſpake.
At laſt his ſolemne ſilence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes faſt fixed on his gueſt;
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely ſake
Thy life and honour late aduentureſt,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be expreſt.

What meane theſe bloudy vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womaniſh impatient mind?
What heauens? what altars? what enraged heates
Here heaped vp with termes of loue vnkind,
My conſcience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witneſſe, that I guiltleſſe ame.
But if your ſelfe, Sir knight, ye faultie find,
Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
With crime do not it couer, but diſcloſe the ſame.

To whom the *Redcroſſe* knight this anſwere ſent,
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat diſmayd,
Till well ye wote by graue intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbrayd

With breach of loue, and loyalty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traueild, that vnwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
That day should faile me, ere I had them all declard.

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this false woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,
That easie was to inuegle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts, and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd;
O pardon me, my soueraigne Lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To haue bene wroght by that false sorceresse.
She onely she it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse.

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improuided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
Wherein she vsed hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whom if ye please for to discouer plaine,
Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,
The falsest man aliue; wo tries shall find no lesse.

The

The king was greatly moued at her ſpeach,
And all with ſuddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that Meſſenger rude hands to reach.
Eftſoones the Gard, which on his ſtate did wait,
Attacht that faitor falſe, and bound him ſtrait:
Who ſeeming ſorely chauffed at his band,
As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,
With idle force did faine them to withſtand,
And often ſemblaunce made to ſcape out of their hand.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains.
And with continuall watch did warely keepe;
Who then would thinke, that by his ſubtile trains
He could eſcape fowle death or deadly paines?
Thus when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde,
With ſacred rites and vowes for euer to abyde.

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for euer can deuide;
His owne two hands, for ſuch a turne moſt fit,
The houſling fire did kindle and prouide,
And holy water thereon ſprinckled wide;
At which the buſhy Teade a groome did light,
And ſacred lampe in ſecret chamber hide,
Where it ſhould not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

Then gan they ſprinckle all the poſts with wine,
And made great feaſt to ſolemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankencenſe diuine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,

That all the houſe did ſweat with great aray:
And all the while ſweete Muſicke did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To driue away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one ſung a ſong of loue and iollity.

During the which there was an heauenly noiſe
Heard ſound through all the Pallace pleaſantly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
Singing before th'eternall maieſty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye;
Yet wiſt no creature, whence that heauenly ſweet
Proceeded, yet eachone felt ſecretly
Himſelfe thereby reft of his ſences meet,
And rauiſhed with rare impreſſion in his ſprite.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And ſolemne feaſt proclaimd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by ſignes to vnderſtand
The vſuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
Thriſe happy man the knight himſelfe did hold,
Poſſeſſed of his Ladies hart and hand,
And euer, when his eye did her behold,
Her heart did ſeeme to melt in pleaſures manifold.

Her ioyous preſence and ſweet company
In full content he there did long enioy,
Ne wicked enuie, ne vile gealoſy
His deare delights were able to annoy:
Yet ſwimming in that ſea of blisfull ioy,
He nought forgot, how he whilome had ſworne,
In caſe he could that monſtrous beaſt deſtroy,
Vnto his Farie Queene backe to returne:
The which he ſhortly did, and *Vna* left to mourne.

Now

Now ſtrike your ſailes ye iolly Mariners,
For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
Where we muſt land ſome of our paſſengers,
And light this wearie veſſell of her lode.
Here ſhe a while may make her ſafe abode,
Till ſhe repaired haue her tackles ſpent,
And wants ſupplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto ſhe is bent:
Well may ſhe ſpeede and fairely finiſh her intent.

FINIS LIB. I.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning,

THE LEGEND OF SIR GVYON.

OR

Of Temperaunce.

RIght well I wote most mighty Soueraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th'aboundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iust memory,
Sith none, that breatheth liuing aire, does know,
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

But let that man with better sence aduize,
That of the world least part to vs is red:
And dayly how through hardy enterprize,
Many great Regions are discouered,

Which to late age were neuer mentioned.
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru*?
Or who in venturous veſſell meaſured
The *Amazons* huge riuer now found trew?
Or fruitfulleſt *Virginia* who did euer vew?

Yet all theſe were, when no man did them know;
Yet haue from wiſeſt ages hidden beene:
And later times things more vnknowne ſhall ſhow.
Why then ſhould witleſſe man ſo much miſweene
That nothing is, but that which he hath ſeene?
What if within the Moones faire ſhining ſpheare?
What if in euery other ſtarre vnſeene
Of other worldes he happily ſhould heare?
He wõder would much more: yet ſuch to ſome appeare.

Of Faerie lond yet if he more inquire,
By certaine ſignes here ſet in ſundry place
He may it find; ne let him then admire,
But yield his ſence to be too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O faireſt Princeſſe vnder sky,
In this faire mirrhour maiſt behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique Image thy great auncеſtry.

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
In couert vele, and wrap in ſhadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which elſe could not endure thoſe beames bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchſafe with patient eare
The braue aduentures of this Faery knight
The good Sir *Guyon* gratiouſly to heare,
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth ap-(peare.

Cant. I.

Guyon by Archimage abusd,
The Redcrosse knight awaytes,
Findes Mordant and Amauia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.

THat cunning Architect of cancred guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters and suborned wile,
Soone as the *Redcrosse* knight he vnderstands,
To beene departed out of *Eden* lands,
To serue againe his soueraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moues, and out of caytiues hands
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vnseene;
His shackles emptie left, him selfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares full of malicious mind,
To worken mischiefe and auenging woe,
Where euer he that godly knight may find,
His onely hart sore, and his onely foe,
Sith *Vna* now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
To natiues crowne and kingdome late ygoe:
Where she enioyes sure peace for euermore,
As weather-beaten ship arriu'd on happie shore.

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight
He seekes, of all his drift the aymed end:

Thereto his ſubtile engins he does bend
His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,
With thouſand other ſleights: for well he kend,
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong;
For hardly could be hurt, who was already ſtong.

Still as he went, he craftie ſtales did lay.
With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares,
And priuie ſpials plaſt in all his way,
To weete what courſe he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at a vantage in his ſnares.
By triall of his former harmes and cares,
But now ſo wiſe and warie was the knight
That he deſcride, and ſhonned ſtill his ſlight:
The fiſh that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

Nath'leſſe th'Enchaunter would not ſpare his paine,
In hope to win occaſion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
He chaungd his minde from one to other ill:
For to all good he enimy was ſtill.
Vpon the way him fortuned to meet,
Faire marching vnderneath a ſhady hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harneſſe meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
His countenaunce demure and temperate,
But yet ſo ſterne and terrible in ſight,
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble ſtate,
And mickle worſhip in his natiue land;
Well could he tourney and in liſts debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie land.

Him

Him als accompanyd vpon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in blacke attire,
Of ripeſt yeares, and haires all hoarie gray,
That with a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps did ſtire,
Leaſt his long way his aged limbes ſhould tire:
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He ſeemd to be a ſage and ſober ſire,
And euer with ſlow pace the knight did lead, (tread.
Who taught his trampling ſteed with equall ſteps to

Such whenas *Archimago* them did view,
He weened well to worke ſome vncouth wile,
Eftſoones vntwiſting his deceiptfull clew,
He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,
And with a faire countenance and flattring ſtile,
To them approching, thus the knight beſpake:
Faire ſonne of *Mars*, that ſeeke with warlike ſpoile,
And great atchieu'ments great your ſelfe to make,
Vouchſafe to ſtay your ſteed for humble miſers ſake.

He ſtayd his ſteed for humble miſers ſake,
And bad tell on the tenor of his plaint;
Who feigning then in euery limbe to quake,
Through inward feare, and ſeeming pale and faint
With piteous mone his percing ſpeach gan paint;
Deare Lady how ſhall I declare thy cace,
Whom late I left in langourous conſtraint?
Would God thy ſelfe now preſent were in place,
To tell this ruefull tale; thy ſight could win thee grace.

Or rather would, O would it ſo had chaunſt,
That you, moſt noble Sir, had preſent beene,
When that lewd ribauld with vile luſt aduaunſt
Layd firſt his filthy hands on virgin cleene,

To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,
As on the earth, great mother of vs all,
With liuing eye more faire was neuer seene,
Of chastitie and honour virginall:
Witnesse ye heauēs, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

How may it be, (said then the knight halfe wroth,)
That knight should knighthood euer so haue shent?
None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for troth,
How shamefully that Maid he did torment.
Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword,
Against her snowy brest be fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloudie word;
Toung hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

Therewith amoued from his sober mood,
And liues he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heauens afford him vitall food?
He liues, (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachour then (said he) be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as hound
The strickē Deare doth chalenge by the bleeding wound.

He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire
And zealous hast away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that craftie Squire
Supposd to be. They do arriue anone,
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and haire discheueled,
Wringing her hands, and making piteous mone;
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

The

The knight approching nigh, thus to her said,
Faire Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,
Great pittie is to see you thus dismaid,
And marre the blossome of your beautie bright:
For thy appease your griefe and heauie plight,
And tell the cause of your conceiued paine.
For if he liue, that hath you doen despight;
He shall you doe due recompence againe,
Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment,
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grieuous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene.

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame my liefe,
For Gods deare loue be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment,
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake mind with double woe torment?
When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appease
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

Eftsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,
Or why should euer I henceforth desire,
To see faire heauens face, and life not leaue,

Sith that falſe Traytour did my honour reaue?
Falſe traytour certes (ſaid the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceaue
A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little paine for ſuch a foule deſpight.

But now, faire Ladie, comfort to you make,
And read, who hath ye wrought this ſhamefull plight.
That ſhort reuenge the man may ouertake,
Where ſo he be, and ſoone vpon him light.
Certes (ſaid ſhe) I wote not how he hight,
But vnder him a gray ſteede did he wield,
Whoſe ſides with dapled circles weren dight;
Vpright he rode, and in his ſiluer ſhield
He bore a bloudie Croſſe, that quartred all the field.

Now by my head (ſaid *Guyon*) much I muſe,
How that ſame knight ſhould do ſo foule amis,
Or euer gentle Damzell ſo abuſe:
For may I boldly ſay, he ſurely is
A right good knight, and true of word ywis:
I preſent was, and can it witneſſe well,
When armes he ſwore, and ſtreight did enterpris
Th'aduenture of the *Errant damozell*,
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

Nathleſſe he ſhortly ſhall againe be tryde,
And fairely quite him of th'imputed blame,
Elſe be ye ſure he dearely ſhall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the ſame:
All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of ſhame.
Now therefore Ladie, riſe out of your paine,
And ſee the ſaluing of your blotted name.
Full loth ſhe ſeemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For ſhe was inly glad her purpoſe ſo to gaine.

Her

Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such, as it was seene,
But vnder simple shew and semblant plaine
Lurckt false *Duessa* secretly vnseene,
As a chast Virgin, that had wronged beene:
So had false *Archimago* her disguisd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily deuisd
To be her Squire, and do her seruice well aguisd.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
Where she did wander in waste wilderneſſe,
Lurking in rockes and caues farre vnder ground,
And with greene mosse cou'ring her nakednesse,
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse;
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
And borrow'd beautie spoyld. Her natheleſſe
Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reueſt, and deckt with due habiliments.

For all he did, was to deceiue good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed shame.
And now exceeding griefe him ouercame,
To see the *Redcrosse* thus aduaunced hye;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre vp enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote vnto him allye.

So now he *Guyon* guides an vncouth way
Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads ouerplast,

The valley did with coole shade ouercast;
Through midst thereof a little riuer rold,
By which there sate a knight with helme vnlast,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his trauell long, and labours manifold.

Loe yonder he, cryde *Archimage* alowd,
That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew;
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine: for ye shall dearely do him rew,
So God ye speed, and send you good successe;
Which we farre off will here abide to vew.
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That streight against that knight his speare he did ad-
(dresse.

Who seeing him from farre so fierce to pricke,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his readie speare did sticke;
Tho when as still he saw him towards pace,
He gan rencounter him in equall race.
They bene ymet, both readie to affrap,
When suddenly that warriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betidde, or hidden daunger did entrap.

And cryde, Mercie Sir knight, and mercie Lord,
For mine offence and heedlesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your shield is set for ornament:
But his fierce foe his steede could stay vneath,
Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath.

But

But when he heard him ſpeake, ſtreight way he knew
His error, and himſelfe inclyning ſayd;
Ah deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you,
But me behoueth rather to vpbrayd,
Whoſe haſtie hand ſo farre from reaſon ſtrayd,
That almoſt it did haynous violence
On that faire image of that heauenly Mayd,
That decks and armes your ſhield with faire defence:
Your court'ſie takes on you anothers due offence.

So bene they both attone, and doen vpreare
Their beuers bright, each other for to greete;
Goodly comportance each to other beare,
And entertaine themſelues with court'ſies meet.
Then ſaid the *Redcroſſe* knight, Now mote I weet,
Sir *Guyon*, why with ſo fierce ſaliaunce,
And fell intent ye did at earſt me meet;
For ſith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
Great cauſe, I weene, you guided, or ſome vncouth (chaunce.

Certes (ſaid he) well mote I ſhame to tell
The fond encheaſon, that me hither led.
A falſe infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that ſeemed ill beſted,
And playnd of grieuous outrage, which he red
A knight had wrought againſt a Ladie gent;
Which to auenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled; foule ſhame him follow, where he went.

So can he turne his earneſt vnto game,
Through goodly handing and wiſe temperance.
By this his aged guide in preſence came;
Who ſoone as on that knight his eye did glance,

Eft ſoones of him had perfect cognizance,
Sith him in Faerie court he late auizd;
And ſaid, faire ſonne, God giue you happie chance,
And that deare Croſſe vpon your ſhield deuizd,
Wherewith aboue all knights ye goodly ſeeme aguizd.

Ioy may you haue, and euerlaſting fame,
Of late moſt hard atchieu'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heauenly Regiſters aboue the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your ſeat haue wonne:
But wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,
Muſt now anew begin, like race to runne;
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
And to the wiſhed hauen bring thy weary barke.

Palmer, (him anſwered the *Redcroſſe* knight)
His be the praiſe, that this atchieu'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might;
More then goodwill to me attribute nought:
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whoſe pageant next enſewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wiſh your thought,
That home ye may report theſe happie newes;
For well ye worthie bene for worth and gentle thewes.

So courteous conge both did giue and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided ſtill.
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
And with his ſteedie ſtaffe did point his way:
His race with reaſon, and with words his will,
From foule intemperance he oft did ſtay,
And ſuffred not in wrath his haſtie ſteps to ſtray.

In this faire wize they traueild long yfere,
Through many hard assayes, which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glorie through all countries wide.
At last as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With percing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, a while their forward steps they stay.

But if that careless heauens (quoth she) despise
The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
As bound by them to liue in liues despight,
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
That long captiued soules from wearie thraldome free.

But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in liuing state,
Long maist thou liue, and better thriue withall,
Then to thy luckless parents did befall:
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall;
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest
Loe I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw,
That through the wood reecchoed againe,
And after gaue a grone so deepe and low,
That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,

Or thrild with point of thorough piercing paine;
As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approching she does feele,
Brayes out her lateſt breath, and vp her eyes doth seele.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,
And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quicke,
In whose white alabaster breſt did sticke
A cruell knife, that made a griesly wound,
From which forth gusht a streme of gorebloud thick,
That all her goodly garments staind around,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassie ground.

Pittifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountaine low she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waues with purple gold did ray;
Als in her lap a louely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands, and tender ioynts embrew;
Pitifull spectacle, as euer eye did view.

Besides them both, vpon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with bloud besprinckled was;
His ruddie lips did smile, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet being ded,
Seemd to haue beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freſheſt flowre of lustie hed,
Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

Whom

Whom when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
His hart gan wexe as ſtarke, as marble ſtone,
And his freſh bloud did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his ſenſes ſeemd bereft attone,
At laſt his mightie ghoſt gan deepe to grone,
As Lyon grudging in his great diſdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himſelfe mone;
Till ruth and fraile affection did conſtraine,
His ſtout courage to ſtoupe, and ſhew his inward paine.

Out of her gored wound the cruell ſteele
He lightly ſnatcht; and did the floudgate ſtop
With his faire garment: then gan ſoftly feele
Her feeble pulſe, to proue if any drop
Of liuing bloud yet in her veynes did hop;
Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forſaken ſhop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the laſt ſhe gan to breath out liuing aire.

Which he perceiuing greatly gan reioice,
And goodly counſell, that for wounded hart
Is meeteſt med'cine, tempred with ſweet voice;
Ay me, deare Lady, which the image art
Of ruefull pitie, and impatient ſmart,
What direfull chance, armd with reuenging fate,
Or curſed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus fowle to haſten your vntimely date;
Speake, O deare Lady ſpeake: help neuer comes too late.

Therewith her dim eie-lids ſhe vp gan reare,
On which the drery death did ſit, as ſad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare;
But when as him all in bright armour clad

Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
Streight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
She groueling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
Vplifted light, and softly did vphold:
Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunke againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said; Yet if the stony cold
Haue not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your griefe vnfold,
And tell the secret of your mortall smart;
He oft finds present helpe, who does his griefe impart.

Then casting vp a deadly looke, full low,
Shee sight from bottome of her wounded breast,
And after, many bitter throbs did throw
With lips full pale and foltring tongue oppreſt,
These words she breathed forth from riuen chest;
Leaue, ah leaue off, what euer wight thou bee,
To let a wearie wretch from her dew rest,
And trouble dying soules tranquilitee.
Take not away now got, which none would giue to me.

Ah farre be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captiuitee:
For all I seeke, is but to haue redrest
The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
Tell then, ô Lady tell, what fatall priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you oppreſt?
That I may cast to compasse your reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe.

With

With feeble hands then ſtretched forth on hye,
As heauen accuſing guiltie of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In theſe ſad words ſhe ſpent her vtmoſt breath:
Heare then, ô man, the ſorrowes that vneath
My tongue can tell, ſo farre all ſenſe they pas:
Loe this dead corpſe, that lies here vnderneath,
The gentleſt knight, that euer on greene gras (was.
Gay ſteed with ſpurs did pricke, the good Sir Mortdant

Was, (ay the while, that he is not ſo now)
My Lord my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
So long as heauens iuſt with equall brow,
Vouchſafed to behold vs from aboue,
One day when him high courage did emmoue,
As wont ye knights to ſeeke aduentures wilde,
He pricked forth, his puiſſant force to proue,
Me then he left enwombed of this child,
This luckleſſe child, whom thus ye ſee with bloud defild.

Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may gheſſe)
To come, where vile *Acraſia* does wonne,
Acraſia a falſe enchauntereſſe,
That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:
Within a wandring Iſland, that doth ronne
And ſtray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is,
Faire Sir, if euer there ye trauell, ſhonne
The curſed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of bliſs*.

Her bliſſe is all in pleaſure and delight,
Wherewith ſhe makes her louers drunken mad,
And then with words & weedes of wondrous might,
On them ſhe workes her will to vſes bad:

My lifest Lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frailtie breed.)
Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
Weake wretch I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,
And cast to seeke him forth through daunger and great dreed.

Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrise three times had fild her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bad me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought: (weare,
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my midwiues
Hard helpe at need. So deare thee babe I bought,
Yet nought too deare I deemd, while so my dear I fought.

Him so I sought, and so at last I found,
Where him that witch had thralled to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
Till through wise handling and faire gouernance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:
Then meanes I gan deuise for his deliuerance.

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiu'd,
How that my Lord from her I would repriue,
With cup thus charmd, him parting she deceiu'd;
Sad verse, giue death to him that death does giue,
And losse of loue, to her that loues to liue,
So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke,
So parted we and on our iourney driue,
Till comming to this well, he stoupt to drincke:
The charme fulfild, dead suddenly he downe did sincke.

Which

Which when I wretch, Not one word more she sayd
But breaking off, the end for want of breath,
And sliding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath
From teares abstaine, for griefe his hart did grate,
And from so heauie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plunged had faire Ladie in so wretched state.

Then turning to his Palmer said, Old syre
Behold the image of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre,
When raging passion with fierce tyrannie
Robs reason of her due regalitie,
And makes it seruant to her basest part:
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake through smart.

But temperance (said he) with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleasures whot desire,
Nor fry in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene.
Thrise happie man, who fares them both atweene:
But sith this wretched woman ouercome
Of anguish, rather then of crime hath beene,
Reserue her cause to her eternall doome,
And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

Palmer (quoth he) death is an euill doome
To good and bad, the common Inne of rest;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall be to them, that liued best:

But both alike, when death hath both suppreſt,
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
Which who ſo wants, wants ſo much of his reſt:
For all ſo great ſhame after death I weene,
As ſelfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.

So both agree their bodies to engraue;
The great earthes wombe they open to the ſky,
And with ſad Cypreſſe ſeemely it embraue,
Then couering with a clod their cloſed eye,
They lay therein thoſe corſes tenderly,
And bid them ſleepe in euerlaſting peace.
But ere they did their vtmoſt obſequy,
Sir *Guyon* more affection to increace,
Bynempt a ſacred vow, which none ſhould aye releace.

The dead knights ſword out of his ſheath he drew,
With which he cut a locke of all their heare,
Which medling with their bloud and earth, he threw
Into the graue, and gan deuoutly ſweare;
Such and ſuch euill God on *Guyon* reare,
And worſe and worſe young Orphane be thy paine,
If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbeare,
Till guiltie bloud her guerdon doe obtaine:
So ſhedding many teares, they cloſd the earth againe.

CANT.

Cant. II.

Babes blondie hands may not be clenſd,
the face of golden Meane.
Her ſiſters two Extremities:
ſtriue her to baniſh cleane.

THus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithfull guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their ſad Tragedie vptyde,
The litle babe vp in his armes he hent;
Who with ſweet pleaſance and bold blandiſhment
Gan ſmyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As careleſſe of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe (ſteepe.
In that knights heart, and wordes with bitter teares did

Ah luckleſſe babe, borne vnder cruell ſtarre,
And in dead parents balefull aſhes bred,
Full litle weeneſt thou, what ſorrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy liuelihed,
Poore Orphane in the wide world ſcattered,
As budding braunch rent from the natiue tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered:
Such is the ſtate of men: thus enter wee
Into this life with woe, and end with miſeree.

Then ſoft himſelfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So loue does loath diſdainfull nicitee)
His guiltie hands from bloudie gore to cleene.

He waſht them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his waſhing cleaner. Still he ſtroue,
Yet ſtill the litle hands were bloudie ſeene;
The which him into great amaz'ment droue,
And into diuerſe doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

He wiſt not whether blot of foule offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To ſhew how ſore bloudguiltineſſe he hat'th;
Or that the charme and venim, which they druncke,
Their bloud with ſecret filth infected hath,
Being diffuſed through the ſenſeleſſe truncke,
That through the great contagion direfull deadly ſtunck.

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reaſon, and thus faire beſpake;
Ye bene right hard amated, gratious Lord,
And of your ignorance great maruell make,
Whiles cauſe not well conceiued ye miſtake.
But know, that ſecret vertues are infuſd
In euery fountaine, and in euery lake,
Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chuſd,
To proofe of paſſing wonders hath full often vſd.

Of thoſe ſome were ſo from their ſourſe indewd
By great Dame Nature, from whoſe fruitfull pap
Their welheads ſpring, and are with moiſture deawd;
Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid ſap,
And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap:
But other ſome by gift of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
And theneeforth were renowmd, & ſought from place to place.

Such

Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,
As she the woods with bow and shafts did raunge,
The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
As Hind from her, so she fled from her enimy.

At last when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
And to *Diana* calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought, to let her dye a mayd.
The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she sate,
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

Lo now she is that stone, from those two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
Shapt like a maid, that such ye may her know;
And yet her vertues in her water byde:
For it is chast and pure, as purest snow,
Ne lets her waues with any filth he dyde,
But euer like her selfe vnstained hath beene tryde.

From thence it comes, that this babes bloudy hand
May not be clensd with water of this well:
Ne certes Sir striue you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloudy, as befell,

That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament;
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to minde reuengement,
And be for all chast Dames an endlesse moniment.

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with bloud defilde,
An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his loftie steed with golden sell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare.
By other accident that earst befell,
He is conuaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foot, how euer loth;
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they traueiled with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adioyning to the seas,
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one sire by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did diuide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But strifull minde, and diuerse qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
Still did they striue, and dayly disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

Where

Where when the knight arriu'd, he was right well
Receiu'd, as knight of ſo much worth became,
Of ſecond ſiſter, who did far excell
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A ſober ſad, and comely curteous Dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modeſt guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threſhold met, and well did enterprize.

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modeſtie,
Ne in her ſpeach, ne in her hauiour,
Was lightneſſe ſeene, or looſer vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and grauitie,
Aboue the reaſon of her youthly yeares:
Her golden lockes ſhe roundly did vptye
In breaded tramels, that no looſer heares
Did out of order ſtray about her daintie eares.

Whileſt ſhe her ſelfe thus buſily did frame,
Seemely to entertaine her new-come gueſt,
Newes hereof to her other ſiſters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton reſt,
Accourting each her friend with lauiſh feſt:
They were two knights of pereleſſe puiſſance,
And famous far abroad for warlike geſt,
Which to theſe Ladies loue did countenaunce,
And to his miſtreſſe each himſelfe ſtroue to aduaunce.

He that made loue vnto the eldeſt Dame,
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
Yet not ſo good of deedes, as great of name,
Which he by many raſh aduentures wan,

Since errant armes to ſew he firſt began;
More huge in ſtrength, then wiſe in workes he was;
And reaſon with foole-hardize ouer ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was for terrour more, all armd in ſhyning bras.

But he that lou'd the youngeſt, was *Sans-loy*,
He that faire *Vna* late fowle outraged,
The moſt vnruly, and the boldeſt boy,
That euer warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawleſſe luſt encouraged,
Through ſtrong opinion of his matchleſſe might:
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right.
He now this Ladies champion choſe for loue to fight.

Theſe two gay knights, vowd to ſo diuerſe loues,
Each other does enuie with deadly hate,
And dayly warre againſt his foeman moues,
In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
And th'others pleaſing ſeruice to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
How in that place ſtraunge knight arriued late,
Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely vnto battell ſterne themſelues prepar'd.

But ere they could proceede vnto the place,
Where he abode, themſelues at diſcord fell,
And cruell combat ioynd in middle ſpace:
With horrible aſſault, and furie fell,
They heapt huge ſtrokes, the ſcorned life to quell,
That all on vprore from her ſettled ſeat,
The houſe was rayſd, and all that in did dwell;
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.

The

The noyse thereof calth forth that straunger knight,
To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in hand;
Where when as two braue knights in bloudy fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
And shyning blade vnsheathd, with which he ran
Vnto that stead, their strife to vnderstond;
And at his first arriuall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
Attonce vpon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tygre being met
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
Espye a traueiler with feet surbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to deuide,
They stint their strife, and him assaile on euery side.

But he, not like a wearie traueilere,
Their sharpe assault right bloudy did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
Whose grieued mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselues turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut;
But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heauie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging windes threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rockes, do diuersly disease,
Meetes two contrary billowes by the way,

That her on either ſide do ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy graue; (way,
She ſcorning both their ſpights, does make wide
And with her breſt breaking the ſomy waue,
Does ride on both their backs, & faire her ſelfe doth ſaue.

So boldly he him beares, and ruſheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade
Wondrous great proweſſe and heroick worth
He ſhewd that day, and rare enſample made,
When two ſo mighty warriours he diſmade:
Attonce he wards and ſtrikes, he takes and payes,
Now forſt to yield, now forcing to inuade,
Before, behind, and round about him layes:
So double was his paines, ſo double be his prayſe.

Straunge ſort of fight, three valiaunt knights to ſee
Three combats ioyne in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitee,
All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raine
In ſtouteſt minds, and maketh monſtrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continuall iarre:
O miſerable men, that to him ſubiect arre.

Whilſt thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire *Medina* with her treſſes torne,
And naked breſt, in pitty of their harmes,
Emongſt them ran, and falling them beforne,
Beſought them by the womb, which them had borne,
And by the loues, which were to them moſt deare,
And by the knighthood, which they ſure had ſworne,
Their deadly cruell diſcord to forbeare,
And to her iuſt conditions of faire peace to heare.

But

But her two other ſiſters ſtanding by,
Her lowd gainſaid, and both their champion bad
Purſew the end of their ſtrong enmity,
As euer of their loues they would be glad.
Yet ſhe with pitthy words and counſell ſad,
Still ſtroue their ſtubborne rages to reuoke,
That at the laſt ſuppreſſing fury mad,
They gan abſtaine from dint of direfull ſtroke,
And hearken to the ſober ſpeaches, which ſhe ſpoke.

Ah puiſſaunt Lords, what curſed euill Spright,
Or fell *Erinnys* in your noble harts,
Her helliſh brond hath kindled with deſpight,
And ſtird you vp to worke your wilfull ſmarts?
Is this the ioy of armes? be theſe the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after bloud to thruſt,
And not regard dew right and iuſt deſarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniuſt,
That more to mighty hãds, thẽ rightfull cauſe doth truſt.

And were their rightfull cauſe of difference,
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
Then with bloud guiltneſſe to heape offence,
And mortall vengeaunce ioyne to crime abhord?
O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefeſt Lord:
Sad be the ſights, and bitter fruits of warre,
And thouſand furies wait on wrathfull ſword;
Ne ought the prayſe of proweſſe more doth marre,
Then fowle reuenging rage, and baſe contentious iarre.

But louely concord, and moſt ſacred peace
Doth nouriſh vertue, and faſt friendſhip breeds;
Weake ſhe makes ſtrõg, & ſtrõg thing does increace,
Till it the pitch of higheſt prayſe exceeds:

Braue be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes ouer ire and pride,
And winnes an Oliue girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.

Her gracious wordes their rancour did appall,
And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their loftie crests
To her faire presence, and discrete behests.
Then she began a treatie to procure,
And stablish termes betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for euer should endure;
Which to obserue in word of knights they did assure.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their wearie sweat and bloudy toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire a while,
To rest themselues, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,
Where they are well receiu'd, and made to spoile
Themselues of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, & their mouthes to dainty fare.

And those two froward sisters, their faire loues
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
And fained cheare, as for the time behoues,
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both:
For both did at their second sister grutch,
And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment fret, not th'vtter touch; (mutch.
One thought their cheare too litle, th'other thought too

Eliſſa (ſo the eldeſt hight) did deeme
Such entertainment baſe, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would ſpeake, but euermore did ſeeme
As diſcontent for want of merth or meat;
No ſolace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to ſhow, ne court, nor dalliance,
But with bent lowring browes, as ſhe would threat,
She ſcould, and frownd with froward countenaunce,
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce.

But young *Periſſa* was of other mind,
Full of diſport, ſtill laughing, looſely light,
And quite contrary to her ſiſters kind;
No meaſure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleaſure and delight;
In wine and meats ſhe flowd aboue the bancke,
And in exceſſe exceeded her owne might;
In ſumptuous tire ſhe ioyd her ſelfe to prancke,
But of her loue too lauiſh (litle haue ſhe thancke.)

Firſt by her ſide did ſit the bold *Sans-loy*,
Fit mate for ſuch a mincing mincon,
Who in her looſeneſſe tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a franker franion,
Of her lewd parts to make companion;
But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
Did ſee and grieue at his bold faſhion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yet ſtill he ſat, and inly did him ſelfe torment.

Betwixt them both the faire *Medina* ſate
With ſober grace, and goodly carriage:
With equall meaſure ſhe did moderate
The ſtrong extremities of their outrage;

That forward paire she euer would asswage,
When they would striue dew reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

Thus fairely she attempered her feast,
And pleasd them all with meete satietie,
At last when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
She *Guyon* deare besought of curtesie,
To tell from whence he came through ieopardie,
And whither now on new aduenture bound.
Who with bold grace, and comely grauitie,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound.

This thy demaund, ô Lady, doth reuiue
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and most glorious virgin Queene aliue,
That with her soueraigne powre, and scepter shene
All Faery lond does peaceable sustene.
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
That ouer all the earth it may be seene;
As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth appeare.

In her the richesse of all heauenly grace,
In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hye:
And all that else this worlds enclosure bace,
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye.
Adornes the person of her Maiestie;
That men beholding so great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortalitie,
Do her adore with sacred reuerence,
As th'Idole of her makers great magnificence.

To

To her I homage and my seruice owe,
In number of the noblest knights on ground,
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renownd;
That may this day in all the world be found,
An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make
The day that first doth lead the yeare around;
To which all knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to heare of straunge aduentures to be told.

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
And to that mighty Princesse did complaine
Of grieuous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
Whereof he crau'd redresse. My Soueraine,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftsoones deuisd redresse for such annoyes;
Me all vnfit for so great purpose she employes.

Now hath faire *Phœbe* with her siluer face
Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith last I left that honorable place,
In which her royall presence is introld;
Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false *Acrasia* haue wonne;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pitty such vnhappy bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine.

Ill by enſample good doth often gayne.
Then forward he his purpoſe gan purſew,
And told the ſtorie of the mortall payne,
Which *Mordant* and *Amauia* did rew;
As with lamenting eyes him ſelfe did lately vew.

Night was far ſpent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying faſt from hiſſing ſnake,
His flaming head did haſten for to ſteepe,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make;
Whileſt with delight of that he wiſely ſpake,
Thoſe gueſtes beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly ſleepe, that did them ouertake.
At laſt when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
They wiſt their houre was ſpẽt; thẽ each to reſt him hyes.

Cant. III.

Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyons
horſe is made the ſcorne
Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre
Belphœbe fowle forlorne.

SOone as the morrow faire with purple beames
Diſperſt the ſhadowes of the miſtie night,
And *Titan* playing on the eaſtern ſtreames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with ſpringing light,
Sir *Guyon* mindfull of his vow yplight,
Vproſe from drowſie couch, and him addreſt
Vnto the iourney which he had behight:
His puiſſaunt armes about his noble breſt,
And many-folded ſhield he bound about his wreſt.

Then

Then taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
The bloudy-handed babe vnto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her coniure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th:
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memorie of that dayes ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T'auenge his Parēts death on them, that had it wrought.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce; helpelesse what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods syde
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her, ere she dyde.

The whiles a lossell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie neuer cast his mind,
Ne thought of honour euer did assay
His baser breast, but in his kestrell kind
A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find,
To which his flowing toung, and troublous spright
Gaue him great ayd, and made him more inclind:
He that braue steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollitie,
And of him selfe great hope and helpe conceiu'd,
That puffed vp with smoke of vanitie,
And with selfe-loued personage deceiu'd,

He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
For ſuch, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiu'd,
And gallant ſhew to be in greateſt gree,
Eftſoones to court he caſt t'auaunce his firſt degree.

And by the way he chaunced to eſpy
One ſitting idle on a ſunny bancke,
To whom auaunting in great brauery,
As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth prancke,
He ſmote his courſer in the trembling flancke,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling ſpeare:
The ſeely man ſeeing him ryde ſo rancke,
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying Mercy lowd, his pitious hands gan reare.

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowd,
Through fortune of his firſt aduenture faire,
And with big thundring voyce reuyld him lowd;
Vile Caytiue, vaſſall of dread and deſpaire,
Vnworthie of the commune breathed aire,
Why liueſt thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doeſt not vnto death thy ſelfe prepaire.
Dye, or thy ſelfe my captiue yield for ay;
Great fauour I thee graunt, for aunſwere thus to ſtay.

Hold, ô deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall.
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy deſtinies withſtand
My wrathfull will, and do for mercy call.
I giue thee life: therefore proſtrated fall,
And kiſſe my ſtirrup; that thy homage bee.
The Miſer threw him ſelfe, as an Offall,
Streight at his foot in baſe humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

So

So happy peace they made and faire accord:
Eftſoones this liege-man gan to wexe more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan him ſelfe vnfold:
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning ſleights and practick knauery.
For that day forth he caſt for to vphold
His idle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellowes to his ſwelling vanity.

Trompart fit man for *Braggadochio*,
To ſerue at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
In his light wings, is lifted vp to skye:
The ſcorne of knighthood and trew cheualrye,
To thinke without deſert of gentle deed,
And noble worth to be aduaunced hye:
Such prayſe is ſhame; but honour vertues meed
Doth beare the faireſt flowre in honorable ſeed.

So forth they pas, a well conſorted paire,
Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
Who ſeeing one that ſhone in armour faire,
On goodly courſer thundring with his feet,
Eftſoones ſuppoſed him a perſon meet,
Of his reuenge to make the inſtrument:
For ſince the *Redcroſſe* knight he earſt did weet,
To beene with *Guyon* knit in one conſent,
The ill, which earſt to him, he now to *Guyon* ment.

And comming cloſe to *Trompart* gan inquere
Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden ſell with ſingle ſpere,
But wanted ſword to wreake his enmitee.

He is a great aduenturer, (said he)
That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he auenged bee,
Of that despight, neuer to wearen none;
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

Th'enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
Tho to him louting lowly, did begin
To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcrosse* knight,
Which two through treason and deceiptfull gin,
Had slaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule despight.

Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enraged,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their liues had in his hand beene gaged;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said; Old man, great sure shalbe thy meed,
If where those knights for feare of dew vengeaunce
Do lurke, thou certainly to me areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

Certes, my Lord, (said he) that shall I soone,
And giue you eke good helpe to their decay,
But mote I wisely you aduise to doon;
Giue no ods to your foes, but do puruay
Your selfe of sword before that bloudy day:
For they be two the prowest knights on ground,
And oft approu'd in many hard assay,
And eke of surest steele, that may be found,
Do arme your selfe against that day, them to confound.

Dotard

Dotard (ſaid he) let be thy deepe aduiſe;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wiſe,
Elſe neuer ſhould thy iudgement be ſo fraile,
To meaſure manhood by the ſword or maile.
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
Withouten ſword or ſhield, an hoſt to quaile?
Thou little woteſt, what this right hand can: (wan.
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes, which it

The man was much abaſhed at his boaſt;
Yet well he wiſt, that who ſo would contend
With either of thoſe knights on euen coaſt,
Should need of all his armes, him to defend;
Yet feared leaſt his boldneſſe ſhould offend,
When *Braggadocchio* ſaid, Once I did ſweare, (end,
When with one ſword ſeuen knights I brought to
Thence forth in battell neuer ſword to beare,
But it were that, which nobleſt knight on earth doth
(weare.

Perdie Sir knight, ſaid then th'enchaunter bliue,
That ſhall I ſhortly purchaſe to your hond:
For now the beſt and nobleſt knight aliue
Prince *Arthur* is, that wonnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a ſword, that flames like burning brond.
The ſame by my aduiſe I vndertake
Shall by to morrow by thy ſide be fond.
At which bold word that boaſter gan to quake,
And wondred in his mind, what mote that monſter make.

He ſtayd not for more bidding, but away
Was ſuddein vaniſhed out of his ſight:
The Northerne wind his wings did broad diſplay
At his commaund, and reared him vp light

From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could espie
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:
Both fled attonce, ne euer backe returned eie.

Till that they come vnto a forrest greene,
In which they shrowd thẽselues from causelesse feare;
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene,
Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare,
As ghastly bug their haire on end does reare:
Yet both doe striue their fearfulnesse to faine.
At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
And made the forrest ring, as it would riue in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
With noyse whereof he from his lofty steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But *Trompart* stoutly stayd to taken heed,
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance, borne of heauenly birth.

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke, and to reuiue the ded.

In

In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
Kindled aboue at th'heauenly makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fire
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For with dredd Maiestie, and awfull ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her iuorie forhead, full of bountie braue,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Loue his loftie triumphes to engraue,
And write the battels of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A siluer sound, that heauenly musicke seemd to make.

Vpon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
And euery one her with a grace endowes:
And euery one with meekenesse to her bowes.
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soueraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall fraile pen descriue her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace?

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
She seemd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lylly whight,

Purfled vpon with many a folded plight,
Which all aboue beſprinckled was throughout,
With golden aygulets, that gliſtred bright,
Like twinckling ſtarres, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

Below her ham her weed did ſomewhat traine,
And her ſtreight legs moſt brauely were embayld
In gilden buskins of coſtly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full faire aumayld:
Before they faſtned were vnder her knee
In a rich Iewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all their knots, that none might ſee,
How they within their fouldings cloſe enwrapped bee.

Like two faire marble pillours they were ſeene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods ſupport,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their feſtiuall reſort;
Thoſe ſame with ſtately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when ſhe her ſelfe would grace,
But with the wooddie Nymphes when ſhe did play,
Or when the flying Libbard ſhe did chace,
She could them nimbly moue, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a ſharpe bore-ſpeare ſhe held,
And at her backe a bow and quiuer gay,
Stuft with ſteele-headed darts, wherewith ſhe queld
The ſaluage beaſtes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
Athwart her ſnowy breſt, and did diuide
Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to ſwell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only ſignifide.

Her

Her yellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren looselye shed,
And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waued like a penon wide dispred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haires sweet flowres themselues did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossomes did enwrap.

Such as *Diana* by the sandie shore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did vew,
He was dismayed in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
When she at last him spying thus bespake;
Hayle Groome; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her ouertake.

Wherewith reviu'd, this answere forth he threw;
O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
For neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I auow to thee,

Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
But mote thy goodlyhed forgiue it mee,
To weet, which of the Gods I shall thee name,
That vnto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

To whom she thus; but ere her words ensewed,
Vnto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed,
And saw it stirre: she left her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduaunce,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying, ô what euer heauenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

O stay thy hand for yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercize,
But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
Is farre renowmd through many bold emprize;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies,
She staid: with that he crauld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his loftie crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from rest.

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret caue
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to saue,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,
Peepes foorth, and soone renewes her natiue pride;
She gins her feathers foule disfigured
Proudly to prune, and set on euery side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

So

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he vewed
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fits he was transmewed,
Till she to him her gratious speach renewed;
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honour haue pursewed
Through deedes of armes and proweſſe martiall;
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

To whom he thus; ô faireſt vnder skie,
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest higheſt glorifie.
Therein haue I spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought, and many fraies
Throughout the world, wher so they might be found,
Endeuouring my dreadded name to raise
Aboue the Moone, that fame may it resound
In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland cround.

But what art thou, ô Ladie, which doest raunge
In this wilde forreſt, where no pleasure is,
And doest not it for ioyous court exchaunge,
Emongst thine equall peres, where happie blis
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
There thou maist loue, and dearely loued bee,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee.

Who so in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
And in obliuion euer buried is:

Where eaſe abounds, yt's eath to doe amis;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaues with cares, cannot ſo eaſie mis.
Abroad in armes, at home in ſtudious kind
Who ſeekes with painfull toile, ſhall honor ſooneſt find.

In woods, in waues, in warres ſhe wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,
Vnto her happie manſion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
And wakefull watches euer to abide:
But eaſie is the way, and paſſage plaine
To pleaſures pallace; it may ſoone be ſpide,
And day and night her dores to all ſtand open wide.

In Princes court, The reſt ſhe would haue ſaid,
But that the fooliſh man, fild with delight
Of her ſweet words, that all his ſence diſmaid,
And with her wondrous beautie rauiſht quight,
Can burne in filthy luſt, and leaping light,
Thought in his baſtard armes her to embrace.
With that ſhe ſwaruing backe, her lauelin bright
Againſt him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

Which when the Peaſant ſaw, amazd he ſtood,
And greiued at her flight; yet durſt he not
Purſew her ſteps, through wild vnknowen wood;
Beſides he feard her wrath, and threatned ſhot
Whiles in the buſh he lay, not yet forgot:
Ne car'd he greatly for her preſence vaine,
But turning ſaid to *Trompart*, What foule blot
Is this to knight, that Ladie ſhould againe
Depart to woods vntoucht, & leaue ſo proud diſdaine?

Perdie

Perdie (ſaid *Trompart*) let her paſſe at will,
Leaſt by her preſence daunger mote befall.
For who can tell (and ſure I feare it ill)
But that ſhe is ſome powre celeſtiall?
For whiles ſhe ſpake, her great words did apall
My feeble courage, and my hart oppreſſe,
That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.
And I (ſaid *Braggadocchio*) thought no leſſe,
Whē firſt I heard her horne ſound with ſuch ghaſtlineſſe.

For from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
Me giuen by eternall deſtinie,
That earthly thing may not my courage braue
Diſmay with feare, or cauſe on foot to flie,
But either helliſh feends, or powres on hie:
Which was the cauſe, when earſt that horne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skie,
I hid my ſelfe from it, as one affeard;
But when I other knew, my ſelfe I boldly reard.

But now for feare of worſe, that may betide,
Let vs ſoone hence depart. They ſoone agree;
So to his ſteed he got, and gan to ride,
As one vnfit therefore, that all might ſee
He had not trayned bene in cheualree.
Which well that valiant courſer did diſcerne;
For he deſpyſd to tread in dew degree,
But chauſd and fom'd, with courage fierce and ſterne,
And to be eaſd of that baſe burden ſtill did erne.

Cant. IIII.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
and stops Occasion:
Deliuers Phedon, and therefore
by strife is rayld vpon.

IN braue pursuit of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which vnto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by natiue influence;
As feates of armes, and loue to entertaine,
But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a science
Proper to gentle bloud; some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

But he the rightfull owner of that steed,
Who well could menage, and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide;
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide.
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weake to strēgthen, & the strōg suppresse.

It fortuned forth faring on his way,
He saw from farre, or seemed for to see
Some troublous vprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.

A mad

A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
A handsome stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheekes with teares, and sides with bloud did all a-
(bound.

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disaray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke.
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hong vnrold,
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could euer taken hold,
And eke her face ill fauourd, full of wrinckles old.

And euer as she went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproch, and termes of vile despight,
Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not go vpright;
Ne any euill meanes she did forbeare,
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble *Guyon* mou'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away,
And after adding more impetuous forse,
His mightie hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who all on fire straight way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his auengement.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:
But when the franticke fit inflamd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,
Then at the aymed marke, which he had eide:
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt vnwares,
Whilst reason blent through passion, nought descride,
But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares, (nought cares.
And where he hits, nought knowes, & whom he hurts,

His rude assault and rugged handeling
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
In faire defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now not fighting so,
But more enfierced through his curriſh play,
Him sternely grypt, and haling to and fro,
To ouerthrow him strongly did assay,
But ouerthrew himselfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And being downe the villein sore did beat,
And bruze with clowniſh fistes his manly face:
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproch and odious menace
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
Knit all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did vpstart,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
Not so, ô *Guyon*, neuer thinke that so
That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,

As

As steele can wound, or strength can ouerthroe.
That same is *Furor*, curſed cruell wight,
That vnto knighthood workes much ſhame and woe;
And that ſame Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occaſion, the root of all wrath aud deſpight.

With her, who ſo will raging *Furor* tame,
Muſt firſt begin, and well her amenage:
Firſt her reſtraine from her reprochfull blame,
And euill meanes, with which ſhe doth enrage
Her franticke ſonne, and kindles his courage,
Then when ſhe is withdrawen, or ſtrong withſtood,
It's eath his idle furie to aſſwage,
And calme the tempeſt of his paſſion wood;
The bankes are ouerflowen, when ſtopped is the flood.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his firſt empriſe,
And turning to that woman, faſt her hent
By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould ſhe ſtent
Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
But ſtill prouokt her ſonne to wreake her wrong;
But natheleſſe he did her ſtill torment,
And catching hold of her vngratious tong,
Thereon an yron lock, did faſten firme and ſtrong.

Then when as vſe of ſpeach was from her reft,
With her two crooked handes ſhe ſignes did make,
And beckned him, the laſt helpe ſhe had left:
But he that laſt left helpe away did take,
And both her hands faſt bound vnto a ſtake,
That ſhe note ſtirre. Then gan her ſonne to flie
Full faſt away, and did her quite forſake;
But *Guyon* after him in haſte did hie,
And ſoone him ouertooke in ſad perplexitie.

In his ſtrong armes he ſtiffely him embraſte,
Who him gainſtriuing, nought at all preuaild:
For all his power was vtterly defaſte,
And furious fits at earſt quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nforſt, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour ſlacke.
Then him to ground he caſt, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands faſt bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him ſore conſtraine:
Yet his great yron teeth he ſtill did grind,
And grimly gnaſh, threatning reuenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloudie ſtrakes did ſtaine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth ſparkes of fire,
And more for ranck deſpight, then for great paine,
Shakt his long lockes, colourd like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to ſhew his raging ire.

Thus when as *Guyon Furor* had captiu'd,
Turning about he ſaw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriu'd,
Lying on ground, all ſoild with bloud and mire:
Whom when as he perceiued to reſpire,
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dreſſe.
Being at laſt recured, he gan inquire,
What hard miſhap him brought to ſuch diſtreſſe,
And made that caitiues thral, the thral of wretchedneſſe.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Faire Sir (quoth he) what man can ſhun the hap,
That hidden lyes vnwares him to ſurpryſe
Misfortune waites aduantage to entrap

The

The man moſt warie in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakeſt one,
Vnweeting, and vnware of ſuch miſhap,
She brought to miſchiefe through occaſion,
Where this ſame wicked villein did me light vpon.

It was a faithleſſe Squire, that was the ſourſe
Of all my ſorrow, and of theſe ſad teares,
With whom from tender dug of commune nourſe,
Attonce I was vpbrought, and eft when yeares
More rype vs reaſon lent to choſe our Peares,
Our ſelues in league of vowed loue we knit:
In which we long time without gealous feares,
Or faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
And for my part I vow, diſſembled not a whit.

Is was my fortune commune to that age,
To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And ſet in higheſt ſeat of dignitee,
Yet ſeemd no leſſe to loue, then loued to bee:
Long I her ſeru'd, and found her faithfull ſtill,
Ne euer thing could cauſe vs diſagree:
Loue that two harts makes one; makes eke one will:
Each ſtroue to pleaſe, and others pleaſure to fulfill.

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake,
Of all my loue and all my priuitie;
Who greatly ioyous ſeemed for my ſake,
And gratious to that Ladie, as to mee,
Ne euer wight, that mote ſo welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
Ne euer thing, that ſhe could thinke or ſee,
But vnto him ſhe would impart the ſame:
O wretched man, that would abuſe ſo gentle Dame.

At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Ladie to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,
Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make; that day too farre did seeme:
Most ioyous man, on whom the shining Sunne,
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no lesse ioyous deeme.

But ere that wished day his beame disclosd,
He either enuying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd
One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret how he vnderstood
That Ladie whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith, which she to me did bynd;
And therfore wisht me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

The gnawing anguish and sharpe gelosy,
Which his sad speech infixed in my brest,
Rankled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeued mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
And him besought by that same sacred band
Betwixt vs both, to counsell me the best.
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me vnderstand.

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my loue was partner Paramoure:

Who

Who vsed in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approue,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see, that would me nearer moue,
And driue me to withdraw my blind abused loue.

This graceless man for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
Who glad t'embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so she hight)
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T'adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone haue blent,
And staynd their prayses with thy least good part;
Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art,
Though she thy Lady be, approch thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

The Maidē proud through prayse, and mad through loue
Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
His craftie engin, and as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my Tragedie;
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th'abuser of my loue to bee.

Eftſoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
And with him brought *Priene*, rich arayd,
In *Claribellaes* clothes. Her proper face
I not deſcerned in that darkeſome ſhade,
But weend it was my loue, with whom he playd.
Ah God, what horrour and tormenting griefe
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all affayd?
Me liefer were ten thouſand deathes priefe, (priefe.
Then wound of gealous worme, and ſhame of ſuch re-

I home returning, fraught with fowle deſpight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed loue appeard in ſight,
With wrathfull hand I ſlew her innocent;
That after ſoone I dearely did lament:
For when the cauſe of that outrageous deede
Demaunded, I made plaine and euident,
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,
Confeſt, how *Philemon* her wrought to chaunge her (weede.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And helliſh fury all enrag'd, I ſought
Vpon my ſelfe that vengeable deſpight
To puniſh: yet it better firſt I thought,
To wreake my wrath on him, that firſt it wrought.
To *Philemon*, falſe faytour *Philemon*
I caſt to pay, that I ſo dearely bought;
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
And waſht away his guilt with guiltie potion.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To loſſe of loue adioyning loſſe of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third miſchiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end:

That

That was *Pryene*; she did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I pursewing my fell purpose, after went.

Feare gaue her wings, and rage enforst my flight;
Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space,
As I her, so he me pursewd apace,
And shortly ouertooke: I breathing yre,
Sore chaufed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to dye,
Through wounds, & strokes, & stubborne handeling,
That death were better, then such agony,
As griefe and furie vnto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will neuer be appeasd.
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, sore haue ye beene diseasd;
But all your hurts may soone through tẽperance be easd.

Then gan the Palmer thus, most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance grow to fearefull end;
Whiles they are weake betimes with them contend:
For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to ouerthrow:
Wrath, gelosie, griefe, loue this Squire haue layd thus low.

Wrath, gealosie, griefe, loue do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede,
Griefe is a flood, and loue a monster fell;
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus delay;
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:
So shall wrath, gealosie, griefe, loue dye and decay.

Vnlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) sith thou hast
Falne vnto mischiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
And guide thy wayes with warie gouernaunce,
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do a duraunce
Mine auncestry from famous *Coradin*,
Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
A varlet running towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
For *Guyons* lookes, but scornefull eyglaunce at him shot.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloudy field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,

Burnt I do burne. Right well beseemed it,
To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,
And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight
In poyson and in bloud, of malice and despight.

When he in presence came, to *Guyon* first
He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieoperdie.
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
And though he scornd his idle vanitie,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him, that held it forcibly. (seeme
But whence should come that harme, which thou doest
To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'abye?
Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
That neuer yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhochles is his name, renowmed farre
For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre
The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*,
Acrates sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*;
But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night*;
But *Herebus* sonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

So from immortall race he does proceede,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Drad for his derring do, and bloudy deed;
For all in bloud and spoile is his delight.
His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke vpon,
And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,
(Said he) but whither with such hasty flight
Art thou now bound? for well mote I discerne
Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and streight behight
To seeke *Occasion*; where so she bee:
For he is all dispos'd to bloudy fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;
Hard is his hap, that first fals in his ieopardie.

Mad man (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
She comes vnsought, and shonned followes eke.
Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancour rife
Kindles Reuenge, and threats his rusty knife;
Woe neuer wants, where euery cause is caught,
And rash *Occasion* makes vnquiet life.
Then loe, where bound she sits, whō thou hast sought,
(Said *Guyon*,) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

That when the varlet heard and saw, streight way
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
That knights & knighthood doest with shame vp-bray,
And shewst th'enfaple of thy childish might,
With

With silly weake old woman thus to fight.
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,
And stoutly prou'd thy puissaunce here in sight;
That shall *Pyrrhochles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy bloud abolish so reprochfull blot.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable despight;
The quiuering steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his brest it selfe intended right:
But he was warie, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, aduaunst his shield atweene,
On which it seizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebounding, left the forckhead keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

Cant. V.

Pyrrhochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne vnbinds
Of whom sore hurt, for his reuenge
Attin Cymochles finds.

WHo euer doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enimy,
Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
To which right well the wise do giue that name,
For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
Does ouerthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes authour, who so bound it findes,
As did *Pyrrhochles*, and it wilfully vnbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Vpon the trembling wane, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on euery side:
His steed was bloudy red, and fomed ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approching nigh, he neuer stayd to greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowd courage to prouoke,
But prickt so fiers, that vnderneath his feete
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairly couching his steele-headed speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke;
It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly
On his braod shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted sell
And from the head the body sundred quight.
So him dismounted low, he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The truncked beast fast bleeding, did him fowly dight.

Sore bruzed with the fall, he slow vprose,
And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
Disleall knight, whose coward courage chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,

And ſhund the marke, at which it ſhould be ment,
Thereby thine armes ſeeme ſtrõg, but mãhood fraile;
So haſt thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
But litle may ſuch guile thee now auaile,
If wonted force and fortune do not much me faile.

With that he drew his flaming ſword, and ſtrooke
At him ſo fiercely, that the vpper marge
Of his ſeuenfolded ſhield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gaſh therein: were not his targe,
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary ſoule from thence it would diſcharge;
Natheleſſe ſo ſore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his breſt his beuer bent.

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
And much aſhamd, that ſtroke of liuing arme
Should him diſmay, and make him ſtoup ſo low,
Though otherwiſe it did him litle harme:
Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
He ſmote ſo manly on his ſhoulder plate,
That all his left ſide it did quite diſarme;
Yet there the ſteele ſtayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his fleſh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

Deadly diſmayd, with horrour of that dint
Pyrrhochles was, and grieued eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury ſtint,
But added flame vnto his former fire,
That welnigh molt his hart in raging yre,
Ne thenceforth his approued skill, to ward,
Or ſtrike, or hurtle, round in warelike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his ſaufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tygre far'd.

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thundred blowes,
And euery way did seeke into his life,
Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
Was warie wise, and closely did awayt
Auauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he strooke him strayt,
And falsed oft his blowes, t'illude him with such bayt.

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A prowd rebellious Vnicorne defies,
T'auoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enimies
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be relaist,
But to the mighty victour yields a bountieous feast.

With such faire slight him *Guyon* often faild,
Till at the last all breathlesse, wearie, faint
Him spying, with fresh onset he assaild,
And kindling new his courage seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoup perforce vnto his knee,
And do vnwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant neuer learned hee.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoup, pursewed fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,

That

That streight on ground made him full low to lye;
Then on his brest his victour foote he thrust,
With that he cryde, Mercy, do me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome vniust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* stayd,
Tempring the passion with aduizement slow,
And maistring might on enimy dismayd:
For th'equall dye of warre he well did know;
Then to him said, Liue and allegaunce owe,
To him that giues thee life and libertie,
And henceforth by this dayes ensample trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardrie
Do breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamie.

So vp he let him rise, who with grim looke
And countnaunce sterne vpstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in bloud and dust, for griefe of mind,
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maistered,
Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agrieu'd,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre:
Was neuer man, who most conquestes atchieu'd
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre:
Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe,
But to be lesser, then himselfe, doth marre
Both loosers lot, and victours prayse alsoe.
Vaine others ouerthrowes, who selfe doth ouerthrowe.

Fly, O *Pyrrhochles*, fly the dreadfull warre,
That in thy selfe thy lesser parts do moue,
Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart murdring loue;
Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remoue,
Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead.
But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,
Of curtesie to me the cause aread,
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

Dreadlesse (said he) that shall I soone declare:
It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralled her in chaines with strong effort,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort:
That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort,
To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,
And to her captiue sonne yield his first libertee.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smilde, And is that all
(Said he) that thee so sore displeased hath?
Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedome shall thee turne to greatest scath.
Nath'lesse now quench thy whot emboyling wrath:
Loe there they be; to thee I yield them free.
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee.

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntyde,
Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
She to her vse returnd, and streight defyde
Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhochles*: th'one (said hee)

Bycause he wonne; the other because hee
Was wonne: So matter did she make of nought,
To stirre vp strife, and do them disagree:
But soone as *Furor* was enlargd, she sought
To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes wrought.

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with *Pyrrhochles* fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight:
Now gan *Pyrrhochles* wex as wood, as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fiers engrasped bee,
Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
Against *Pyrrhochles*, and new matter framed
Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke
Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blamed
For suffering such abuse, as knighthood shamed,
And him dishabled quite. But he was wise
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflamed;
Yet others she more vrgent did deuise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fire brond,
Which she in *Stygian* lake, ay burning bright
Had kindled: that she gaue into his hond,
That armd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstõd.

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious forse;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That *Guyon* much disdeignd so loathly sight.
At last he was compeld to cry perforse,
Helpe, ô Sir *Guyon*, helpe most noble knight,
To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse;
And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettred would release agayne.
Deserues to tast his follies fruit, repented payne.

Guyon obayd; So him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to pursew.
But rash *Pyrrhochles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heauy plight,
Vnder Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knights he in his dayes

Had

Had doen to death, ſubdewde in equall frayes,
Whoſe carkaſes, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beaſtes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquered armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his deareſt Dame.

His deareſt Dame is that Enchauntereſſe,
The vile *Acraſia*, that with vaine delightes,
And idle pleaſures in his *Bowre* of *Bliſſe*,
Does charme her louers, and the feeble ſprightes
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes:
Whom then ſhe does transforme to mõſtrous hewes,
And horribly miſſhapes with vgly ſightes,
Captiu'd eternally in yron mewes,
And darkſom dens, where *Titan* his face neuer ſhewes.

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* ſoiourning,
To ſerue his Lemans loue: for he by kind,
Was giuen all to luſt and looſe liuing,
When euer his fiers hands he free mote find:
And now he has pourd out his idle mind
In daintie delices, and lauiſh ioyes,
Hauing his warlike weapons caſt behind,
And flowes in pleaſures, and vaine pleaſing toyes,
Mingled emongſt looſe Ladies and laſciuious boyes.

And ouer him, art ſtriuing to compaire
With nature, did an Arber greene diſpred,
Framed of wanton Yuie, flouring faire,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did ſpred
His pricking armes, entrayld with roſes red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowres was garniſhed,
That when myld *Zephyrus* emongſt them blew,
Did breath out bounteous ſmels, & painted colors ſhew,

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft a sleepe, that by it lay;
The wearie Traueiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former paine, and wypt away his toylsom sweat.

And on the other side a pleasaunt groue
Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,
That dedicated is t'*Olympicke Ioue*,
And to his sonne *Alcides*, whenas hee
Gaynd in *Nemea* goodly victoree;
Therein the mery birds of euery sort
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie:
And made emongst them selues a sweet consort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

There he him found all carelesly displayd,
In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly layd,
Amidst a flocke of Damzels fresh and gay,
That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
Euery of which did loosely disaray
Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And euery of them stroue, with most delights,
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew;
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights
Others sweet words, dropping like honny dew;

Some

Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The fugred licour through his melting lips:
One boastes her beautie, and does yeeld to vew
Her daintie limbes aboue her tender hips;
Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

He, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his fraile eye with spoyle of beautie feedes;
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe,
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
So, he them deceiues, deceiu'd in his deceipt,
Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Atin arriuing there, when him he spide,
Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching, to him lowdly cride,
Cymochles; oh no, but *Cymochles* shade,
In which that manly person late did fade,
What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?
Or where hath he hong vp his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughtie conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
He said; vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Vnmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
Whiles sad *Pyrrhochles* lies on senseless ground,
And groneth out his vtmost grudging spright,
Through many a stroke, & many a streaming wound,
Calling thy helpe in vaine, that here in ioyes art dround.

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would haue questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but vrged sore
With percing words, and pittifull implore,
Him hastie to arise. As one affright
With hellish feends, or *Furies* mad vprore,
He then vprose, inflam'd with fell despight,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight;
And lightly mounted, passeth on his way,
Ne Ladies loues, ne sweete entreaties might
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;
For he has vowd, to beene aueng'd that day,
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long:)
On him, that did *Pyrrhochles* deare dismay:
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And *Atin* aie him pricks with spurs of shame & wrong.

Cant. VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth,
led into loose desire,
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
ther burnes in furious fire.

A Harder lesson, to learne Continence
In ioyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine:
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that vneathes it can refraine

From

From that, which feeble nature couets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, she better can restraine;
Yet vertue vauntes in both their victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

Whom bold *Cymochles* trauelling to find,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
Came to a riuer, by whose vtmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
A long the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours wouen cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a Lady fresh and faire,
Making sweet solace to her selfe alone;
Sometimes she sung, as loud as larke in aire,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breth was gone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That might to her moue cause of merriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were none
She could deuise, and thousand waies inuent,
To feede her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when farre off *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
He loudly cald to such, as were a bord,
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
And him to ferrie ouer that deepe ford:
The merry marinere vnto his word
Soone harkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
She in receiu'd; but *Atin* by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

Eftſoones her ſhallow ſhip away did ſlide,
More ſwift, then ſwallow ſheres the liquid skie,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canuas with the wind to flie,
Only ſhe turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away vpon the yielding waue,
Ne cared ſhe her courſe for to apply:
For it was taught the way, which ſhe would haue,
And both from rocks and flats it ſelfe could wiſely ſaue.

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
New merth, her paſſenger to entertaine:
For ſhe in pleaſant purpoſe did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a ſtore-houſe did with her remaine,
Yet ſeemed, nothing well they her became;
For all her words ſhe drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in vttring of the ſame,
That turned all her pleaſance to a ſcoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes ſhe would deuize,
As her fantaſticke wit did moſt delight,
Sometimes her head ſhe fondly would aguize
With gaudie girlonds, or freſh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of ruſhes plight;
Sometimes to doe him laugh, ſhe would aſſay
To laugh at ſhaking of the leaues light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behauiour, and looſe dalliaunce
Gaue wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no ſouenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,

But to weake wench did yeeld his martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed mind
With one sweet drop of sensuall delight,
So easie is, t'appease the stormie wind
Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

Diuerse discourses in their way they spent,
Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
Both what she was, and what that vsage ment,
Which in her cot she daily practised.
Vaine man (said she) that wouldest be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of *Phædria* (for so my name is red)
Of *Phædria*, thine owne fellow seruaunt;
For thou to serue *Acrasia* thy selfe doest vaunt.

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
The *Idle lake*, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thither sailes by ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
Both slow and swift a like do serue my tourne,
Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Ioue*
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me euer mourne;
My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were farre past the passage, which he spake,
And come vnto an Island, waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake,
There her small Gondelay her port did make,
And that gay paire issuing on the shore
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the land, that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shew'd, and plentifull great (store.

It was a choſen plot of fertile land,
Emongſt wide waues ſet, like a litle neſt,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
Bene choiſely picked out from all the reſt,
And laid forth for enſample of the beſt:
No daintie flowre or herbe, that growes on ground,
No arboret with painted bloſſomes dreſt,
And ſmelling ſweet, but there it might be found
To bud out faire, and her ſweet ſmels throw all around.

No tree, whoſe braunches did not bravely ſpring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not ſit:
No bird, but did her ſhrill notes ſweetly ſing;
No ſong but did containe a louely dit:
Trees, braunches, birds, and ſongs were framed fit,
For to allure fraile mind to careleſſe eaſe.
Careleſſe the man ſoone woxe, and his weake wit
Was ouercome of thing, that did him pleaſe;
So pleaſed, did his wrathfull purpoſe faire appeaſe.

Thus when ſhe had his eyes and ſenſes fed
With falſe delights, and fild with pleaſures vaine,
Into a ſhadie dale ſhe ſoft him led,
And laid him downe vpon a graſſie plaine;
And her ſweet ſelfe without dread, or diſdaine,
She ſet beſide, laying his head diſarm'd
In her looſe lap, it ſoftly to ſuſtaine,
Where ſoone he ſlumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
The whiles with a loud lay ſhe thus him ſweetly charm'd.

Behold, ô man, that toileſome paines doeſt take
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleaſant growes,
How they themſelues doe thine enſample make,
Whiles nothing enuious nature them forth throwes

Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
And deck the world with their rich pompous shewes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

The lilly, Ladie of the flowring field,
The Flowre-deluce, her louely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
And soone leaue off this toylesome wearie stoure;
Loe loe how braue she decks her bounteous boure,
With silken curtens and gold couerlets,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

Why then dost thou, ô man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraine,
Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
And wast thy ioyous houres in needlesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and aduentures vaine?
What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vse?
Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.

By this she had him lulled fast a sleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him left, and did her selfe betake
Vnto her boat againe, with which she cleft
The slouthfull waue of that great griesly lake;
Soone she that Island farre behind her left,
And now is come to that same place, where first she

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
Vnto the other side of that wide strond,
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call, she soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
With his sad guide; himselfe she tooke a boord,
But the *Blacke Palmer* suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord,
To ferry that old man ouer the perlous foord.

Guyon was loath to leaue his guide behind,
Yet being entred, might not backe retyre;
For the flit barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their seat could forse,
Nor timely tides did driue out of their sluggish sourse.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollitie deuize,
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliance he despisd, and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former stile,
And said, and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arriued in that pleasant Ile,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.

But

But when as *Guyon* of that land had sight,
He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said;
Ah Dame, perdie ye haue not doen me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obaid:
Me litle needed from my right way to haue straid.

Faire Sir (quoth she) be not displeasd at all;
Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;
The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serue new passage to assay;
Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in iest.

But he halfe discontent, mote natheless
Himselfe appease, and iflewd forth on shore:
The ioyes whereof, and happie fruitfulnesse,
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and earely blossomes bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And she more sweet, then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
And striue to passe (as she could well enough)
Their natiue musicke by her skilfull art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noyse of armes, or vew of martiall guize
Might not reuiue desire of knightly exercize.

But he was wise, and warie of her will,
And euer held his hand vpon his hart:
Yet would not seeme so rude, and shewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle Ladie did to him impart,
But fairely tempring fond desire subdewd,
And euer her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And euer bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his idle dreme,
And shaking off his drowzie dreriment,
Gan him auize, how ill did him beseeme,
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brond of his conceiued ire.
Tho vp he started, stird with shame extreme,
Ne staied for his Damzell to inquire,
But marched to the strond, their passage to require.

And in the way he with Sir *Guyon* met,
Accompanyde with *Phedria* the faire,
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
Crying, Let be that Ladie debonaire,
Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe prepaire
To battell, if thou meane her loue to gaine:
Loe, loe alreadie, how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtaine
Thy carcasse for their pray, the guerdon of thy paine.

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
And with importance outrage him assayld;
Who soone prepard to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall value counteruayld:

Their

Their mightie strokes their haberions dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steele despitefully entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple streme adown their giambeux falles.

Cymochles, that had neuer met before,
So puissant foe, with enuious despight
His proud presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;
Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
As those vnknightly raylings, which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright;
Thereof deuising thorly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did sway;
Cymochles sword on *Guyons* shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
That quite it cloue his plumed creast in tway,
And bared all his head vnto the bone;
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood, as senseless stone.

Still as he stood, faire *Phaedria*, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voice, and count'nance wan;
Ah well away, most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spright.

If euer loue of Ladie did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.
They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed:
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights doe breed.

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,
Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes:
Another warre, and other weapons I
Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweete alarmes,
Without bloudshed, and where the enemy
Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victory.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
The famous name of knighthood fowly shentz,
But louely peace, and gentle amitie,
And in Amours the passing houres to spend,
The mightie martiall hands doe most commend;
Of loue they euer greater glory bore,
Then of their armies: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* frend,
And is for *Venus* loues renowmed more,
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They though full bent,
To proue extremities of bloudie fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight,

Such

Such powre haue pleasing words: such is the might
Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him readie passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and vnquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

Tho him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waues did lightly flote,
And soone arriued on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome *Guyon* saliedforth to land,
And to that Damzell thankes gaue for reward.
Vpon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,
Thereby his maister left, when late he fard
In *Phædrias* flit barke ouer that perilous shard.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with *Pyrrhochles* sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate,
As shepheards curre, that in darke euenings shade
Hath tracted forth some saluage beastes trade;
Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou flie
The shame and death, which will thee soone inuade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
That art thus foully fled from famous enemie?

With that he ſtiffely ſhooke his ſteele head dart:
But ſober *Guyon*, hearing him ſo raile,
Though ſomewhat moued in his mightie hart,
Yet with ſtrong reaſon maiſtred paſſion fraile,
And paſſed fairely forth. He turning taile,
Backe to the ſtrond retyrd, and there ſtill ſtayd,
Awaiting paſſage, which him late did faile;
The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
The haſtie heat of his auowd reuenge delayd.

Whyleſt there the varlet ſtood, he ſaw from farre
An armed knight, that towards him faſt ran,
He ran on foot, as if in luckleſſe warre
His forlorne ſteed from him the victour wan;
He ſeemed breathleſſe, battleſſe, faint, and wan,
And all his armour ſprinckled was with bloud,
And ſoyld with duſtie gore, that no man can
Diſcerne the hew thereof. He neuer ſtood,
But bent his haſtie courſe towards the idle flood.

The varlet ſaw, when to the flood he came,
How without ſtop or ſtay he fiercely lept,
And deepe him ſelfe beduked in the ſame,
That in the lake his loftie creſt was ſteept;
Ne of his ſafetie ſeemed care he kept,
But with his raging armes he rudely flaſht,
The waues about, and all his armour ſwept,
That all the bloud and filth away was waſht,
Yet ſtill he bet the water, and the billowes daſht.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;
For much he wondred at that vncouth ſight;
Whom ſhould he, but his owne deare Lord, there ſee,
His owne deare Lord *Cymochles*, in ſad plight,

Readie

Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde
Pyrrhochles, ô *Pyrrhochles*, what is thee betyde?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
O how I burne with implacable fire,
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhochles* farre
After pursewing death once to require,
Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre:
Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappie starre.

Perdie, then is it fit for me (said he)
That am, I weene, most wretched man aliue,
But in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And dying daily, daily yet reuiue:
O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to giue.
The varlet at his plaint was grieued so sore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did riue,
And his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample, which he blam'd afore.

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
(So Loue the dread of daunger doth despise)
And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
From drowning. But more happie he, then wise
Of that seas nature did him not auise.
The waues thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engrost with mud, which did them foule agrise,
That euery weightie thing they did vpbeare,
Ne ought mote euer sinke downe to the bottome there.

Whiles thus they ſtrugled in that idle waue,
And ſtroue in vaine, the one himſelfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to ſaue,
Lo, to that ſhore one in an auncient gowne,
Whoſe hoarie locks great grauitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming ſword,
By fortune came, led with the troublous ſowne:
Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
The carefull ſeruant, ſtriuing with his raging Lord.

Him *Atin* ſpying, knew right well of yore,
And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, ô *Archimage*;
To ſaue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counſell ſage:
Weake hands, but counſell is moſt ſtrong in age.
Him when the old man ſaw, he wondred ſore,
To ſee *Pyrrhochles* there ſo rudely rage:
Yet ſithens helpe, he ſaw, he needed more
Then pittie, he in haſt approched to the ſhore.

And cald, *Pyrrhochles*, what is this, I ſee?
What helliſh furie hath at earſt thee hent?
Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
Yet neuer in this ſtraunge aſtoniſhment.
Theſe flames, theſe flames (he cryde) do me torment.
What flames (quoth he) when I thee preſent ſee,
In daunger rather to be drent, then brent?
Harrow, the flames, which me conſume (ſaid hee)
Ne can be quencht, within my ſecret bowels bee.

That curſed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor* hath me thus bedight:
His deadly wounds within my liuers ſwell,
And his whot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,

Kindled

Kindled through his infernall brond of hight,
Sith late with him I battell vaine would bosste,
That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
In flaming *Phlegeton* does not sofelly roste.

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him at once disarmd:
Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a prieſe
Of euery place, that was with brusing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And euemore with mighty spels them charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.

Cant. VII.

Guyon findes Mamon in a delue,
Sunning his threasure hore:
Is by him tempted, & led downe,
To see his secret store.

AS Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes, or cloudy tempests haue
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And couer'd heauen with hideous dreriment,
Vpon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maisters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly.

So *Guyon* hauing lost his trusty guide,
Late left beyond that *Idle lake*, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanide;
And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes.
So long he yode, yet no aduenture found,
Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes:
For still he traueild through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wildernesse shew'd all around.

At last he came vnto a gloomy glade,
Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An vncouth, saluage, and vnciuile wight,
Of grielly hew, and fowle ill fauour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eyes were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to haue beene seard
In smithes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes ap-
(peard.

His yron coate all ouergrowne with rust,
Was vnderneath enueloped with gold,
Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,
Well it appeared, to haue beene of old
A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
Wouen with antickes and wild Imagery:
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned vpsidowne, to feede his eye
A couetous desire with his huge threasury.

And round about him lay on euery side
Great heapes of gold, that neuer could be spent:
Of which some were rude owre, not purified
Of *Mulcibers* deuouring element;

Some

Some others were new driuen, and distent
Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge & rare.

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
And hast he rose, for to remoue aside
Those pretious hils from straungers enuious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifyde;
And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restrayned, and to him doubtfull sayd.

What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich heapes of wealth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right vsaunce?
Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce
In great disdaine, he answerd; Hardy Elfe,
That dar'st vew my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great *Mammon*, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out vnto all,
And vnto none my graces do enuye:
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and sew,
At thy commaund to all these mountaines bee;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be numbred francke and free.
Mammon (said he) thy godheades vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them, that couet such eye-glutting gaine,
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter seruaunts entertaine.

Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes,
And honours suit my vowed dayes do spend,
Vnto thy bounteous baytes, and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight:
Those be [illegible] an aduentrous knight.

Vaine glorious Elfe (said he) doest not thou weet,
That money can [illegible] wantes at will supply?
Sheilds, steeds, and armes, & all things for thee meet
It can purvay in twinckling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, throw the crowne
Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly?
And him that raigned, into his rowme thrust downe,
And whom I lust, do heape with glory and renowne?

All otherwise (said he) I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lauishnesse,
Leauing

Leauing behind them griefe and heauineſſe.
Infinite miſchiefes of them do arize,
Strife; and debate, bloudſhed, and bitterneſſe,
Outrageous wrong, and helliſh couetize,
That noble heart as great diſhonour doth deſpize.

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the ſcepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doeſt both confound,
And loyall truth to treaſon doeſt incline;
Witneſſe the guiltleſſe bloud pourd oft on ground,
The crowned often ſlaine, the ſlayer croun'd,
The ſacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Caſtles ſurpriz'd, great cities ſackt and brent:
So mak'ſt thou kings, & gayneſt wrongfull gouernement.

Long were to tell the troublous ſtormes, that toſſe
The priuate ſtate, and make the life vnſweet:
Who ſwelling ſayles in Caſpian ſea doth croſſe,
And in frayle wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, ſo many euils meet.
Then *Mammon* wexing wroth, And why then, ſaid,
Are mortall men ſo fond and vndiſcreet,
So euill thing to ſeeke vnto their ayd,
And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbraid?

Indeede (quoth he) through fowle intemperaunce,
Frayle men are oft captiu'd to couetiſe:
But would they thinke, with how ſmall allowaunce
Vntroubled Nature doth her ſelfe ſuffiſe,
Such ſuperfluities they would deſpiſe,
Which with ſad cares empeach our natiue ioyes:
At the well head the pureſt ſtreames ariſe:
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with vncomely weedes the gentle waue accloyes.

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Found no defect in his Creatours grace,
But with glad thankes, and vnreproued truth,
The gifts of soueraigne bounte did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encreace
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and siluer to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound;
Then auarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring fire.

Sonne (said he then) let be thy bitter scorne,
And leaue the rudenesse of antique age
To them, that liu'd therein in state forlorne;
Thou that doest liue in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to vse,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse:
But thing refused, do not afterward accuse.

Me list not (said the Elfin knight) receaue
Thing offred, till I know it well be got,
Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue
From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,

Or

Or that bloud guiltnesse or guile them blot.
Perdy (quoth he) yet neuer eye did vew,
Ne toung did tell, ne hand these handled not,
But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
From heauens sight, and powre of all which thē pursew.

What secret place (quoth he) can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heauens eye?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserue from wrong and robbery?
Come thou (quoth he) and see. So by and by
Through that thicke couert he him led, and found
A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horrour compassed around.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht it selfe into an ample plaine,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to *Plutoes* griesly raine:
By that wayes side, there sate infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an yron whip did straine,
The other brandished a bloudy knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, & both did threaten life.

On thother side in one consort there sate,
Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,
But gnawing Gealosie out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye.
And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

And ouer them sad horrour with grim hew,
Did alwayes sore, beating his yron wings;
And after him Owles and Night-rauens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heauy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint a sunder could haue rift:
Which hauing ended, after him she flyeth swift.

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought.
But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth diuide.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approch, albe his drowsie den were next;
For next to death is Sleepe to be compard:
Therefore his house is vnto his annext;
Here Sleep, there Richesse, & Hel-gate them both betwext.

So soone as *Mammon* there arriu'd, the dore
To him did open, and affoorded way;
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.

Soone

Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
An vgly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And euer as he went, dew watch vpon him kept.

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy gueſt,
If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing, that likt him beſt,
Or euer sleepe his eye-strings did vntye,
Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to do him dye
And rend in peeces with his rauenous pawes,
If euer he transgreſt the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

That houſes forme within was rude and strong,
Like an huge caue, hewne out of rocky clift,
From whoſe rough vaut the ragged breaches hong,
Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metall loaded euery rift,
That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And ouer them *Arachne* high did lift
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile net,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke then (let.

Both roofe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkeneſſe, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for vew of chearefull day
Did neuer in that houſe it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of vncertain light;
Such as a lamp, whoſe life does fade away:
Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene,
But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On euery side they placed were along.
But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were slong,
Whose liues, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left vnburied.

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word,
Till that they came vnto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
As eye of man did neuer see before;
Ne euer could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that aboue were added to that vnder ground.

The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other couetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then *Mammon* turning to that warriour, said;
Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
To which all men do ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

Certes (said he) I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend:
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happinesse, another end.

To

To them, that list, these base regardes I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruile sclaue.

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieu'd, so long to lacke his greedy pray;
For well he weened, that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his gueſt, to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culuer in the Faulcons fist.
Eternall God thee saue from such decay.
But whenas *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist.

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought
Vnto another rowme, whose dore forthright,
To him did open, as it had beene taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fornaces all burning bright;
By euery fornace many feends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And euery feend his busie paines applide,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With yron toungs, and sprinckled oft the same
With liquid waues, fiers *Vulcans* rage to tame,
Who maistring them, renewd his former heat;
Some scumd the drosse, that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
And euery one did swincke, and euery one did sweat.

But when as earthly wight they preſent ſaw,
Gliſtring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot worke they did themſelues withdraw
To wonder at the fight: for till that day,
They neuer creature ſaw, that came that way.
Their ſtaring eyes ſparckling with feruent fire,
And vgly ſhapes did nigh the man diſmay,
That were it not for ſhame, he would retire,
Till that him thus beſpake their ſoueraigne Lord & ſire.

Behold, thou Faeries ſonne, with mortall eye,
That liuing eye before did neuer ſee:
The thing, that thou didſt craue ſo earneſtly,
To weet, whence all the wealth late ſhewd by mee,
Proceeded, lo now is reueald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Auiſe thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
Leaſt thou perhaps hereafter wiſh, and be withſtood.

Suffiſe it then, thou Money God (quoth hee)
That all thine idle offers I refuſe.
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
To couet more, then I haue cauſe to vſe?
With ſuch vaine ſhewes thy worldlings vile abuſe:
But giue me leaue to follow mine empriſe.
Mammon was much diſpleaſd, yet no'te he chuſe,
But beare the rigour of his bold meſpiſe,
And thence him forward led, him further to entiſe.

He brought him through a darkſome narrow ſtrait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A ſturdy villein, ſtriding ſtiffe and bold,

As

As the higheſt God defie he would;
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himſelfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and ſence, and well could weld
That curſed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

Diſdayne he called was, and did diſdaine
To be ſo cald, and who ſo did him call:
Sterne was to looke, and full of ſtomacke vaine,
His portaunce terrible, and ſtature tall,
Far paſſing th'hight of men terreſtriall;
Like an huge Gyant of the *Titans* race,
That made him ſcorne all creatures great and ſmall,
And with his pride all others powre deface: (place.
More fit amongſt blacke fiendes, then men to haue his

Soone as thoſe glitterand armes he did eſpye,
That with their brightneſſe made that darkneſſe light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewiſe gan himſelfe to batteill dight,
Till *Mammon* did his haſty hand withhold,
And counſeld him abſtaine from perilous fight:
For nothing might abaſh the villein bold,
Ne mortall ſteele emperce his miſcreated mould.

So hauing him with reaſon pacifide,
And the fiers Carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wide,
As it ſome Gyeld or ſolemne Temple weare:
Many great golden pillours did vpbeare
The maſſy roofe, and riches huge ſuſtayne,
And euery pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and Diademes, & titles vaine, (rayne.
Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

A route of people there assembled were,
Of euery sort and nation vnder skye,
Which with great vprore preaced to draw nere
To th'vpper part, where was aduaunced hye
A stately siege of soueraigne maiestye;
And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltye,
That neuer earthly Prince in such a ray
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that same her owne natiue hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more louers vnto her to call;
Nath'lesse most heauenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall; (all.
Thenceforth she sought for helps, to cloke her crime with-

There, as in glistring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose vpper end to highest heauen was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To clime aloft, and others to excell:
That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sty,
And euery lincke thereof a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselues to high degree,
By riches and vnrighteous reward,
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base regard;

And

And all by wrong wayes for themselues prepard.
Those that were vp themselues, kept others low,
Those that were low themselues, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow,
But euery one did striue his fellow downe to throw.

Which whenas *Guyon* saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspire.
Him *Mammon* answered; That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention,
Do flocke about, my deare my, daughter is;
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Deriued are, and all this worldes blis
For which ye men do striue: few get, but many mis.

And faire *Philotime* she rightly hight,
The faireſt wight that wonneth vnder skye,
But that this darksome neather world her light
Doth dim with horrour and deformitie,
Worthy of heauen and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods haue her for enuy thrust:
But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee aduance for workes and merites iust.

Cramercy *Mammon* (said the gentle knight)
For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Vnworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And loue auowd to other Lady late,
That to remoue the same I haue no might:
To chaunge loue causeless is reproch to warlike knight.

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath;
Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:
Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well sauoured,
But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drery toombe.

There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,
Dead sleeping *Poppy*, and blacke *Hellebore*,
Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
Which with th'vniust *Atheniens* made to dy
Wise *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
Pourd out his life, and last Philosophy
To the faire *Critias* his dearest Belamy.

The *Gordin* of *Proserpina* this hight;
And in the midst thereof a siluer seat,
With a thicke Arber goodly ouer dight,
In which she often vsd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispred and body great,
Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote see
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold,
On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight
Like euer saw, but they from hence were sold;

For

For thoſe, which *Hercules* with conqueſt bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold:
And thoſe with which th'*Eubean* young man wan
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out ran.

Here alſo ſprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Acontius* got his louer trew,
Whom he had long time ſought with fruitleſſe ſuit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which emongſt the gods falſe *Ate* threw;
For which th'*Idean* Ladies diſagreed,
Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had of her, faire *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

The warlike Elfe, much wondred at this tree,
So faire and great, that ſhadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did ſtretch themſelues without the vtmoſt bound
Of this great gardin, compaſt with a mound,
Which ouer-hanging, they themſelues did ſteepe,
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;
That is the riuer of *Cocytus* deepe,
In which full many ſoules do endleſſe waile and weepe.

Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,
And looking downe, ſaw many damned wights,
In thoſe ſad waues, which direfull deadly ſtanke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
That with their pitteous cryes, and yelling ſhrights,
They made the further ſhore reſounden wide:
Emongſt the reſt of thoſe ſame ruefull ſights,
One curſed creature, he by chaunce eſpide,
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden ſide.

Deepe was he drenched to the vpmoſt chin,
Yet gaped ſtill, as coueting to drinke
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
And ſtretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brincke:
But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth
Did flie abacke, and made him vainely ſwinke:
The whiles he ſteru'd with hunger and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

The knight him ſeeing labour ſo in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby:
Who groning deepe, thus anſwerd him againe;
Moſt curſed of all creatures vnder skye,
Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feaſted bee,
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
But if that thou be ſuch, as I thee ſee,
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eat and drinke to mee.

Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy preſent fate,
And vnto all that liue in high degree,
Enſample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to vſe their preſent ſtate.
Then gan the curſed wretch aloud to cry,
Accuſing higheſt *Ioue* and gods ingrate,
And eke blaſpheming heauen bitterly,
As authour of vniuſtice, there to let him dye.

He lookt a little further, and eſpyde
Another wretch, whoſe carkaſſe deepe was drent
Within the riuer, which the ſame did hyde:
But both his hands moſt filthy feculent,

Aboue

Aboue the water were on high extent,
And faynd to wash themselues incessantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine and idle industry.

The knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting vp his head, him answerd thus:
I *Pilate* am the falsest Iudge, alas,
And most vniust, that by vnrighteous
And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous
Deliuered vp the Lord of life to die,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,
The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole.

All which he did, to doe him deadly fall
In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt;
To which if he inclined had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,
Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strayt:
But he was warie wise in all his way,
And well perceiued his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray;
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

And now he has so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food, and sleepe, which two vpbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,
That none without the same enduren can.
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardie enterprize began:
For thy great *Mammon* fairely he besought,
Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constraind t'obay,
For lenger time, then that, no liuing wight
Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
As ouercome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit oppresst.

Cant. VIII.

Sir Guyon laid in swowne is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld,
Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed
And Paynim brethren foyld.

AND is there care in heauen? and is there loue
In heauenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their euils moue?
There is: elſe much more wretched were the cace

Of men, then beasts. But ô th'exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loues his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,
To come to succour vs, that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons, cleaue
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuiuant,
Against foule feends to aide vs millitant?
They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,
And all for loue, and nothing for reward:
O why should heauenly God to men haue such regard?

During the while, that *Guyon* did abide
In *Mamons* house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere,
And being on his way, approched neare,
Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddenly
He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
Come hither, come hither, ô come hastily;
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

The Palmer lent his eare vnto the noyce,
To weet, who called so importunely:
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shadie delue him brought at last,
Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his threasury:
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senseless dreame; which sight at first him sore aghast.

Beside his head there sate a faire young man,
Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And flourish faire aboue his equall peares;
His snowy front curled with golden heares,
Like *Phœbus* face adornd with sunny rayes,
Diuinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

Like as *Cupido* on *Idean* hill,
When hauing laid his cruell bow away,
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoiles and bloudie pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through feare and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the child bespoke, Long lackt, alas,
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay;
Behold this heauie sight, thou reuerend Sire,
But dread of death and dolour doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he that breathlesse seemes, shal corage bold respire.

The charge, which God doth vnto me arret,
Of his deare safetie, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
The care thereof my selfe vnto the end,

But euermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
For euill is at hand him to offend.
So hauing said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by slight;
At last him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

At last he spide, where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights, all armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And farre before a light-foot Page did flie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* slie,
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,
That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

Which to auenge on him they dearely vowd,
Where euer that on ground they mote him synd;
False *Archimage* prouokt their courage prowd,
And stryfull *Atin* in their stubborne mynd
Coles of contention and whot vengeance tynd.
Now bene they come, whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assynd;
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloudie armes they rashly did debate.

Whom when *Pyrrhochles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
That fire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
That with thy bruteneſſe ſhendſt thy comely age,
Abandone ſoone, I read, the caitiue ſpoile
Of that ſame outcaſt carkaſſe, that etewhile
Made it ſelfe famous through falſe trechery,
And crownd his coward creſt with knightly ſtile;
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proue he liued ill, that did thus foully dye.

To whom the Palmer feareleſſe anſwered;
Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardize his carkaſſe ſhame,
Whoſe liuing hands immortalizd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the aſhes cold,
And enuie baſe, to barke at ſleeping fame:
Was neuer wight, that treaſon of him told;
Your ſelfe his proweſſe prou'd & found him fiers & bold.

Then ſaid *Cymochles*; Palmer, thou doeſt dote,
Ne canſt of proweſſe, ne of knighthood deeme,
Saue as thou ſeeſt or hearſt. But well I wote,
That of his puiſſance tryall made extreeme;
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden ſeeme,
Ne all good knights, that ſhake well ſpeare and ſhield:
The worth of all men by their end eſteeme,
And then due praiſe, or due reproch them yield;
Bad therefore I him deeme, that thus lies dead on field.

Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)
What doe I recke, ſith that he dyde entire?
Or what doth his bad death now ſatisfy
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,
Sith

Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet since no way is left to wreake my spight,
I will him reaue of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

Faire Sir, said then the Palmer supplidaunt,
For knighthoods loue, do not so foule a deed,
Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile reuenge. To spoile the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
But leaue these relicks of his liuing might,
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed.
What herce or steede (said he) should he haue dight,
But be entombed in the rauen or the kight?

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,
And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,
Both fiercely bent to haue him disaraid;
Till that they spide, where towards them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
And couerd shield. Well kend him so farre space
Th'enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When vnder him he saw his Lybian steed to praunce.

And to those brethren said, Rise rise by liue,
And vnto battell doe your selues addresse;
For yonder comes the proweſt knight aliue,
Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobilesse,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought great distresse,
And thousand Sar'zins foully donne to dye.
That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
That both eftsoones vpstarted furiously,
And gan themselues prepare to battell greedily.

But fierce *Pyrrhochles*, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And *Archimage* besought, him that afford,
Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
So would I (said th'enchaunter) glad and faine
Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
Or ought that else your honour might maintaine,
But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,
To be contrarie to the worke, which ye intend.

For that same knights owne sword this is of yore,
Which *Merlin* made by his almightie art
For that his nourseling, when he knighthood swore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with *Medewart*,
That no enchauntment from his dint might saue;
Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
And seuen times dipped in the bitter waue
Of hellish *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

The vertue is, that neither steele, nor stone
The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne euer may be vsed by his fone,
Ne forst his rightfull owner to offend,
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, *Pyrrhochles*, should I lend
The same to thee, against his lord to fight,
For sure it would deceiue thy labour, and thy might.

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth,
That weenest words or charmes may force withstond:
Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeue for troth,
That I can carue with this inchaunted brond

His

His Lords owne fleſh. Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous ſteele he rudely ſnatcht away,
And *Guyons* ſhield about his wreſt he bond;
So readie dight, fierce battaile to aſſay,
And match his brother proud in battailous array.

By this that ſtraunger knight in preſence came,
And goodly ſalued them; who nought againe
Him anſwered, as courteſie became,
But with ſterne lookes, and ſtomachous diſdaine,
Gaue ſignes of grudge and diſcontentment vaine:
Then turning to the Palmer, he gan ſpy
Where at his feete, with ſorrowfull demaine
And deadly hew, an armed corſe did lye,
In whoſe dead face he red great magnanimity.

Said he then to the Palmer, Reuerend ſyre,
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treaſon, or by fight?
How euer, ſure I rew his pitteous plight.
Not one, nor other, (ſaid the Palmer graue)
Hath him befalne, but cloudes of deadly night
A while his heauie eylids couer'd haue,
And all his ſenſes drowned in deepe ſenſeleſſe waue.

Which, thoſe ſame foes, that ſtand hereby,
Making aduantage, to reuenge their ſpight,
Would him diſarme, and treaten ſhamefully,
Vnworthy vſage of redoubted knight.
But you, faire Sir, whoſe honorable ſight
Doth promiſe hope of helpe, and timely grace,
Mote I beſeech to ſuccour his ſad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble cace.
First praiſe of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

Palmer, (said he) no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
Ne was there euer noble courage seene,
That in aduauntage would his puissance bost:
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May be, that better reason will asswage,
The rash reuengers heat. Words well dispost
Haue secret powre, t'appease inflamed rage:
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights last patonage.

Tho turning to those brethren, thus bespoke,
Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might
It seemes, iust wrongs to vengeance doe prouoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for this carkasse pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath alreadie laid in lowest seat.

To whom *Cymochles* said; For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now,
On this vile bodie from to wreake my wrong,
And make his carkasse, as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,
His life for due reuenge should deare abie?
The trespasse still doth liue, albe the person die.

Indeed (then said the Prince) the euill donne
Dyes not, when breath the bodie first doth leaue,
But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seed the curse doth often cleaue,

Till

Till vengeance vtterly the guilt bereaue:
So streightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand vpreare,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagment makes to his former might.

Pyrrhochles gan reply the second time,
And to him said; Now felon sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou shalt be dead.
With that his hand, more sad then lomp of lead,
Vplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
His owne good sword *Morddure*, to cleaue his head.
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But swaruing from the marke, his Lords life did assure.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele aside;
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell:
For well of yore he learned had to ride,
But full of anger fiercely to him eride;
False traitour miscreant, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe vndefide.
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sowre, & feele the law, the which thou hast defast.

With that his balefull speare, he fiercely bent
Against the Pagans breast, and therewith thought
His cursed life out of her lodge haue rent:
But ere the point arriued, where it ought,
That seuen-fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought
He cast betweene to ward the bitter stound:
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage wrought
And through his shoulder pierst; wherewith to ground
He groueling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

Which when his brother ſaw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiouſly,
And fowly ſaid, By *Mahoune*, curſed thiefe,
That direfull ſtroke thou dearely ſhalt aby.
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hye,
Smote him ſo hugely on his haughtie creſt,
That from his ſaddle forced him to fly:
Elſe mote it needes downe to his manly breſt
Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence diſpoſſeſt.

Now was the Prince in daungerous diſtreſſe,
Wanting his ſword, when he on foot ſhould fight:
His ſingle ſpeare could doe him ſmall redreſſe,
Againſt two foes of ſo exceeding might,
The leaſt of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earſt did daunt,
Had reard himſelfe againe to cruell fight,
Three times more furious, and more puiſſaunt,
Vnmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

So both attonce him charge on either ſide,
With hideous ſtrokes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to trauerſe wide,
And wiſely watch to ward that deadly ſtowre:
For in his ſhield, as thicke as ſtormie ſhowre,
Their ſtrokes did raine, yet did he neuer quaile,
Ne backward ſhrinke, but as a ſtedfaſt towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth aſſaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought a-(uaile.

So ſtoutly he withſtood their ſtrong aſſay,
Till that at laſt, when he aduantage ſpyde,
His poinant ſpeare he thruſt with puiſſant ſway
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his ſhield was wyde,

That

That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde;
He swaruing with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the red bloud flowed fresh,
That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rayle,
Cursing his Gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
Als when his brother saw the red bloud rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said, Caytiue, curse on thy cruell hond,
That twise hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond: (stond.
Loe where the dreadfull Death behind thy backe doth

With that he strooke, and th'other strooke withall,
That nothing seem'd mote beare so monstrous might:
The one vpon his couered shield did fall,
And glauncing downe would not his owner byte:
But th'other did vpon his troncheon smyte,
Which hewing quite a sunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which diuiding with importune sway,
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grieuously;
That when the Paynim spyde the streaming blood,
Gaue him great hart, and hope of victory.
On th'other side, in huge perplexity,
The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did ly:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot reuoke.

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
And said; faire Son, great God thy right hand blesse,
To vse that sword so wisely as it ought.
Glad was the knight, & with fresh courage fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond;
Then like a Lion, which hath long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood & (yond.
So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to *Pyrrhochles* many strokes he told;
Eft to *Cymochles* twise so many fold:
Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
Them both attonce compeld with courage bold,
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both (withstond.
As saluage Bull, whom two fierce mastiues bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with warie ward them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forrest quakes to heare him rore:
So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mightie puissance sustaine.

But euer at *Pyrrhochles* when he smit,
Who *Guyons* shield cast euer him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writ,
His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,
And

And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
Which oft the Paynim sau'd from deadly stowre.
But him henceforth the same can saue no more;
For now arriued is his fatall howre,
That no'te auoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

For when *Cymochles* saw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached, prickt with gulty shame,
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approch,
Resolu'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
And on the hauberk stroke the Prince so sore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,
Yet made him twise to reele, that neuer moou'd afore.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharpe regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empierst the Pagans burganet,
And cleauing the hard steele, did deepe inuade
Into his head, and cruell passage made (ground,
Quite through his braine. He tombling downe on
Breathd out his ghost, which to th'infernall shade
Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
For all the sinnes, wherewith his lewd life did abound,

Which when his german saw, the stony feare,
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare,
But as a man, whom hellish feends haue frayd,
Long trembling still he stood: at last thus sayd;
Traytour what hast thou doen? how euer may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly haue swayd
Against that knight: Horrow and well away,
After so wicked deed why liu'st thou lenger day?

With that all desperate as loathing light,
And with reuenge desiring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and vtmost might,
With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with patience and sufferaunce fly
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
The cloudes, as things affrayd, before him flye;
But all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure,
And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure;
So did Sir *Guyon* beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash *Pyrrhochles* waste his idle might.

At last when as the Sarazin perceiu'd,
How that straunge sword refusd, to serue his need,
But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiu'd,
He flong it from him, and deuoyd of dreed,
Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty armes engraspèd fast,
Thinking to ouerthrow and downe him tred:
But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
And through his nimble sleight did vnder him down cast.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to striue;
For as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
That may not hope by flight to scape aliue,
Still waites for death with dread and trembling aw;
So

So he now subiect to the victours law,
Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet despisd to dye.

But full of Princely bounty and great mind,
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
But casting wrongs and all reuenge behind,
More glory thought to giue life, then decay,
And said, Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my souenaunce.

Foole (said the Pagan) I thy gift defye,
But vse thy fortune, as it doth befall,
And say, that I not ouercome do dye,
But in despight of life, for death do call.
Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining Helmet he gan soone vnlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

By this Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
Life hauing maistered her senceless foe;
And looking vp, when as his shield he lakt,
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Hast lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
I long haue lackt, I ioy thy face to vew;
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger neuer fro me drew.

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,
With so fresh hew vprising him to see,
Him answered; faire sonne, be no whit sad
For want of weapons, they shall soone be had.
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the Prince with bowing reuerence dew,
As to the Patrone of his life, thus sayd;
My Lord, my liege, by whose most gratious ayd
I liue this day, and see my foes subdewd,
What may suffise, to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces, as ye haue me shewd,
But to be euer bound

To whom the Infant thus, Faire Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a seruile bond,
To bind their doers, to receiue their meede?
Are not all knights by oath bound, to withstond
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
Suffise, that I haue done my dew in place.
So goodly purpose they together fond,
Of kindnesse and of curteous aggrace;
The whiles false *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

Cant. IX.

The house of Temperance, in which doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger knightes to fight compell.

OF all Gods workes, which do this world adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is mans body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober gouernment;
But none then it, more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace:
It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignitie and natiue grace.
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The *Briton* Prince recou'ring his stolne sword,
And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in faire accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir knight, mote I of you this curt'sie read,
To weet why on your shield so goodly scord
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full liuely is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

Faire Sir (said he) if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
What mote ye weene, if the trew liuely-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?

But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,
That is her bountie, and imperiall powre,
Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

She is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,
Whose faire retrait I in my shield do beare;
She is the flowre of grace and chastitie,
Throughout the world renowmed far and neare,
My liefe, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
Far reach her mercies, and her prayses farre,
As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.

Thrise happy man, (said then the *Briton* knight)
Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
Haue made thee souldier of that Princesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenance
Doth blesse her seruaunts, and them high aduaunce.
How may straunge knight hope euer to aspire,
By faithfull seruice, and meet amenance,
Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand liues, to dye at her desire.

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince so soueraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will, her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of *Maydenhed*,
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her fauour high be reckoned,
As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now beene honored.

Certes

Certes (then said the Prince) I God auow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serue that Queene with all my powre and might.
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that Goddesse I haue sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heauen doth to me enuy, and fortune fauourlesse.

Fortune, the foe of famous cheuisaunce
Seldome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue aide,
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
But you faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand;
Which were it not, that I am else delaid
With hard aduenture, which I haue in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Faery land.

Gramercy Sir (said he) but mote I wote,
What straunge aduenture do ye now pursew?
Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.
Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,
Which to auenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

And now faire *Phœbus* gan decline in hast
His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plast
Foreby a riuer in a pleasaunt dale,

Which chooſing for that euenings hoſpitale,
They thither marcht: but when they came in ſight,
And from their ſweaty Courſers did auale,
They found the gates faſt barred long ere night,
And euery loup faſt lockt, as fearing foes deſpight.

Which when they ſaw, they weened fowle reproch
Was to them doen, their entrance to forſtall,
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch;
And wind his horne vnder the caſtle wall,
That with the noiſe it ſhooke, as it would fall:
Eftſoones forth looked from the higheſt ſpire
The watch, and lowd vnto the knights did call,
To weete, what they ſo rudely did require.
Who gently anſwered, They entrance did deſire.

Fly fly, good knights, (ſaid he) fly faſt away
If that your liues ye loue, as meete ye ſhould;
Fly faſt, and ſaue your ſelues from neare decay,
Here may ye not haue entraunce, though we would:
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thouſand enemies about vs raue,
And with long ſiege vs in this caſtle hould:
Seuen yeares this wize they vs beſieged haue, (ſaue.
And many good knights ſlaine, that haue vs ſought to

Thus as he ſpoke, loe with outragious cry
A thouſand villeins round about them ſwarmd
Out of the rockes and caues adioyning nye,
Vile caytiue wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatning death, all in ſtraunge manner armd,
Some with vnweldy clubs, ſome with long ſpeares,
Some ruſty kniues, ſome ſtaues in fire warmd.
Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed ſteares,
Staring with hollow eyes, and ſtiffe vpſtanding heares.

Fierſly

Fiersly at first those knights they did assaile,
And droue them to recoile: but when againe
They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
Vnhable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
Those Champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
Like scattered Speepe, whenas the Shepheards swaine
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

A while they fled, but soone returnd againe
With greater fury, then before was found;
And euermore their cruell Captaine
Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them round,
And ouerrun to tread them to the ground. (blades
But soone the knights with their bright-burning
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades; (fades.
For though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them

As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide
Out of the fennes of Allan do arise,
Their murmuring small trompets sounden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
For their sharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind blustring blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the *Ocean* cast.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Vnto the castle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crau'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perilous paine,

And combrous comflict, which they did sustaine,
Came to the Ladies eare, which there did dwell,
She forth issewed with a goodly traine
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright;
That had not yet felt *Cupides* wanton rage,
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to lincke in marriage:
For she was faire, as faire mote euer bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
That euen heauen reioyced her sweete face to see.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold & pearle, most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire Damsels, which were taught
That seruice well. Her yellow golden heare
Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete Rosiere.

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them vp into her castle hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall:
There when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of fauour speciall,
Of that faire Castle to affoord them vew;
She graunted, & them leading forth, the same did shew.

First

First she them led vp to the Castle wall,
That was so high, as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire, and sensible withall,
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that *AEgyptian* slime,
Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babell* towre;
But ô great pitty, that no lenger time
So goodly workemanship should not endure:
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare, ô worke diuine;
Those two the first and last proportions are,
The one imperfect, mortall, foeminine;
Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine,
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportioned equally by seuen and nine;
Nine was the circle set in heauens place,
All which compacted made a goodly *Dyapase*.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th'other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And when it opened, no man might it close,
Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Then Iet or Marble far from Ireland brought;
Ouer the which was cast a wandring vine,

Enchaced with a wanton yuie twine.
And ouer it a faire Portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comely compaſſe, and compacture ſtrong,
Neither vnſeemely ſhort, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the Barbican a Porter ſate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward,
Nor wight, nor word mote paſſe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with dew regard;
Vtterers of ſecrets he from thence debard,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of crime.
His larumbell might lowd and wide be hard,
When cauſe requird, but neuer out of time;
Early and late it rong, at euening and at prime.

And round about the porch on euery ſide
Twiſe ſixteen warders ſat, all armed bright
In gliſtring ſteele, and ſtrongly fortifide:
Tall yeomen ſeemed they, and of great might,
And were enraunged ready, ſtill for fight.
By them as *Alma* paſſed with her gueſtes,
They did obeyſaunce, as beſeemed right,
And then againe returned to their reſtes:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble geſtes.

Thence ſhe them brought into a ſtately Hall,
Wherein were many tables faire diſpred,
And ready dight with drapets feſtiuall,
Againſt the viaundes ſhould be miniſtred.
At th'upper end there ſate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely perſonage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged,
He Steward was hight *Diet*; rype of age,
And in demeanure ſober, and in counſell ſage.

And

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestow
Both guestes and meate, when euer in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bad. They both attone
Did dewty to their Lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth led her guestes anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for niceneſſe none.

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall;
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Vpon a mighty furnace, burning whot,
More whot, then *Aetn*, or flaming *Mongiball*:
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great paire of bellowes, which did styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld,
With hookes and ladles, as need did require;
The whiles the viandes in the vessell boyld
They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

The maister Cooke was cald *Concoction*,
A carefull man, and full of comely guise:
The kitchin Clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
Did order all th'Achates in seemely wise,

And set them forth, as well he could deuise.
The rest had seuerall offices assind,
Some to remoue the scum, as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mind;
And others it to vse according to his kind.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
Not good nor seruiceable else for ought,
They in another great round vessell plaste,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close conuaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
It was auoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill,
Whenas those knights beheld, with rare delight,
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For neuer had they seene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,
A louely beuy of faire Ladies sate,
Courted of many a iolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke emongst them litle *Cupid* playd
His wanton sports, being returned late
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

Diuerse

Diuerse delights they found them selues to please;
Some song in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
Some plaid with strawes, some idly sat at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasaunce was to them griefe and annoy:
This fround, that faund, the third for shame did blush,
Another seemed enuious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these straungers presence euery one did hush.

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
They all attonce out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselues to court, and each a Damsell chose:
The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somwhat sad, and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensiue thought cõstraind her gentle spright.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold,
Was fretted all about, she was arayd,
And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold:
To whom the Prince in curteous manner said;
Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismaid,
And your faire beautie do with sadnesse spill?
Liues any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen your loue, or doen you lacke your will?
What euer be the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.

Faire Sir, (said she halfe in disdainefull wise)
How is it, that this word in me ye blame,
And in your selfe do not the same aduise?
Him ill beseemes, anothers fault to name,

That may vnwares be blotted with the same;
Pensiue I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought I weene are ye therein behind,
That haue twelue moneths sought one, yet no where can
her find.
The Prince was inly moued at her speach,
Well weeting trew, what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire samblaunt sought to hide the breach,
Which chaunge of colour did perforce vnfold,
Now seeming flaming whot, now stony cold.
Tho turning soft aside, he did inquire,
What wight she was, that Poplar braunch did hold:
It answered was, her name was *Prayse-desire*,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspire.

The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
But that too oft she chaung'd her natiue hew:
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:
Vpon her fist the bird, which shonneth vew,
And keepes in couerts close from liuing wight,
Did sit, as yet ashamd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

So long as *Guyon* with her commoned,
Vnto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And euer and anone with rosie red
The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polisht yuory,
Which cunning Craftesman hand hath ouerlayd
With faire vermilion or pure lastery.
Great wonder had the knight, to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently sayd,

Faire

Faire Damzell, seemeth, by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not deuise,
I will, if please you it discure, assay,
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame,
Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face
The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That *Guyon* meruayld at her vncouth cace:
Till *Alma* him bespake, why wonder yee
Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee;
You shamefast are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is shee.

Thereat the Elfe did blush in priuitee,
And turnd his face away; but she the same
Dissembled faire, and faynd to ouersee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
Themselues did solace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Ladie thence away them sought,
To vew her castles other wondrous frame.
Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heauen compassed around,
And lifted high aboue this earthly masse,
Which it suruew'd, as hils doen lower ground;

But not on ground mote like to this be found,
Not that, which antique *Cadmus* whylome built
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly guilt,
From which young *Hectors* bloud by cruell *Greekes* was (spilt.

The roofe hereof was arched ouer head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gaue light, and flam'd continually:
For they of liuing fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in siluer sockets bright,
Couer'd with lids deuiz'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O who can tell the prayses of that makers might!

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
This parts great workmanship, & wondrous powre,
That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
And likest is vnto that heauenly towre,
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,
But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
The wisest men, I weene, that liued in their ages.

Not he, whom *Greece*, the Nourse of all good arts,
By *Phœbus* doome, the wisest thought aliue,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage *Pylian* syre, which did suruiue
Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,
By whose aduise old *Priams* cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote striue.
These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,
And counselled faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

The

The first of them could things to come foresee:
The next could of things present best aduize;
The third things past could keepe in memoree,
So that no time, nor reason could arize,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
For thy the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:
He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit,
That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

His chamber was dispainted all within,
With sundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were neuer yit,
Ne can deuized be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies doe flit:
Infernall Hags, *Centaurs*, feendes, *Hippodames*,
Apes, Lions, Ægles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,
(Dames.
And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
After their hiues with honny do abound:
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Deuices, dreames, opinions vnsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

Emongst them all sate he, which wonned there,
That hight *Phantastes* by his nature trew;
A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,

That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
When oblique *Saturne* sate in the house of agonyes.

Whom *Alma* hauing shewed to her gueste,
Thence brought thē to the second roome, whose wals
Were painted faire with memorable gestes,
Of famous Wisards, and with picturals
Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;
All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

Of those that roome was full, and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and vsage,
He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
Great pleasure had those stranger knights, to see
His goodly reason, and graue personage,
That his disciples both desir'd to bee;
But *Alma* thence thē led to th'hindmost roome of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was remoued farre behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same vphold,
Right firme & strong, though somewhat they declind;
And therein sate an old oldman, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,
And recompenst him with a better scorse:
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

This

This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still, as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
As all things else, the which this world doth weld,
But laid them vp in his immortall scrine,
Where they for euer incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were to his,
Ne yet *Mathusalem*, though longest liu'd;
For he remembred both their infancies:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd
Of natiue strength now, that he them suruiu'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,
And old records from auncient times deriu'd,
Some made in books, some in long parchmẽt scrolles,
That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was vnhable them to fet,
A litle boy did on him still attend,
To reach, when euer he for ought did send;
And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.
Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their propertis.

The knights there entring, did him reuerence dew
And wondred at his endlesse exercise,
Then as they gan his Librarie to vew,
And antique Regists for to auise,

There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize,
An auncient booke, hight *Briton moniments*,
That of this lands first conquest did deuize,
And old diuision into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans gouernments.

Sir *Guyon* chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitie* of *Faerie* lond.
In which when as he greedily did looke;
Th'off-spring of Elues and Faries there he fond,
As it deliuered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with feruent fire,
Their countries auncestry to vnderstond,
Crau'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged sire,
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

CANT.

Cant. X.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
from Brute to Vthers rayne.
And rolles of Elfin Emperours,
till time of Gloriane.

WHo now shall giue vnto me words and sound,
Equall vnto this haughtie enterprise?
Or who shal lend me wings, with which from
My lowly verse may loftily arise, (ground
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skies?
More ample spirit, then hitherto was wount,
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth farre surmount.

Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,
Liues ought, that to her linage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be deriued right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heauens hight,
And all the world with wonder ouerspred;
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceiue such soueraine glory, and great bountihed?

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote,
Whereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
And triumphes of *Phlegraan Ioue* he wrote,

That all the Gods admird his loftie note.
But if ſome reliſh of that heauenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my ſong withall, I would aſſay,
Thy name, ô ſoueraine Queene, to blazon farre away.

Thy name ô ſoueraine Queene, thy realme and race,
From this renowmed Prince deriued arre,
Whom mightily vpheld that royall mace,
Which now thou beareſt, to thee deſcended farre
From mightie kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,
Whoſe noble deedes aboue the Northerne ſtarre
Immortall fame for euer hath enrold;
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

The land, which warlike Britons now poſſeſſe,
And therein haue their mightie empire rayſd,
In antique times was ſaluage wilderneſſe,
Vnpeopled, vnmanurd, vnprou'd, vnprayſd,
Ne was it Iſland then, ne was it payſd
Amid the Ocean waues, ne was it ſought
Of marchants farre, for profits therein prayſd,
But was all deſolate, and of ſome thought
By ſea to haue bene frõ the *Celtike* mayn-land brought.

Ne did it then deſerue a name to haue,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ſhip from thoſe white rocks to ſaue,
Which all along the Southerne ſea-coaſt lay,
Threatning vnheedie wrecke and raſh decay,
For ſafeties ſake that ſame his ſea-marke made,
And namd it *Albion*. But later day
Finding in it fit ports for fiſhers trade,
Gan more the ſame frequent, and further to inuade.

But farre in land a ſaluage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beaſtly men,
That neuer taſted grace, nor goodneſſe felt,
But like wild beaſts lurking in loathſome den,
And flying faſt as Roebucke through the fen,
All naked without ſhame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by ſpoiling liued then;
Of ſtature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That ſonnes of men amazd their ſternneſſe to behold.

But whence they ſprong, or how they were begot,
Vneath is to aſſure; vneath to wene
That monſtrous error, which doth ſome aſſot,
That *Diocleſians* fiftie daughters ſhene
Into this land by chaunce haue driuen bene,
Where companing with feends and filthy Sprights,
Through vaine illuſion of their luſt vnclene,
They brought forth Giants and ſuch dreadfull wights,
As farre exceeded men in their immeaſurd mights.

They held this land, and with their filthineſſe
Polluted this ſame gentle ſoyle long time:
That their owne mother loathd their beaſtlineſſe,
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne natiue ſlime;
Vntill that *Brutus* anciently deriu'd
From royall ſtocke of old *Aſſaracs* line,
Driuen by fatall error, here arriu'd,
And them of their vniuſt poſſeſſion depriu'd.

But ere he had eſtabliſhed his throne,
And ſpred his empire to the vtmoſt ſhore,
He fought great battels with his ſaluage fone;
In which he them defeated euermore,

And many Giants left on groning flore;
That well can witneſſe yet vnto this day
The weſterne Hogh, beſprincled with the gore
Of mightie *Goëmot*, whom in ſtout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did ſlay.

And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd;
Into the which returning backe, he fell,
But thoſe three monſtrous ſtones doe moſt excell
Which that huge ſonne of hideous *Albion*,
Whoſe father *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was ſlaine anon.

In meed of theſe great conqueſts by them got,
Corineus had that Prouince vtmoſt weſt,
To him aſſigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable geſt
He called *Cornewaile*, yet ſo called beſt:
And *Debons* ſhayre was, that is *Deuonſhyre*:
But *Canute* had his portion from the reſt,
The which he cald *Canutium*, for his hyre;
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commenly inquire.

Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule ſubdewd,
And raigned long in great felicitie,
Lou'd of his friends, and of his foes eſchewd,
He left three ſonnes, his famous progeny,
Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy*;
Mongſt whom he parted his imperiall ſtate,
And *Locrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*,
At laſt ripe age bad him ſurrender late
His life, and long good fortune vnto finall fate.

Locrine

Locrine was left the ſoueraine Lord of all;
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
Which of himſelfe *Albania* he did call;
And *Camber* did poſſeſſe the Weſterne quart,
Which *Seuerne* now from *Logris* doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet gouernment annoyd,
But each his paines to others profit ſtill employd.

Vntill a nation ſtraung, with viſage ſwart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world thẽ ſwarmd in euery part,
And ouerflow'd all countries farre away,
Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune ſway,
This land inuaded with like violence,
And did themſelues through all the North diſplay:
Vntill that *Locrine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head againſt them make, and ſtrong munifience.

He them encountred, a confuſed rout,
Foreby the Riuer, that whylome was hight
The auncient *Abus*, where with courage ſtout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaſte ſo fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forſt their Chieftaine, for his ſafeties ſake,
(Their Chieftaine *Humber* named was aright)
Vnto the mightie ſtreame him to betake,
Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

The king returned proud of victorie,
And inſolent wox through vnwonted eaſe,
That ſhortly he forgot the ieopardie,
Which in his land he lately did appeaſe,

And fell to vaine voluptuous diſeaſe:
He lou'd faire Ladie *Eſtrild*, lewdly lou'd,
Whoſe wanton pleaſures him too much did pleaſe,
That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remou'd,
Frō *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithfull prou'd.

The noble daughter of *Corineus*
Would not endure to be ſo vile diſdaind,
But gathering force, and courage valorous,
Encountred him in battell well ordaind,
In which him vanquiſht ſhe to fly conſtraind:
But ſhe ſo faſt purſewd, that him ſhe tooke,
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,
She ouerhent, nought moued with her piteous looke.

But both her ſelfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire *Sabrina* almoſt dead with feare,
She there attached, farre from all ſuccoure;
The one ſhe ſlew in that impatient ſtoure,
But the ſad virgin innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling riuer ſhe did poure,
Which of her name now *Seuerne* men do call:
Such was the end, that to diſloyall loue did fall.

Then for her ſonne, which ſhe to *Locrin* bore,
Madan was young, vnmeet the rule of ſway,
In her owne hand the crowne ſhe kept in ſtore,
Till ryper yeares he raught, and ſtronger ſtay:
During which time her powre ſhe did diſplay
Through all this realme, the glorie of her ſex,
And firſt taught men a woman to obay:
But when her ſonne to mans eſtate did wex,
She it ſurrendred, ne her ſelfe would lenger vex.

The

Tho *Madan* raignd, vnworthie of his race:
For with all shame that sacred throne he fild:
Next *Mempriſe*, as vnworthy of that place,
In which being conſorted with *Manild*,
For thirſt of ſingle kingdome him he kild.
But *Ebranck* ſalued both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
Braue moniments remaine, which yet that land enuies.

An happie man in his firſt dayes he was,
And happie father of faire progeny:
For all ſo many weekes as the yeare has,
So many children he did multiply;
Of which were twentie ſonnes, which did apply,
Their minds to praiſe, and cheualrous deſire:
Thoſe germans did ſubdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight; but in the end their Sire
With foule repulſe from Fraunce was forced to retire.

Which blot his ſonne ſucceeding in his ſeat,
The ſecond *Brute*, the ſecond both in name,
And eke in ſemblance of his puiſſance great,
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of euerlaſting fame.
He with his victour ſword firſt opened,
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
And taught her firſt how to be conquered; (ked.
Since which, with ſundrie ſpoiles ſhe hath beene ranſac-

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
And let the marſh of *Eſtham bruges* tell,
What colour were their waters that ſame day,
And all the moore twixt *Eluerſham* and *Dell*,

With bloud of *Hendois*, which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad *Brunhildis* see
The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
That not *Scuith guiridh* it more seeme to bee.
But rather *y Scuith gogh*, signe of sad cruelte.

His sonne king *Leill* by fathers labour long,
Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,
And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong.
Next *Huddibras* his realme did not encrease,
But taught the land from wearie warres to cease.
Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts
Exceld at *Athens* all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to these saluage parts,
And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrails, full of quicke Brimston,
Nourish the flames, which they are warm'd vpon,
That to her people wealth they forth do well,
And health to euery forreine nation:
Yet he at last contending to excell
The reach of men, through slight into fond mischief fell.

Next him king *Leyr* in happie peace long raind,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were well vptraind,
In all that seemed fit for kingly seed:
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
To haue diuided. Tho when feeble age
Nigh to his vtmost date he saw proceed,
He cald his daughters; and with speeches sage
Inquyrd, which of them most did loue her parentage.

The

The eldest *Gonorill* gan to protest,
That she much more then her owne life him lou'd:
And *Regan* greater loue to him profest,
Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd;
But *Cordeill* said she lou'd him, as behoou'd:
Whose simple answere, wanting colours faire
To paint it forth, him to displeasance moou'd,
That in his crowne he counted her no haire,
But twixt the other twaine his kingdome whole did shaire.

So wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scots,
And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lots:
But without dowre the wise *Cordelia*,
Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
A priuate life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne,
That nought him grieu'd to bene from rule deposed downe.

But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
So when he had resigned his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And wearie waxe of his continuall stay.
Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repayrd,
Who him at first well vsed euery way;
But when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

The wretched man gan then auise too late,
That loue is not, where most it is profest,
Too truely tryde in his extremest state;
At last resolu'd likewise to proue the rest,

He to *Cordelia* him selfe addrest,
Who with entire affection him receau'd,
As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong she leau'd,
To war on those, which him had of his realme bereau'd.

So to his crowne she him restor'd againe,
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wild, it should to her remaine:
Who peaceably the same long time did weld:
And all mens harts in dew obedience held:
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong
Through proud ambition, against her rebeld,
And ouercommen kept in prison long,
Till wearie of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raine:
But fierce *Cundah* gan shortly to enuie
His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdaine,
To haue a pere in part of soueraintie,
And kindling coles of cruell enmitie,
Raisd warre, and him in battell ouerthrew:
Whence as he to those woodie hils did flie,
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew:
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

His sonne *Rivallo* his dead roome did supply,
In whose sad time bloud did from heauen raine:
Next great *Gurgustius*, then faire *Cecily*
In constant peace their kingdomes did containe,
After whom *Lago*, and *Kinmarke* did raine,
And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeares he grew:
Till his ambitious sonnes vnto them twaine,
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,
Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

But

But ô, the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regardes no right,
Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe;
Who vnto him assembling forreine might,
Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight:
Whose death t'auenge, his mother mercilesse,
Most mercilesse of women, *Vvyden* hight,
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,
Which had seuen hundred yeares this scepter borne,
With high renowme, and great felicitie?
The noble braunch from th'antique stocke was torne
Through discord, and the royall throne forlorne:
Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whilest each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
Who stird vp pitty of the stressed plight
Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires
By such, as claymd themselues *Brutes* rightfull haires,
Gathered the Princes of the people loose,
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who with his wisedom won, him streight did choose,
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

Then made he head against his enimies,
And *Ymner* slew, or *Logris* miscreate;
Then *Raddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allyes,
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,

And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
He quiet threw through his owne valiaunce;
Whose countreis he redus'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to ciuiill gouernaunce,
Now one, which earst were many, made through vari-
(aunce.
Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
Were vnto him reueald in vision,
By which he freed the Traueilers high way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth, and strong extortion;
The gracious *Numa* of great *Britanie*:
For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without pollicie;
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

Donwallo dyde (for what may liue for ay?)
And left two sonnes, of peareless proweſſe both;
That sacked *Rome* too dearely did assay,
The recompence of their periured oth,
And ransackt *Greece* well tryde, whē they were wroth;
Besides subiected *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,
Which yet their prayses speake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of *Brennius* and *Bellinus*, kings of Britany.

Next them did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne
In rule succeede, and eke in fathers prayse;
He Easterland subdewd, and Danmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was dew in his dead fathers dayes:
He also gaue to fugitiues of *Spayne*,
Whom he at sea found wandring from their wayes,
A seate in *Ireland* safely to remayne,
Which they should hold of him, as subiect to *Britayne*.

After

After him raigned *Guitheline* his hayre,
The iusteſt man and treweſt in his dayes,
Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall prayſe,
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
And wholeſome Statutes to her husband brought;
Her many deemd to haue beene of the *Fayes*,
As was *Aegerie*, that *Numa* tought;
Thoſe yet of her be *Mertia* lawes both nam'd & thought.

Her ſonnes *Sifillus* after her did rayne,
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*;
Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne ſuſtaine,
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
And mightie deeds, ſhould matched haue the beſt:
As well in that ſame field victorious
Againſt the forreine *Morands* he expreſt;
Yet liues his memorie, though carcas ſleepe in reſt.

Fiue ſonne he left begotten of one wife,
All which ſucceſſiuely by turnes did raine;
Firſt *Gorboman* a man of vertuous life;
Next *Archigald*, who for his proud diſdaine,
Depoſed was from Princedome ſoueraine,
And pitteous *Elidure* put in his ſted;
Who ſhortly it to him reſtord againe,
Till by his death he it recouered;
But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him diſthronized.

In wretched priſon long he did remaine,
Till they outraigned had their vtmoſt date,
And then therein reſeized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable ſtate,

Till he surrendred Realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these fiue brethren raynd
By dew succesſe, and all their Nephewes late,
Euen thrise eleuen descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reædifye
Of *Troynouant*, gainst force of enimy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane* their Eme
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it gouerned,
Till the prowd *Romanes* him disquieted,
And warlike *Cæsar*, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island, neuer conquered,
And enuying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion) hither came.

Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,
And twise renforst, backe to their ships to fly,
The whiles with bloud they all the shore did staine.
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, false to natiue soyle,
And enuious of Vncles soueraintie,
Betrayd his contrey vnto forreine spoyle:
Nought else, but treason, from the first this lād did foyle.

So

So by him *Caesar* got the victory,
Through great bloudshed, and many a sad assay,
In which him selfe was charged heauily
Of hardy *Newnius*, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray;
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

Next him *Tenantius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombed was, from wretched *Adams* line
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:
O ioyous memorie of happy time,
That heauenly grace so plenteously displayd;
(O too high ditty for my simple rime.)
Soone after this the *Romanes* him wrrayd;
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

Goód *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him battell fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloudy fight for ought;
For *Aruirage* his brothers place supplide,
Both in armes, and crowne, and by that draught
Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

Was neuer king more highly magnifide,
Nor dred of *Romanes*, then was *Aruirage*,
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Genuiss* in marriage:

Yet shortly he renounst the vassalage
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hastly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
Forwasted all, till *Genuissa* gent
Perswaded him to ceasse, and her Lord to relent.

He dyde; and him succeeded *Marius*,
Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity,
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That first receiued Christianitie,
The sacred pledge of Christes Euangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came *Ioseph* of *Arimathy*,
Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they say)
And preacht the truth, but since it greatly did decay.

This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selfe in sundry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,
Whilest *Romanes* dayly did the weake subdew:
Which seeing stout *Bunduca*, vp arose,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
With whom she marched streight against her foes,
And them vnwares besides the *Seuerne* did enclose.

There she with them a cruell battell tride,
Not with so good successe, as she deseru'd;
By reason that the Captaines on her side,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her sweru'd:
Yet such, as were through former slight perseru'd,
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victour seru'd:
But being all defeated, saue a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd her selfe she slew.

O famous moniment of womens prayse,
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to *Hypsiphil*, or to *Thomiris*:
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
Who whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enimis;
And yet though ouercome in hapless fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
Fought with *Seuerus*, and him ouerthrew;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled:
So made them victours, whom he did subdew.
Then gan *Carausius* tirannize anew,
And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enioyed but short happy howre:

For *Asclepiodate* him ouercame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
Then afterwards he in his stead did rayne;
But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine:
Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraine:
Then gan this Realme renewe her passed prime:
He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent
Constantine, a man of mickle might,
With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright,

Faire *Helena*, the faireſt liuing wight;
Who in all godly thewes, and goodly prayſe
Did far excell, but was moſt famous hight
For skill in Muſicke of all in her dayes,
Aſwell in curious inſtruments, as cunning layes.

Of whom he did great *Conſtantine* beget,
Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
To which whiles abſent he his mind did ſet,
Octauius here lept into his roome,
And it vſurped by vnrighteous doome:
But he his title iuſtifide by might,
Slaying *Traberne*, and hauing ouercome
The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
So ſettled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right.

But wanting iſſew male, his daughter deare,
He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who ſoone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian*;
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts inuade this land,
During the raigne of *Maximinian*;
Who dying left none heire them to withſtand,
But that they ouerran all parts with eaſie hand.

The weary *Britons*, whoſe war-hable youth
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
With wretched miſeries, and woefull ruth,
Were to thoſe Pagans made an open pray,
And dayly ſpectacle of ſad decay:
Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred yeares,
And more had waſted, could no whit diſmay;
Till by conſent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the ſecond *Conſtantine* with ioyous teares,

Who

Who hauing oft in battell vanquished
Those spoilefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his Realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sundry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
Which from *Alclud* to *Panwelt* did that border bound.

Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age;
By meanes whereof, their vncle *Vortigere*
Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillage;
Which th'Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to *Germanie*, for aunge aid to reare,
From whence eftsoones arriued here three hoyes
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie imployes.

Two brethren were their Captains, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approu'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowmed might;
Who making vantage of their ciuill iarre,
And of those forreiners, which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,
Then they which fought at first their helping hand,
And *Vortiger* enforst the kingdome to aband.

But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his sonne,
He is againe vnto his rule restord,
And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,
Receiued is to grace and new accord,

Through his faire daughters face, & flattering word;
Soone after which, three hundred Lordes he slew
Of British bloud, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,
Th'eternall markes of treason may at *Stonheng* vew.

By this the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrise and *Vther* did ripe yeares attaine,
And hore arriuing, strongly challenged
The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detaine:
Who flying from his guilt, by them was slaine.
And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
So now entombed lyes at Stoncheng by the heath.

After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cesure right,
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th'Authour selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so vntimely breach
The Prince him selfe halfe seemeth to offend,
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speach.

At last quite rauisht with delight, to heare
The royall Offspring of his natiue land,
Cryde out, Deare countrey, ô how dearely deare
Ought thy remembraunce, and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receaue?
How brutish is it not to vnderstand,
How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,
That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue.

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leasure, so long leaues here to repeat:
Ie told, how first *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many partes from beasts deriued
And then stole fire from heauen, to animate
His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* depriued
Of life him selfe, and hart-strings of an *Egle* riued.

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weet
Quick, the first authour of all Elfin kind:
Who wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th'authour of all woman kind;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Faeryes* spring, and fetch their lignage right.

Of these a mightie people shortly grew,
And puissaint kings, which all the world warrayd,
And to them selues all Nations did subdew:
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obayd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
But *Elfiline* enclosd it with a golden wall.

His sonne was *Elfinell*, who ouercame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloudy field:
But *Elfant* was of most renowmed fame,
Who all of Christall did *Panthea* build:

Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magick skild;
He built by art vpon the glassy See (bee
A bridge of bras, whose sound heauēs thunder seem'd to
He left three sonnes, the which in order rayn'd,
And all their Offspring, in their dew descents,
Euen seuen hundred Princes, which maintayn'd
With mightie deedes their sundry gouernments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And braue ensample, both of martiall,
And ciuill rule to kings and states imperiall.

After all these *Elficleos* did rayne,
The wise *Elficleos* in great Maiestie,
Who mightily that sceptre did sustayne,
And with rich spoiles and famous victorie,
Did high aduaunce the crowne of *Faery*:
He left two sonnes, of which faire *Elferon*
The eldest brother did vntimely dy;
Whose emptie place the mightie *Oberon*
Doubly supplide, in spousall, and dominion.

Great was his power and glorie ouer all,
Which him before, that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall:
He dying left the faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Him to succeede therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liueth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre,
Long mayst thou *Glorian* liue, in glory and great powre.

Beguild

Beguild thus with delight of nouelties,
And naturall desire of countreys state,
So long they red in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke, how supper did them long awaite.
So halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fairely feasted, as so nobles knights she ought.

Cant. XI.

The enimies of Temperaunce besiege her dwelling place: Prince Arthur them repelles, and fowle Maleger doth deface.

WHat warre so cruell, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections do apply
Against the fort of reason euermore
To bring the soule into captiuitie:
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld
His partes to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly gouernment

Is setled there in sure establishment;
There *Alma* like a virgin Queene most bright,
Doth florish in all beautie excellent:
And to her guestes doth bounteous banket dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and delight.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,
The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh euery creature glad,
Vprose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purposd iourney him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad,
Him selfe addrest to that aduenture hard:
So to the riuers side they both together far'd.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
With his well rigged boate: They go abord,
And eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behind them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles wind and weather right
Do serue their turnes: here I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

For all so soone, as *Guyon* thence was gon
Vpon his voyage with his trustie guide,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on euery side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they vnder them did hide;
So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

Them

Them in twelue troupes their Captain did dispart
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect most deface,
As euery one seem'd meetest in that cace.
Seuen of the same against the Castle gate,
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate,
They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

The other fiue, fiue sundry wayes he set,
Against the fiue great Bulwarkes of that pile.
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,
T'assayle with open force or hidden guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did feruently apply,
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle misshapen wights, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with beckes vncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,
And euery one did bow and arrowes beare:
All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt enuies,
And couetous aspectes, all cruell enimies.

Those same against the bulwarke of the *Sight*
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respit day nor night,
But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault.

And soone againe as he his light with hault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent:
That is each thing, by which the eyes may fault,
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke sorely rent.

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sence,
Gainst which the second troupe dessignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
Some having heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
Some like wild Bores late rouzd out of the brakes;
Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
Leasings, backbytings, and vaine-glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries.
All those a gainst that fort did bend their batteries.

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd:
Whose hideous shapes were like to feends of hell,
Some like to hounds, some like to Apes, dismayd,
Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd:
All shap't according their conditions,
For by those vgly formes weren pourtrayd,
Foolish delights and fond abusions,
Which do that sence besiege with light illusions.

And that fourth band, which cruell battry bent,
Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,
Was as the rest, a gryslie rablement,
Some mouth'd like greedy Oystriges, some fast
Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the wast
Like swine; for so deformd is luxury,
Surfeat, misdiet, and vnthriftie wast,
Vaine feasts, and idle superfluity:
All those this sences Fort assayle incessantly.

But

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report:
For some like Snailes, some did like spyders shew,
And some like vgly Vrchins thicke and short:
Cruelly they assayled that fift Fort,
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

Thus these twelue troupes with dreadfull puissance
Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
And euermore their hideous Ordinance
Vpon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay:
And euermore their wicked Capitaine
Prouoked them the breaches to assay,
Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope of gaine,
Which by the ransack of that peece they should attaine.

On th'other side, th'assieged Castles ward
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulse, and many hard
Atchieuement wrought with perill and with paine,
That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:
And those two brethren Giants did defend
The walles so stoutly with their sturdie maine,
That neuer entrance any durst pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

The noble virgin, Ladie of the place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadfull sight:
For neuer was she in so euill cace,
Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,

Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offring his seruice, and his deareſt life
For her defence, againſt that Carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th'author of that ſtrife:
She him remercied as the Patrone of her life.

Eftſoones himſelfe in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well proued weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous conge he behight,
Thoſe gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went.
Faire mote he thee, the proweſt and moſt gent,
That euer brandiſhed bright ſteele on hye:
Whom ſoone as that vnruly rablement,
With his gay Squire iſſuing did eſpy,
They reard a moſt outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of ſnow,
And round about him flocke impetuouſly,
Like a great water flood, that tombling low
From the high mountaines, threats to ouerflow
With ſuddein fury all the fertile plaine,
And the ſad husbandmans long hope doth throw
A downe the ſtreame, and all his vowes make vaine,
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may ſuſtaine.

Vpon his ſhield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his ſword diſperſt the raskall flockes,
Which fled a ſunder, and him fell before,
As withered leaues drop from their dried ſtockes,
Whē the wroth Weſtern wind does reaue their locks;
And vnder neath him his courageous ſteed,
The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,
The fierce *Spumador* borne of heauenly ſeed:
Such as *Laomedon* of *Phœbus* race did breed

Which

Which ſuddeine horrour and confuſed cry,
When as their Captaine heard, in haſte he yode,
The cauſe to weet, and fault to remedy;
Vpon a Tygre ſwift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran vnderneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught vnto the ground;
Full large he was of limbe, and ſhoulders brode,
But of ſuch ſubtile ſubſtance and vnſound,
That like a ghoſt he ſeem'd, whoſe graue-clothes were (vnbound.

And in his hand a bended bow was ſeene,
And many arrowes vnder his right ſide,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide,
Such as the *Indians* in their quiuers hide;
Thoſe could he well direct and ſtreight as line,
And bid them ſtrike the marke, which he had eyde,
Ne was their ſalue, ne was their medicine,
That mote recure their wounds: ſo inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as aſhes was his looke,
His bodie leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
That ſeem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:
All in a canuas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twiſted brake,
Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans skull, that ſeem'd a ghaſtly ſight.

Maleger was his name, and after him,
There follow'd faſt at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoarie lockes all looſe, and viſage grim;
Their feet vnſhod, their bodies wrapt in rags,

And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags
She did disport, and *Impotence* her name:
But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

Soone as the Carle from farre the Prince espyde,
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
His Beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischieuous bow full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
But hè was warie, and it warded well
Vpon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

Which to preuent, the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be auenged of that shot whyleare:
But he was not so hardie to abide
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
So fast as his good Courser could him beare,
But labour lost it was, to weene approch him neare.

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarse him ouertake,
Ne scarse his feet on ground were seene to tred;
Through hils and dales he speedie way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his flight the villein turn'd his face,
(As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
When as the *Russian* him in fight does chace)
Vnto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

Apace

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew,
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should pursew:
Who when his vncouth manner he did vew,
He gan anize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Vntill he quite had spent his perlous store,
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh battell to renew:
Which he espying, cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
But soone as him dismounted on the plaine,
That other Hag did farre away espy
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude hands and griesly graplement,
Till that the ville in comming to their aye,
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;
Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life vnsound,
That in assurance it may neuer stand,

Till it dissolued be from earthly band.
Proofe be thou Prince, the prowest man aliue,
And noblest borne of all in *Briton* land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely driue,
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not reuiue.

The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other lade,
His chiefest lets and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his Lord they should behind inuade;
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochfull shame,
As one awakt out of long slombring shade,
Reuiuing thought of glorie and of fame,
Vnited all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
Hath long bene vnderkept, and downe suppresst,
With murmurous disdaine doth inly raue,
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious vnrest,
And striues to mount vnto his natiue seat;
All that did earst it hinder and molest,
It now deuoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rouzd
Out of his hold, and broke his caitiue bands,
And as a Beare whom angry curres haue rouzd,
Hauing off-shakt them, and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads downe and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quarle,
To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle.

Which

Which now him turnd to diſauantage deare;
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But truſt vnto his ſtrength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is farre from his monſtrous ſwarme,
And of his weapons did himſelfe diſarme.
The knight yet wrothfull for his late diſgrace,
Fiercely aduaunſt his valorous right arme,
And him ſo ſore ſmote with his yron mace,
That groueling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
And all his labour brought to happie end,
When ſuddein vp the villein ouerthrowne,
Out of his ſwowne aroſe, freſh to contend,
And gan himſelfe to ſecond battell bend,
As hurt he had not bene. Thereby there lay
An huge great ſtone, which ſtood vpon one end,
And had not bene remoued many a day;
Some land-marke ſeem'd to be, or ſigne of ſundry way.

The ſame he ſnatcht, and with exceeding ſway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To ſhunne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But ground he gaue, and lightly leapt areare:
Eſt fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire
That once hath failed of her ſouſe full neare,
Remounts againe into the open aire,
And vnto better fortune doth her ſelfe prepaire.

So braue returning, with his brandiſht blade,
He to the Carle himſelfe againe addreſt,
And ſtrooke at him ſo ſternely, that he made
An open paſſage through his riuen breſt,

That halfe the steele behind his back did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
When the hart bloud should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore.

Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
All were the wounde so wide and wonderous,
That through his carkasse one might plainely see:
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage, to be deluded thus,
Againe through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full piteous:
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall,
Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
He doubted, least it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
Or aerie spirit vnder false pretence,
Or hellish feend raysd vp through diuelish science.

His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a bodie without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

A while

A while he ſtood in this aſtoniſhment,
Yet would he not for all his great diſmay
Giue ouer to effect his firſt intent,
And th'vtmoſt meanes of victorie aſſay,
Or th'vtmoſt iſſew of his owne decay.
His owne good ſword *Mordure*, that neuer fayld
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright ſhield, that nought him now auayld,
And with his naked hands him forcibly aſſayld.

Twixt his two mightie armes him vp he ſnatcht,
And cruſht his carkaſſe ſo againſt his breſt,
That the diſdainfull ſoule he thence diſpatcht,
And th'idle breath all vtterly expreſt:
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he keſt
The lumpiſh corſe vnto the ſenſeleſſe grownd;
Adowne he keſt it with ſo puiſſant wreſt,
That backe againe it did aloft rebownd,
And gaue againſt his mother earth a gronefull ſownd.

As when *Ioues* harneſſe-bearing Bird from hie
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud diſdaine,
The ſtone-dead quarrey fals ſo forciblie,
That it rebounds againſt the lowly plaine,
A ſecond fall redoubling backe againe.
Then thought the Prince all perill ſure was paſt,
And that he victor onely did remaine;
No ſooner thought, then that the Carle as faſt
Gan heap huge ſtrokes on him, as ere he downe was caſt.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th'amazed knight,
And thought his labour loſt and trauell vaine,
Againſt this life leſſe ſhadow ſo to fight:
Yet life he ſaw, and felt his mightie maine,

That whiles he marueild still, did still him paine:
For thy he gan some other wayes aduize,
How to take life from that dead-liuing swaine,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th'earth, & from her wombe new spirits to reprize.

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
How th'Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
She eke so often, as his life decayd,
Did life with vsury to him restore,
And rayse him vp much stronger then before,
So soone as he vnto her wombe did fall;
Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
Ne him commit to graue terrestriall,
But beare him farre from hope of succour vsuall.

Tho vp he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
And hauing scruzd out of his carrion corse
The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
Vpon his shoulders carried him perforse
Aboue three furlongs, taking his full course,
Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;
Him there into he threw without remorse,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake;
So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did make.

Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spy,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And hauing quenched her burning fier brands,
Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;
But *Impotence* with her owne wilfull hands,
One of *Malegers* cursed darts did take,
So riu'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

Thus

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
Tho comming to his Squire, that kept his steed,
Thought to haue mounted, but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and serued not his need,
Through losse of bloud, which from his wounds did bleed,
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,
With stedfast hand vpon his horse did stay,
And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,
To take him from his steed full tenderly,
And eke the faireſt *Alma* met him there,
With balme and wine and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity;
Eftsoones she causd him vp to be conuayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily,
In sumptuous bed she made him to be layd,
And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.

Cant. XII.

Guyon by Palmers gouernance,
passing through perils great,
Doth ouerthrow the Bowre of blisse,
and Acrasie defeat.

NOw gins this goodly frame of Temperance
Fairely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest praise forth to aduance,
Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountihed;
And this braue knight, that for this vertue fights,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mõgst thousand dangers, & ten thousand magick mights.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,
Ne ought saue perill, still as he did pas:
Tho when appeared the third *Morrow* bright,
Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roaring farre away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright,
And streight they saw the raging surges reard
Vp to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

Said then the Boteman, Palmer stere aright,
And keepe an euen course; for yonder way
We needes must passe (God do vs well acquight,)
That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,

That

That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray:
Which hauing swallowd vp excessiuely,
He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly.

On th'other side an hideous Rocke is pight,
Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For whiles they fly that Gulfes deuouring iawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helplesse wawes.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arriue,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puissance doth striue
To strike his oares, and mightily doth driue
The hollow vessell through the threatfull waue,
Which gaping wide, to swallow them aliue,
In th'huge abysse of his engulfing graue,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror raue.

They passing by, that griesly mouth did see,
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approcheth nigh the wide descent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharpe clifts the ribs of vessels broke,
And shiuered ships, which had bene wrecked late,
Yet stuck, with carkasses exanimate
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
In wanton ioyes, and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwracke violent,
Both of their life, and fame for euer fowly blent.

For thy, this hight *The Rocke of* vile *Reproch*,
A daungerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoarse and bace,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of rauenous race,
Which still sate waiting on that wastfull clift,
For spoyle of wretches, whose vnhappie cace,
After lost credite and consumed thrift,
At last them driuen hath to this despairefull drift.

The Palmer seeing them in safetie past,
Thus said; behold th'ensamples in our sights,
Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast:
What now is left of miserable wights,
Which spent their looser daies in lewd delights,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
Let all that liue, hereby be counselled,
To shunne *Rocke of Reproch*, and it as death to dred.

So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,

Whiles

Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last farre off they many Islands spy,
On euery side floting the floods emong:
Then said the knight, Loe I the land descry,
Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto apply.

That may not be, said then the *Ferryman*
Least we vnweeting hap to be fordonne:
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme lande, nor any certein wonne,
But straggling plots, which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The *wandring Islands*. Therefore doe them shonne;
For they haue oft drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispred
With grassie greene of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaues apparelled,
Are deckt with blossomes dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoeuer once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,
But wandreth euer more vncertein and vnsure.

As th'Isle of *Delos* whylome men report
Amid th'*Aegaan* sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
Till that *Latona* traueiling that way,
Flying from *Iunoes* wrath and hard assay,
Of her faire twins was there deliuered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmely was established,
And for *Apolloes* honor highly herried.

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seemd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Vpon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damzell, dressing of her heare,
By whom a litle skippet floting did appeare.

She them espying, loud to them can call,
Bidding them nigher draw vnto the shore;
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith loudly laught: But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when she saw, she left her lockes vndight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did driue with all her power and might.

Whom ouertaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diuersly,
Now fayning dalliance and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornefully
Scoffing at him, that did her iustly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
Did ferry him ouer the *Idle lake*:
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake,

When

When them the wary Boateman thus beſpake;
Here now behoueth vs well to auyſe,
And of our ſafetie good heede to take;
For here before a perlous paſſage lyes,
Where many Mermayds haunt, making falſe melodies.

But by the way, there is a great Quickſand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardy,
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an euen hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.
Scarſe had he ſaid, when hard at hand they ſpy
That quickſand nigh with water couered;
But by the checked waue they did deſcry
It plaine, and by the ſea diſcoloured:
It called was the quickſand of *Vnthriftyhed.*

They paſſing by, a goodly Ship did ſee,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And brauely furniſhed, as ſhip might bee,
Which through great diſauenture, or meſprize,
Her ſelfe had runne into that hazardize;
Whoſe mariners and merchants with much toyle,
Labour'd in vaine, to haue recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to ſaue from pitteous ſpoyle,
But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recoyle.

On th'other ſide they ſee that perilous Poole,
That called was the *VVhirlepoole of decay*,
In which full many had with hapleſſe doole
Beene ſuncke, of whom no memorie did ſtay:
Whoſe circled waters rapt with whirling ſway,
Like to a reſtleſſe wheele, ſtill running round,
Did couet, as they paſſed by that way,
To draw the boate within the vtmoſt bound
Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them dround.

But th'heedfull Boateman ſtrongly forth did ſtretch
His brawnie armes, and all his body ſtraine,
That th'vtmoſt ſandy breach they ſhortly fetch,
Whiles the dred daunger does behind remaine.
Suddeine they ſee from midſt of all the Maine,
The ſurging waters like a mountaine riſe,
And the great ſea puft vp with proud diſdaine,
To ſwell aboue the meaſure of his guiſe,
As threatning to deuoure all, that his powre deſpiſe.

The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiouſly, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them driue before
His whirling charet, for exceeding feare:
For not one puffe of wind there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much afrayd,
Vnweeting, what ſuch horrour ſtraunge did reare.
Eftſoones they ſaw an hideous hoaſt arrayd,
Of huge Sea monſters, ſuch as liuing ſence diſmayd.

Moſt vgly ſhapes, and horrible aſpects,
Such as Dame Nature ſelfe mote feare to ſee,
Or ſhame, that euer ſhould ſo fowle defects
From her moſt cunning hand eſcaped bee;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and ſea-ſhouldring Whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fiſhes make to flee,
Bright Scolopendraes, arm'd with ſiluer ſcales,
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeaſured tayles.

The dreadfull Fiſh, that hath deſeru'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
The grieſly Waſſerman, that makes his game
The flying ſhips with ſwiftneſſe to purſew,

The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse, then rockes, (as trauellers informe,)
And greedy *Rosmarines* with visages deforme.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waues enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

Feare nought, (then said the Palmer well auiz'd;)
For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke vs dreed,
And draw from on this iourney to proceede.
Tho lifting vp his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

Quit from that daunger, forth their course they kept,
And as they went, they heard a ruefull cry
Of one, that wayld and pittifull wept,
That through the sea the resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely Maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony,
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called euermore.

Which *Guyon* hearing, ſtreight his Palmer bad,
To ſtere the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might know, and eaſe her ſorrow ſad:
Who him auizing better, to him ſayd;
Faire Sir, be not diſpleaſd, if diſobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For ſhe is inly nothing ill apayd,
But onely womaniſh fine forgery,
Your ſtubborne hart t'affect with fraile infirmity.

To which when ſhe your courage hath inclind
Through fooliſh pitty, then her guilefull bayt
She will emboſome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the laſt awayt.
The knight was ruled, and the Boateman ſtrayt
Held on his courſe with ſtayed ſtedfaſtneſſe,
Ne euer ſhruncke, ne euer ſought to bayt
His tyred armes for toyleſome wearineſſe,
But with his oares did ſweepe the watry wilderneſſe.

And now they nigh approched to the ſted,
Where as thoſe Mermayds dwelt: it was a ſtill
And calmy bay, on th'one ſide ſheltered
With the brode ſhadow of an hoarie hill,
On th'other ſide an high rocke toured ſtill,
That twixt them both a peaſaunt port they made,
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
There thoſe fiue ſiſters had continuall trade,
And vſd to bath themſelues in that deceiptfull ſhade.

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly ſtriu'd
With th'*Heliconian* maides for maiſtery;
Of whom they ouer-comen, were depriu'd
Of their proud beautie, and th'one moyity

Transform'd

Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry,
But th'vpper halfe their hew retained still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which euer after they abusd to ill,
T'allure weake trauellers, whom gotten they did kill.

So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applide;
O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
Thou art in mighty armes most magnifide
Aboue all knights, that euer battell tride,
O turne thy rudder hither-ward a while:
Here may thy storme-bet vessell safely ride;
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlds sweet In, from paine & wearisome turmoyle.

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered,
And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
A solemne Meane vnto them measured,
The whiles sweet *Zephirus* lowd whisteled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony;
Which *Guyons* senses softly tickeled,
That he the boateman bad row easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
With temperate aduice discounselled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land, to which their course they leueled;
When suddeinly a grosse fog ouer spred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heauens chearefull face enueloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Vniuerse seemd one confused mas.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, newist
How to direct their way in darkenesse wide,
But feard to wander in that waistfull mist,
For tombling into mischiefe vnespide.
Worse is the daunger hidden, then descride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,
And with their wicked wings them oft did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
The hoars Night-rauen, trump of dolefull drere,
The lether-winged Bat, dayes enimy,
The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
The Whistler shrill, that who so heares, doth dy,
The hellish Harpies, prophets of sad destiny.

All those, and all that else does horrour breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'one did row, and th'other stifly steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it selfe did plainly show.
Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare
The sacred soile, where all our perils grow;
Therefore, Sirknight, your ready armes about you throw.

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble boate so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,

And his sage Palmer, that him gouerned;
But th'other by his boate behind did stay.
They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmely armd for euery hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Vntill they came in vew of those wild beasts:
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their vpstarting crests,
Ran towards, to deuoure those vnexpected guests.

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The Palmer ouer them his staffe vpheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld,
And high aduaunced crests downe meekely feld,
In stead of fraying, they themselues did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him, that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made,
Caduceus the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wonts the *Stygian* realmes inuade,
Through ghastly horrour, and eternall shade;
Th'infernall feends with it he can assuage,
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,
And rule the *Furyes*, when they most do rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arriue,
Whereas the Bowre of *Blisse* was situate;
A place pickt out by choice of best aliue,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which what euer in this worldly state
Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,
Or that may dayntiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
Aswell their entred guestes to keepe within,
As those vnruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,
But wisedomes powre, and temperaunces might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yuory,
That seemd a worke of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous history
Of *Iason* and *Medea* was ywrit;
Her mighty charmes, her furious louing fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and loue too lightly flit,
The wondred *Argo*, which in venturous peece
First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry
Vnder the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waues were into yuory,
Or yuory into the waues were sent;

And other where the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled;
Yt seemd th'enchaunted flame, which did *Creusa* wed.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be red; that euer open stood to all,
Which thither came: but in the Porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That trauellers to him seemd to entize;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That liues, pertaines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth let vs oft forsee,
And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
That secretly doth vs procure to fall,
Through guilefull semblants, which he makes vs see.
He of this Gardin had the gouernall,
And Pleasures porter was deuizd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowed round about, and by his side
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was set,
As if it had to him bene sacrifide;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide:
So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
But he his idle curtesie defide,
And ouerthrew his bowle disdainfully;
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spacious plaine, on euery side
Strowed with pleasaunce, whose faire grassy ground
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early morne.

Thereto the Heauens alwayes louiall,
Lookt on them louely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaues to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
T'afflict the crearures, which therein did dwell,
But the milde aire with season moderate
Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holesome smell.

More sweet and holesome, then the pleasaunt hill
Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nimphe, that bore
A gyaunt babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian *Tempe*, where of yore

Faire

Faire *Daphne Phœbus* hart with loue did gore;
Or *Ida*, where the Gods lou'd to repaire,
When euer they their heauenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;
Of *Eden*, if ought with *Eden* mote compaire.

Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Bridling his will, and maistering his might:
Till that he came vnto another gate,
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a Porch with rare deuice,
Archt ouer head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe, seemed to entice
All passers by, to tast their lushious wine,
And did themselues into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered:
Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselues emongst the leaues enfold,
As lurking from the vew of couetous guest,
That the weake bowes, with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adowne, as ouer-burdened.
Vnder that Porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes, but fowle disordered,
And garments loose, that seemd vnmeet for womanhed.

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd, with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire wine-presse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she vsd to giue to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all Straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to *Guyon* offred it to tast;
Who taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
Who not regarding her displeasure forward goth.

There the most daintie Paradise on ground,
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others happinesse enuye:
The painted flowres, the trees vpshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groues, the Christall running by;
And that, which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would haue thought, (so cunningly, the rude,
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine,)
That nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine;

So

So striuing each th'other to vndermine,
Each did the others worke more beautifie;
So diff'ring both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweete diuersitie,
This Gardin to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substaunce, that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny, that the siluer flood
Through euery channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imageree
Was ouer-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with liuely iollitee,
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whilest others did themselues embay in liquid ioyes.

And ouer all, of purest gold was spred,
A trayle of yuie in his natiue hew:
For the rich mettall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well auis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to be yuie trew:
Low his lasciuious armes adown did creepe,
That themselues dipping in the siluer dew,
Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weepe.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample lauer fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waues one might the bortom see,
All pau'd beneath with Iaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle vpright.

And all the margent round about was set,
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.
As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde,
Their dainty parts from view of any, which them eyde.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Aboue the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as ouer mastered by might,
Where both awhile would couered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the Christall waues appeared plaine:
Then suddeinly both would themselues vnhele,
And th'amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes reuele.

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the *Cyprian* goddesse, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humour dropped downe apace.
Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing a while at his vnwonted guise;
Then th'one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a straunger did avise:

But

But th'other rather higher did ariſe,
And her two lilly paps aloft diſplayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entiſe
To her delights, ſhe vnto him bewrayd:
The reſt hid vnderneath, him more deſirous made.

With that, the other likewiſe vp aroſe,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Vp in one knot, ſhe low adowne did loſe:
Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd arownd,
And th'yuorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire ſpectacle from him was reft,
Yet that, which reft it, no leſſe faire was fownd:
So hid in lockes and waues from lookers theft,
Nought but her louely face ſhe for his looking left.

Withall ſhe laughed, and ſhe bluſht withall,
That bluſhing to her laughter gaue more grace,
And laughter to her bluſhing, as did fall:
Now when they ſpide the knight to ſlacke his pace,
Them to behold, and in his ſparkling face
The ſecret ſignes of kindled luſt appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned, to approch more neare, (reare.
And ſhewd him many ſights, that courage cold could

On which when gazing him the Palmer ſaw,
He much rebukt thoſe wandring eyes of his,
And counſeld well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of bliſs*
Of her fond fauorites ſo nam'd amiſs:
When thus the Palmer; Now Sir, well auiſe;
For here the end of all our trauell is:
Here wonnes *Acraſia*, whom we muſt ſurpriſe,
Elſe ſhe will ſlip away, and all our drift deſpiſe.

Eftſoones they heard a moſt melodious ſound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on liuing ground,
Saue in this Paradiſe, be heard elſwhere:
Right hard it was, for wight, which did it heare,
To read, what manner muſicke that mote bee:
For all that pleaſing is to liuing eare,
Was there conſorted in one harmonee,
Birdes, voyces, inſtruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The ioyous birdes ſhrouded in chearefull ſhade,
Their notes vnto the voyce attempred ſweet;
Th' Angelicall ſoft trembling voyces made
To th'inſtruments diuine reſpondence meet:
The ſiluer ſounding inſtruments did meet
With the baſe murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference diſcreet,
Now ſoft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low anſwered to all.

There, whence that Muſick ſeemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her ſelfe now ſolacing,
With a new Louer, whom through ſorceree
And witchcraft, ſhe from farre did thither bring:
There ſhe had him now layd a ſlombering,
In ſecret ſhade, after long wanton ioyes:
Whilſt round about them pleaſa untly did ſing
Many faire Ladies, and laſciuious boyes,
That euer mixt their ſong with light licentious toyes.

And all that while, right ouer him ſhe hong,
With her falſe eyes faſt fixed in his ſight,
As ſeeking medicine, whence ſhe was ſtong,
Or greedily depaſturing delight:

And

And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

The whiles some one did chaunt this louely lay;
Ah see, who so faire thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may;
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Loe see soone after, how she fades, and falles away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to decke both bed and bowre,
Of many a Ladie, and many a Paramowre:
Gather therefore the Rose, whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of loue, whilest yet is time,
Whilest louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime.

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,
As in approuance of his pleasing words.
The constant paire heard all, that he did say,
Yet swarued not, but kept their forward way,
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Ladie, with her louer lose,
Whose sleepie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Vpon a bed of Roſes ſhe was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleaſant ſin,
And was arayd, or rather diſarayd,
All in a vele of ſilke and ſiluer thin,
That hid no whit her alablaſter skin,
But rather ſhewd more white, if more might bee:
More ſubtile web *Arachne* can not ſpin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen ſee
Of ſcorched deaw, do not in th'aire more lightly flee.

Her ſnowy breſt was bare to readie ſpoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild,
And yet through languour of her late ſweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth diſtild,
That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,
And her faire eyes ſweet ſmyling in delight,
Moyſtened their fierie beames, with which ſhe thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like ſtarry light
Which ſparckling on the ſilent waues, does ſeeme more bright.

The young man ſleeping by her, ſeemd to bee
Some goodly ſwayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pittie was to ſee
Him his nobilitie ſo foule deface;
A ſweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly ſternneſſe did appeare
Yet ſleeping, in his well proportiond face,
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freſhly ſpring, and ſilken bloſſomes beare.

His warlike armes, the idle inſtruments
Of ſleeping praiſe, were hong vpon a tree,
And his braue ſhield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly ra'ſt, that none the ſignes might ſee;

Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought, that did to his aduauncement tend,
But in lewd loues, and waſtfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did ſpend:
O horrible enchantment, that him ſo did blend.

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought, but luſtfull game,
That ſuddein forth they on them ruſht, and threw
A ſubtile net, which onely for the ſame
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
So held them vnder faſt, the whiles the reſt
Fled all away for feare of fowler ſhame.
The faire Enchauntreſſe, ſo vnwares oppreſt,
Tryde all her arts, & all her ſleights, thence out to wreſt.

And eke her louer ſtroue: but all in vaine;
For that ſame net ſo cunningly was wound,
That neither guile, nor force might it diſtraine.
They tooke them both, & both them ſtrongly bound
In captiue bandes, which there they readie found:
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
For nothing elſe might keepe her ſafe and ſound;
But *Verdant* (ſo he hight) he ſoone vntyde,
And counſell ſage in ſteed thereof to him applyde.

But all thoſe pleaſant bowres and Pallace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittileſſe;
Ne ought their goodly workmanſhip might ſaue
Them from the tempeſt of his wrathfulneſſe,
But that their bliſſe he turn'd to balefulneſſe:
Their groues he feld, their gardins did deface,
Their arbers ſpoyld, their Cabinets ſuppreſſe,
Their banket houſes burne, their buildings race,
And of the faireſt late, now made the fowleſt place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
Till they arriued, where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with furie mad.
Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soone did pacify. (did ly.
Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes, which there

Said he, these seeming beasts are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
Whylome her louers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous.
Sad end (quoth he) of life intemperate,
And mournefull meed of ioyes delicious:
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be vnto their former state.

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And streight of beasts they comely men became;
Yet being men they did vnmanly looke,
And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:
But one aboue the rest in speciall,
That had an hog beene late, hight *Grille* by name,
Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth, with vile difference,

To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The donghill kind
Delights in filth and foule incontinence:
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,
But let vs hence depart, whilest wether serues and wind.

To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The doubtfull feare
Delights in euils and loue inconstancee:
Let Guyle be Guyle, and haue his boggish mind,
But let vs hence depart, whilest weather serues and wind.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning,

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS.

OR

Of Chaſtitie.

IT falles me here to write of Chaſtity,
That faireſt vertue, farre aboue the reſt;
For which what needs me fetch from *Faery*
Forreine enſamples, it to haue expreſt?
Sith it is ſhrined in my Soueraines breſt,
And form'd ſo liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it profeſt,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might be by any liuing art.

But liuing art may not leaſt part expreſſe,
Nor life-reſembling pencill it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxiteles*:
His dædale hand would faile, and greatly faint,

And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,
So hard a workmanship aduenture darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence to marre.

How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,
That whylome in diuinest wits did raine,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckless lot doth me constraine
Hereto perforce. But ô dred Soueraine
Thus farre forth pardon, sith that choicest wit
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine
That I in colourd showes may shadow it,
And antique praises vnto present persons fit.

But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
Your selfe you couet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,
Then that sweet verse, with *Nectar* sprinckeled,
In which a gracious seruant pictured
His *Cynthia*, his heauens fairest light?
That with his melting sweetnesse rauished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

But let that same delitious Poet lend
A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse
To sing his mistresse prayse, and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fairest *Cynthia* refuse,
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see,
But either *Gloriana* let her chuse,
Or in *Belphœbe* fashioned to bee:
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee.

CANT.

Cant. I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart,
faire Florimell is chaced:
Duessaes traines and Malecastaes
champions are defaced.

THe famous Briton Prince and Faerie knight,
After long wayes and perilous paines endured,
Hauing their wearie limbes to perfect plight
Restord, and sory wounds right well recured,
Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procured,
To make there lenger soiourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allured,
From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abrode,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiu'd *Acrasia* he sent,
Because of trauell long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to preuent,
And her to Faerie court safe to conuay,
That her for witnesse of his hard assay,
Vnto his *Faerie* Queene he might present:
But he himselfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seeke aduentures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

Long so they trauelled through wastefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glorie and renowmed praise;
Full many Countries they did ouerronne,

From the vprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieue;
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,
And to recouer right for such, as wrong did grieue.

At last as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight, that towards pricked faire,
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seem'd to couch vnder his shield three-square,
As if that age bad him that burden spare,
And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:
He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield,
That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

Which seeing good Sir *Guyon*, deare besought
The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poinant speare, and sharpely gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fierie feete did burne
The verdant grasse, as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foot returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadfull speare against the others head.

They bene ymet, and both their points arrived,
But *Guyon* droue so furious and fell,
That seem'd both shield & plate it would haue riued;
Natheless it bore his foe not from his sell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But *Guyon* selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell,
Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,
That mischieuous mischance his life & limbes did spare.

Great

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For neuer yet, sith warlike armes he bore,
And shiuering speare in bloudie field first shooke,
He found himselfe dishonored so sore.
Ah gentlest knight, that euer armour bore,
Let not thee grieue dismounted to haue beene,
And brought to ground, that neuer wast before;
For not thy fault, but secret powre vnseene,
That speare enchaunted was, which layd thee on the greene.

But weenedst thou what wight thee ouerthrew,
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single damzell thou weirt met
On equall plaine, and there so hard beset;
Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,
Whom straunge aduenture did from *Britaine* fet,
To seeke her louer (loue farre sought alas,)
Whose image she had seene in *Venus* looking glas.

Full of disdainefull wrath, he fiercе vprose,
For to reuenge that foule reprochfull shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
Die rather would he, then endure that same.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill and vntoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should reare:
For death sate on the point of that enchaunted speare.

And hasting towards him gan faire perswade,
Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
For by his mightie Science he had seene

The secret vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance mote not withstond:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happie beene.
Great hazard were it, and aduenture fond,
To loose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

By such good meanes he him discounselled,
From prosecuting his reuenging raige;
And deke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to asswage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed, that swaru'd asyde,
And to the ill purueyance of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmely tyde:
So is his angry courage fairely pacifyde.

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knit,
Through goodly temperance, and affection chaste,
And either vowd with all their power and wit,
To let not others honour be defaste,
Of friend or foe, who euer it embaste,
Ne armes to beare against the others syde:
In which accord the Prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

O goodly vsage of those antique times,
In which the sword was seruant vnto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praise, and proofe of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victorie,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble vse enuie,
Vile rancour to auoid, and cruell surquedrie.

Long

Long they thus trauelled in friendly wise,
Through countries waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking aduentures hard, to exercise
Their puissance, whylome full dernely tryde:
At length they came into a forrest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
Full griesly seem'd: Therein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of liuing creatures none they found,
Saue Beares, Lions, & Buls, which romed them around.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Vpon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Ladie did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Christall stone,
And eke through feare as white as whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fled so fast, that nothing might him hold,
And scarse them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,
As fearing euill, that pursewd her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely dispersit with puffe of euery blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispred,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast:
But the sage wisard telles, as he has red,
That it importunes death and dolefull drerihed.

So as they gazed after her a while,
Lo where a griesly Foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:
His tyreling iade he fiercely forth did push,

Through thicke and thin, both ouer banke and bush
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gorie sides the bloud did gush:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare he shooke.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great enuie and fell gealosy;
They stayd not to auise, who first should bee,
But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The Prince and *Guyon* equally byliue
Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame aliue:
But after the foule foster *Timias* did striue.

The whiles faire *Britomart*, whose constant mind,
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies Loue, did stay behind,
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:
But when she saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perlous Pace,
With stedfast courage and stout hardiment;
Ne euill thing she fear'd, ne euill thing she ment.

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately Castle farre away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:
But faire before the gate a spatious plaine,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw sixe knights, that did darraine
Fierce battell against one, with cruell might and maine.

Mainely

Mainly they all attonce vpon him laid,
And sore beset on euery side around,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,
Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground,
All had he lost much bloud through many a wound,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way
To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,
Made them recoile, and fly from dred decay,
That none of all the sixe before, him durst assay.

Like dastard Curres, that hauing at a bay
The saluage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not aduenture on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place,
To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy,
When *Britomart* him saw, she ran a pace
Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
Bad those same sixe forbeare that single enimy.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse,
But gathering him round about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encreasse;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse,
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken vnto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquyre
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

Whereto that single knight did answere frame;
These sixe would me enforce by oddes of might,
To chaunge my liefe, and loue another Dame,
That death me liefer were, then such despight.

So vnto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I loue one, the trueſt one on ground,
Ne liſt me chaunge; ſhe th'*Errant Damzell* hight,
For whoſe deare ſake full many a bitter ſtownd,
I haue endur'd, and taſted many a bloudy wound.

Certes (ſaid ſhe) then bene ye fixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to iuſtifie:
For knight to leaue his Ladie were great ſhame,
That faithfull is, and better were to die.
All loſſe is leſſe, and leſſe the infamie,
Then loſſe of loue to him, that loues but one;
Ne may loue be compeld by maiſterie;
For ſoone as maiſterie comes, ſweet loue anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and ſoone away is gone.

Then ſpake one of thoſe ſixe, There dwelleth here
Within this caſtle wall a Ladie faire,
Whoſe ſoueraine beautie hath no liuing pere,
Thereto ſo bounteous and ſo debonaire,
That neuer any mote with her compaire.
She hath ordaind this law, which we approue,
That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,
In caſe he haue no Ladie, nor no loue,
Shall doe vnto her ſeruice neuer to remoue.

But if he haue a Ladie or a Loue,
Then muſt he her forgoe with foule defame,
Or elſe with vs by dint of ſword approue,
That ſhe is fairer, then our faireſt Dame,
As did this knight, before ye hither came.
Perdie (ſaid *Britomart*) the choiſe is hard:
But what reward had he, that ouercame?
He ſhould aduaunced be to high regard,
(Said they) and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

There-

Therefore a read Sir, if thou haue a loue,
Loue haue I sure, (quoth she) but Lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne loue remoue,
Ne to your Lady will I seruice done,
But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight a-lone,
And proue his cause. With that her mortall speare
She mightily auentred towards one,
And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare,
Then to the next she rode, & downe the next did beare.

Ne did she stay, till three on ground she layd,
That none of them himselfe could reare againe;
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine,
That now there do but two of six remaine;
Which two did yield, before she did them smight.
Ah (said she then) now may ye all see plaine,
That truth is strong, and trew loue most of might,
That for his trusty seruaunts doth so strongly fight.

Too well we see, (said they) and proue too well
Our faulty weaknesse, and your matchlesse might:
For thy faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liege men faith vnto you plight.
So vnderneath her feet their swords they shard,
And after her besought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
She graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of *Castle Ioyeous*,
(For so that Castle hight by commune name)
Where they were entertaind with curteous

And comely glee of many gracious
Faire Ladies, and many a gentle knight,
Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought vnto their Ladies sight.
That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight.*

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:
For liuing wit, I weene, cannot display
The royall riches and exceeding cost,
Of euery pillour and of euery post;
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great pearles and pretious stones embost,
That the bright glister of their beames cleare
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

These straunger knights through passing, forth were led
Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee
And rich purueyance might vneath be red;
Mote Princes place be seeme so deckt to bee.
Which stately manner when as they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guize
Might be maintayn'd, and each gan diuersely deuize.

The wals were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Toure*,
In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The loue of *Venus* and her Paramoure
The faire *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare deuice, and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her assayd with many a feruent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

Then

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entyst the Boy, as well that art she knew,
And wooed him her Paramoure to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his Beauperes, and from bright heauens vew,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

And whilst he slept, she ouer him would spred
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay vnderneath his hed,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whilest he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes,
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,
And fragrant violets, and Pances trim,
And euer with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
And ioyd his loue in secret vnespyde.
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the saluage beast in forrest wyde,
Dreadfull of daunger, that mote him betyde,
She oft and oft aduiz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pryde
Mote breede him scath vnwares: but all in vaine;
For who can shun the chaunce, that dest'ny doth ordaine?

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wild Bore,
And by his side the Goddesse groueling
Makes for him endlesse mone, and euermore

With her ſoft garment wipes away the gore,
Which ſtaines his ſnowy skin with hatefull hew:
But when ſhe ſaw no helpe might him reſtore,
Him to a dainty flowre ſhe did tranſmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for vntimely eaſe, ſome for delight,
As pleaſed them to vſe, that vſe it might:
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
Dauncing and reueling both day and night,
And ſwimming deepe in ſenſuall deſires,
And *Cupid* ſtill emongſt them kindled luſtfull fires.

And all the while ſweet Muſicke did diuide
Her looſer notes with *Lydian* harmony;
And all the while ſweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of loue and iollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim conſort.
Which when thoſe knights beheld, with ſcornefull eye,
They ſdeigned ſuch laſciuious diſport,
And loath'd the looſe demeanure of that wanton ſort.

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,
Whom they found ſitting on a ſumptuous bed,
That gliſtred all with gold and glorious ſhew,
As the proud *Perſian* Queenes accuſtomed:
She ſeemd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beautie, ſauing that askaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill ſignes of womanhed,
Did roll too highly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

Long

Long worke it were, and needleſſe to deuize
Their goodly entertainement and great glee:
She cauſed them be led in curteous wize
Into a bowre, diſarmed for to bee,
And cheared well with wine and ſpiceree:
The *Redcroſſe* Knight was ſoone diſarmed there,
But the braue Mayd would not diſarmed bee,
But onely vented vp her vmbriere,
And ſo did let her goodly viſage to appere.

As when faire *Cynthia*, in darke ſome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enueloped,
Where ſhe may find the ſubſtaunce thin and light,
Breakes forth her ſiluer beames, and her bright hed
Diſcouers to the world diſcomfited;
Of the poore traueller, that went aſtray,
With thouſand bleſſings ſhe is heried;
Such was the beautie and the ſhining ray,
With which faire *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day.

And eke thoſe ſix, which lately with her fought,
Now were diſarmd, and did themſelues preſent
Vnto her vew, and company vnſoght;
For they all ſeemed curteous and gent,
And all ſixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them trayned in all ciuilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
And her knights ſeruice ought, to hold of her in fee.

The firſt of them by name *Gardante* hight,
A iolly perſon, and of comely vew;
The ſecond was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
And next to him *Iocante* did enſew;

Basciante did him selfe most curteous shew;
But fierce *Bacchante* seemd too fell and keene;
And yet in armes *Noctante* greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene,
But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

For she was full of amiable grace,
And manly terrour mixed therewithall,
That as the one stird vp affections base,
So th'other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe, that would in errour fall;
As he, that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
To which sharpe thornes and breres the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off, his idle wish doth lose.

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignoraunt of her contrary sex,
(For she her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
She greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceiued hasty fire,
Like sparkes of fire, which fall in slender flex,
That shortly brent into extreme desire,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entire.

Eftsoones she grew to great impatience
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discouered her incontinence,
Ne reckt she, who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was giuen all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honour put to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathy sight,

Faire

Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued arre,
And chaſte deſires do nouriſh in your mind,
Let not her fault your ſweet affections marre,
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind;
'Mongſt thouſands good one wanton Dame to find:
Emongſt the Roſes grow ſome wicked weeds;
For this was not to loue, but luſt inclind;
For loue does alwayes bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle hart deſire of honour breeds.

Nought ſo of loue this looſer Dame did skill,
But as a coale to kindle fleſhly flame,
Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading vnder foote her honeſt name:
Such loue is hate, and ſuch deſire is ſhame.
Still did ſhe roue at her with crafty glaunce
Of her falſe eyes, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But *Britomart* diſſembled it with ignoraunce.

Supper was ſhortly dight and downe they ſat,
Where they were ſerued with all ſumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull *Ceres* and *Lyaeus* fat
Pourd out their plenty, without ſpight or ſpare:
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
And aye the cups their bancks did ouerflow,
And aye betweene the cups, ſhe did prepare
Way to her loue, and ſecret darts did throw;
But *Britomart* would not ſuch guilfull meſſage know.

So when they ſlaked had the feruent heat
Of appetite with meates of euery ſort,
The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,
Her to diſarme, and with delightfull ſport

There-

To looſe her warlike limbs and ſtrong effort,
But when ſhe mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For ſhe her ſexe vnder that ſtraunge purport
Did vſe to hide, and plaine apparaunce ſhonne:)
In plainer wiſe to tell her grieuaunce ſhe begonne.

And all attonce diſcouered her deſire
With ſighes, and ſobs, and plaints, & piteous griefe,
The outward ſparkes of her in burning fire;
Which ſpent in vaine, at laſt ſhe told her briefe,
That but if ſhe did lend her ſhort reliefe,
And do her comfort, ſhe mote algates dye.
But the chaſte damzell, that had neuer priefe
Of ſuch malengine and fine forgerie,
Did eaſily beleeue her ſtrong extremitie.

Full eaſie was for her to haue beliefe,
Who by ſelf-feeling of her feeble ſexe,
And by long triall of the inward griefe,
Wherewith imperious loue her hart did vexe,
Could iudge what paines do louing harts perplexe.
Who meanes no guile, beguiled ſooneſt ſhall;
And to faire ſemblaunce doth light faith annexe;
The bird, that knowes not the falſe fowlers call,
Into his hidden net full eaſily doth fall.

For thy ſhe would not in diſcourteiſe wiſe,
Scorne the faire offer of good will profeſt;
For great rebuke it is, loue to deſpiſe,
Or rudely ſdeigne a gentle harts requeſt;
But with faire countenaunce, as beſeemed beſt,
Her entertaynd; nath'leſſe ſhe inly deemd
Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring gueſt:
Which ſhe miſconſtruing, thereby eſteemd (ſteemd,
That from like inward fire that outward ſmoke had

There-

Therewith a while she her slit fancy fed,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire,
But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away,
And euery knight, and euery gentle Squire
Gan choose his dame with *Bastiomani* gay,
With whom he meant to make his sport & courtly play.

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make loue, some to make meriment,
As diuerse wits to diuers things apply;
And all the while faire *Malecasta* bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th'eternall lampes, wherewith high *Ioue*
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge *Atlas* stroue
Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their weary droue.

High time it seemed then for euery wight
Them to betake vnto their kindly rest;
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light,
Vnto their bowres to guiden euery gueſt:
Tho when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Auoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe commit to her soft fetheredneſt,
Where through long watch, & late dayes weary toile,
She soundly slept, & carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and euery mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire *Malecasta*, whose engrieued spright

Could find no reſt in ſuch perplexed plight,
Lightly aroſe out of her wearie bed,
And vnder the blacke vele of guilty Night,
Her with a ſcarlot mantle couered,
That was with gold and Ermines faire enueloped.

Then panting ſoft, and trembling euery ioynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre ſhe moued;
Where ſhe for ſecret purpoſe did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwiſely loued,
And to her bed approching, firſt ſhe prooued,
Whether ſhe ſlept or wakt, with her ſoft hand
She ſoftly felt, if any member mooued,
And lent her weary eare to vnderſtand,
If any puffe of breath, or ſigne of ſence ſhe fond.

Which whenas none ſhe fond, with eaſie ſhift,
For feare leaſt her vnwares ſhe ſhould abrayd,
Th'embroderd quilt ſhe lightly vp did lift,
And by her ſide her ſelfe ſhe ſoftly layd,
Of euery fineſt fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noiſe ſhe made, ne word ſhe ſpake,
But inly ſigh'd. At laſt the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet ſlomber did awake,
And chaungd her weary ſide, the better eaſe to take.

Where feeling one cloſe couched by her ſide,
She lightly lept out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame halfe ded
Through ſudden feare and ghaſtly dretihed,
Did ſhricke alowd, that through the houſe it rong,
And the whole family therewith adred,
Raſhly out of their rouzed couches ſprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

And

And those six Knights that Ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe vnarmd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their Lady lying on the seneeleſſe grownd;
On th'other side, they saw the warlike Mayd
All in her snow-white smocke, with locks vnbownd,
Threatning the point of her auenging blade,
That with so troublous terrour they were all dismayde.

About their Lady first they flockt arownd,
Whom hauing laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frosen swownd;
And afterwards they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contecke broch:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approch,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselues emboſſe;
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloudy Crosse.

But one of those sixe knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not, till it was seene
To gore her side, yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple bloud thereout did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steepe.

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:

Here, there, and euery where about her swayd
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abide;
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good aid,
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and side to side,
That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifide.

Tho whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble *Britomartis* her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade
Was vsd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent:
So earely ere the grosse Earthes gryesy shade,
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, & forth vpõ their iourney went.

Cant. II.

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
describeth Artegall:
The wondrous myrrhour, by which she
in loue with him did fall.

HEre haue I cause, in men iust blame to find,
That in their proper prayse too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and cheualrie
They do impart, ne maken memorie
Of their braue gestes and prowesse martiall;
Scarse do they spare to one or two or three,
Rowme in their writs; yet the same writing small
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all,

But

But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploits themselues inclind:
Of which they still the girlond bore away,
Till enuious Men fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty;
Yet sith they warlike armes haue layd away,
They haue exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'enuy.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Be thou faire *Britomart*, whose prayse I write,
But of all wisedome be thou precedent,
O soueraigne Queene, whose prayse I would endite,
Endite I would as dewtie doth excite;
But ah my rimes too rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an obiect they do lite,
And striuing, fit to make, I feare do marre:
Thy selfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen farre.

She trauelling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of sundry things faire purpose gan to find,
T'abridg their iourney long, and lingring day;
Mongst which it fell into that Faeries mind,
To aske this Briton Mayd, what vncouth wind,
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest,
But fairest knight aliue, when armed was her brest.

Therat she sighing softly, had no powre
To speake a while, ne ready answere make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a feuer fit, did quake,

And euery daintie limbe with horrour shake;
And eurf and anone the rosy red,
Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmined;
At last the passion past she thus him answered.

Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from nourses tender pap,
I haue beene trained vp in warlike stowre,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike ryder to his most mishap;
Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
Me leuer were with point of foemans speare be dead.

All my delight on deedes of armes is set,
To hunt out perils and aduentures hard,
By sea, by land, where so they may be met,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of richesse or reward.
For such intent into these parts I came,
Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
Far fro my natiue soyle, that is by name
The greater *Britaine*, here to seeke for prayse and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
Do many famous Knightes and Ladies wonne,
And many straunge aduentures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right curteous knight,
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and *Arthegall* he hight.

The

The word gone out, she backe againe would call,
As her repenting so to haue missayd,
But that he it vp-taking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered; Faire martiall Mayd
Certes ye misauised beene, t'vpbrayd
A gentle knight with so vnknightly blame:
For weet ye well of all, that euer playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name;

For thy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should euer enter in his bounteous thought,
Or euer do, that more deseruen blame:
The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
That may vnworthy of it selfe be thought.
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
Least that too farre ye haue your sorrow sought:
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her Loue so highly magnifide,
And idyd that euer she affixed had,
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifide,
How euer finely she it faind to hide:
The louing mother, that nine monethes did beare,
In the deare closet of her painefull side,
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much reioyce, as she reioyced theare.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,
Her list in strifull termes with him to balke,
And thus replide, How euer, Sir, ye file

Your curteous tongue, his prayses to compile,
It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguile
A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

Let be therefore my vengeaunce to dissuade,
And read, where I that fayre your false may find.
Ah, but if reason faire might you perswade,
To slake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
(Said he) perhaps ye should it better find:
For hardy thing it is, to weene by might,
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or euer hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowesse paragon saw neuer liuing wight.

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,
Where now on earth, or how he may be found;
For he not wonneth in one certaine stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world around,
Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
Defending Ladies cause, and Orphans right,
Where so he heares, that any doth confound
Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;
So is his soueraine honour raisde to heavens hight.

His feeling words her feeble sence much pleased,
And softly sunck into her molten hart;
Harm that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
With hope of thing, that may allegge his smart;
For pleasing words are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay:
Such secret ease felt gentle *Britomart*,
Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay;
So dischord oft in Musick makes the sweeter lay.

And

And said, Sir knight, these idle termes forbeare,
And sith it is vneath to find his haunt,
Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,
If chaunce I him encounter parauaunt;
For perdie one shall other slay, or daunt: (what sted,
What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed,
And what so else his person most may vaunt?
All which the *Redcrosse* knight to point ared,
And him in euery part before her fashioned.

Yet him in euery part before she knew,
How euer list her now her knowledge faine,
Sith him whilome in *Britaine* she did vew,
To her reuealed in a mirrhour plaine,
Whereof did grow her first engrafted paine;
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did tast,
That but the fruit more sweetnesse did containe,
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote wast,
And yield the pray of loue to lothsome death at last.

By strange occasion she did him behold,
And much more strangely gan to loue his sight,
As it in bookes hath written bene of old.
In *Debeubarth* that now South-wales is hight,
What time king *Ryence* raign'd, and dealed right,
The great Magitian *Merlin* had deuiz'd,
By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,
A looking glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,
Whose vertues through the wyde world soone were so- (lemniz'd.
It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,
What euer thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and heauens hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd;

What euer foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discouered was, he ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
For thy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world it selfe, and seem'd a world of glas.

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?
But who does wonder, that has red the Towre,
Wherein th'Ægyptian *Rhao* long did lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
Great *Ptolomee* it for his lemans sake
Ybuilded all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet when his loue was false, he with a peaze it brake.

Such was the glassie globe that *Merlin* made,
And gaue vnto king *Ryence* for his gard,
That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd.
It was a famous Present for a Prince,
And worthy worke of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes conuince;
Happie this Realme, had it remained euer since.

One day it fortuned, faire *Britomart*
Into her fathers closet to repayre;
For nothing he from her reseru'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,
Her selfe a while therein she vewd in vaine;
Tho her auizing of the vertues rare,
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of, that mote to her selfe pertaine.

But

But as it falleth, in the gentleſt harts
Imperious Loue hath higheſt ſet his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter ſmarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this Mayd (as maydens vſe to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Not that ſhe luſted after any one;
For ſhe was pure from blame of ſinfull blot,
Yet wiſt her life at laſt muſt lincke in that ſame knot.

Eftſoones there was preſented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,
Through whoſe bright ventayle lifted vp on hye
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And friends to termes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt foorth, as *Phœbus* face out of the eaſt,
Betwixt two ſhadie mountaines doth arize;
Portly his perſon was, and much increaſt
Through his Heroicke grace, and honorable geſt.

His creſt was couered with a couchant Hound,
And all his armour ſeem'd of antique mould,
But wondrous maſſie and aſſured ſound,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win.
And on his ſhield enueloped ſeuenfold
He bore a crowned litle Ermilin,
That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

The Damzell well did vew his perſonage,
And liked well, ne further faſtned not,
But went her way; ne her vnguilty age
Did weene, vnwares, that her vnlucky lot

Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot,
Of hurt vnwist most daunger doth redound:
But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her wretlesse wofull stound.

Thenceforth the feather in her lostie creſt,
Ruffed of loue, gan lowly to auaile,
And her proud portance, and her princely geſt,
With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaile:
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe; yet wist she neither how, nor why,
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,
Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defast the beautie of the shining sky,
And reft from men the worlds desired yew,
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;
But sleepe full farre away from her did fly:
In stead thereof sad sighes, and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe
Her daintie couch with teares, which closely she did weepe.

And if that any drop of slombring reſt
Did chaunce to still into her wearie spright,
When feeble nature felt her selfe oppreſt,
Streight way with dreames, and with fantasticke sight
Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that faire visage, written in her hart.

One

One night, when she was toſt with ſuch vnreſt,
Her aged Nurſe, whoſe name was *Glauce* hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed neſt,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe in her warme bed her dight;
Ah my deare daughter, ah my deareſt dread,
What vncouth fit (ſaid ſhe) what euill plight
Hath thee oppreſt, and with ſad drearyhead
Chaunged thy liuely cheare, and liuing made thee dead?

For not of nought theſe ſuddeine ghaſtly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repoſe,
And all the day, when as thine equall peares
Their fit diſports with faire delight doe choſe,
Thou in dull corners doeſt thy ſelfe incloſe,
Ne taſteſt Princes pleaſures, ne doeſt ſpred
Abroad thy freſh youthes faireſt flowre, but loſe
Both leafe and fruit, both too vntimely ſhed,
As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beaſtes do reſt,
And euery riuer eke his courſe forbeares
Then doth this wicked euill thee infeſt,
And riue with thouſand throbs thy thrilled breſt;
Like an huge *Aetn*' of deepe engulfed griefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow cheſt,
Whence forth it breakes in ſighes and anguiſh rife,
As ſmoke and ſulphure mingled with confuſed ſtrife.

Aye me, how much I feare, leaſt loue it bee;
But if that loue it be, as ſure I read
By knowen ſignes and paſſions, which I ſee,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall ſead,

Then I auow by this moſt ſacred head
Of my deare foſter child, to eaſe thy griefe,
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre, tell me therefore my liefeſt liefe.

So hauing ſaid, her twixt her armes twaine
She ſtraightly ſtraynd, and colled tenderly,
And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine
She ſoftly felt, and rubbed buſily,
To doe the froſen cold away to fly;
And her faire deawy eies with kiſſes deare
She oft did bath, and oft againe did dry;
And euer her importund, not to feare
To let the ſecret of her hart to her appeare.

The Damzell pauzd, and then thus fearefully;
Ah Nurſe, what needeth thee to eke my paine?
Is not enough, that I alone doe dye,
But it muſt doubled be with death of twaine?
For nought for me but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare (ſaid ſhe) deſpaire no whit;
For neuer ſore, but might a ſalue obtaine:
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly ſmit,
Another arrow hath your louers hart to hit.

But mine is not (quoth ſhe) like others wound;
For which no reaſon can find remedy.
Was neuer ſuch, but mote the like be found,
(Said ſhe) and though no reaſon may apply
Salue to your ſore, yet loue can higher flye,
Then reaſons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
But neither God of loue, nor God of ſky
Can doe (ſaid ſhe) that, which cannot be donne.
Things oft impoſſible (quoth ſhe) ſeeme, ere begonne.

These idle words (said she) dos nought asswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoyance breed,
For no no vsuall fire, no vsuall rage
It is, ô Nurse, which on my life doth feed,
And suckes the bloud, which from my hart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whose loue hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde.

Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight;
For then some hope I might vnto me draw,
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I neuer saw,
Hath me subiected to loues cruell law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
And pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,
Vnwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and so sore
Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,
That all mine entrailes flow with poysnous gore,
And th'vlcer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my running sore find remedie,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe falne from the tree,
Till death make one end of my dayes and miserie.

Daughter (said she) what need ye be dismayd,
Or why make ye such Monster of your mind?
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrarie vnto kind:

But this affection nothing straunge I find;
For who with reason can you aye reproue,
To loue the semblant pleasing most your mind,
And yield your heart, whence ye cannot remoue?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

Not so th'*Arabian Myrrhe* did set her mind;
Not so did *Biblis* spend her pining hart,
But lou'd their native flesh against all kind,
And to their purpose vsed wicked art:
Yet playd *Pasiphaë* a more mosttrous part,
That lou'd a Bull, and learnd a beast to bee;
Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart
From course of nature and of modestie?
Sweet loue such lewdnes bands from his faire companie.

But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my deare)
Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seemes bestowed not amis:
Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall blis.
With that vpleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alablasted brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
As it an Earth-quake were; at last she thus bespake.

Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease;
For though my loue be not so lewdly bent,
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse griefe augment.
For they, how euer shamefull and vnkind,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
Short end of sorrowes they thereby did find; (mind.
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

But

But wicked fortune mine, though mind be good,
Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for food,
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
Affection, I doe languish and expire.
I fonder, then *Cephisus* foolish child,
Who hauing vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the loue thereof beguild;
I fonder loue a shade, the bodie farre exild.

Nought like (quoth she) for that same wretched boy
Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure;
Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lou'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a bodie hath in powre:
That bodie, wheresoeuer that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

But if thou may with reason yet represse
The growing euill, ere it strength haue got,
And thee abandond wholly doe possesse,
Against it strongly striue, and yield thee not,
Till thou in open field adowne be smot.
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs loue or death must be thy lot,
Then I auow to thee, by wrong or right
To compasse thy desire, and find that loued knight.

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefully displayd

The clothes about her round with busie ayd;
So that at last a little creeping sleepe
Surprisd her sense: She therewith well apayd,
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did steepe,
And set her by to watch, and set her by to weepe.

Earely the morrow next, before that day
His ioyous face did to the world reueale,
They both vprose and tooke their readie way
Vnto the Church, their prayers to appeale,
With great deuotion, and with litle zeale:
For the faire Damzell from the holy herse
Her loue-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reuerse.

Returned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fit; for why, no powre
Nor guidance of her selfe in her did dwell.
But th'aged Nurse her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Sauine, and the flowre
Of *Camphara*, and Calamint, and Dill,
All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,
And many drops of milke and bloud through it did spill.

Then taking thrise three haires from off her head,
Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
And after hauing whispered a space
Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and bace,
She to the virgin said, thrise said she it;
Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,
Spit thrise vpon me, thrise vpon me spit;
Th'vneuen number for this businesse is most fit.

That

That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrarie to the Sunne,
Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd,
All contrary, for she the right did shunne,
And euer what she did, was streight vndonne.
So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:
But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No idle charmes so lightly may remoue,
That well can witnesse, who by triall it does proue.

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auayle,
Ne slake the furie of her cruell flame,
But that she still did waste, and still did wayle,
That through long langour, and hart-burning brame
She shortly like a pyned ghost became,
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond.
That when old *Glauce* saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstond.

Cant. III.

Merlin bewrayes to Brutomart,
the state of Artegall.
And shewes the famous Progeny
which from them springen shall.

MOst sacred fire, that burnest mightily
In liuing brests, ykindled first aboue,
Emongst th'eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which men call Loue;

Not that fame, which doth baſe affections moue
In brutiſh minds, and filthy luſt inflame,
But that ſweet fit, that doth true beautie loue,
And choſeth vertue for his deareſt Dame,
Whence ſpring all noble deeds and neuer dying fame:

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,
That ouer mortall minds haſt ſo great might,
To order them, as beſt to thee doth ſeeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatall purpoſe of diuine foreſight,
Thou doeſt effect in deſtined deſcents,
Through deepe impreſſion of thy ſecret might,
And ſtirredſt vp th'Heroes high intents,
Which the late world admyres for wondrous moniments.

But thy dread darts in none doe triumph more,
Ne brauer proofe in any, of thy powre
Shew'dſt thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
Making her ſeeke an vnknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter ſtowre:
From whoſe two loynes thou afterwards did rayſe
Moſt famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre, (prayſe,
Which through the earth haue ſpred their liuing
That fame in trompe of gold eternally diſplayes.

Begin then, ô my deareſt ſacred Dame,
Daughter of *Phœbus* and of *Memorie*,
That doeſt ennoble with immortall name
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitie,
In thy great volume of Eternitie:
Begin, ô *Clio*, and recount from hence
My glorious Soueraines goodly auncеſtie,
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,
Thou haue it laſtly brought vnto her Excellence.

Full

Full many wayes within her troubled mind,
Old *Glauce* cast, to cure this Ladies griefe:
Full many waies she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that is chiefe
And choisest med'cine for sicke harts reliefe:
For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to foule repriefe,
And sore reproch, when so her father deare
Should of his deerest daughters hard misfortune heare.

At last she her auisd, that he, which made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell
So straungely vewed her straunge louers shade,
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,
And by what meanes his loue might best be wrought:
For though beyond the *Africk Ismaell*,
Or th'Indian *Pern* he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeuour to haue sought.

Forthwith themselues disguising both in straunge
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
To *Maridunum*, that is now by chaunge
Of name *Cayr-Merdin* cald, they tooke their way:
There the wise *Merlin* whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low vnderneath the ground,
In a deepe delue, farre from the vew of day,
That of no liuing wight he mote be found,
When so he counseld with his sprights encõpast round.

And if thou euer happen that same way
To trauell, goe to see that dreadfull place:
It is an hideous hollow caue (they say)
Vnder a rocke that lyes a litle space

From the swift *Barry*, tombling downe apace,
Emongst the woodie hilles of *Dyneuowre*:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace,
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
For fear the cruell Feends should thee vnwares deuowre.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,
And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
Doe tosse, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,
And oftentimes great grones, and grieuous stounds,
When too huge toile and labour them constraines:
And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sounds
From vnder that deepe Rocke most horribly rebounds.

The cause some say is this: A litle while
Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,
A brasen wall in compas to compile
About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend
Vnto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
During which worke the Ladie of the Lake,
Whom long he lou'd, for him in hast did send,
Who thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
Them bound till his returne, their labour not to slake.

In the meane time through that false Ladies traine,
He was surprisd, and buried vnder beare,
Ne euer to his worke returnd againe:
Nath'lesse those feends may not their worke forbeare,
So greatly his commaundement they feare,
But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,
Vntill that brasen wall they vp doe reare:
For *Merlin* had in Magicke more insight,
Then euer him before or after liuing wight.

For

For he by words could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay:
The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darkesome night he eke could turne to day:
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meaneſt things could frame,
When so him list his enimies to fray:
That to this day for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

And sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,
On a faire Ladie Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
Who was the Lord of *Mathraual* by right,
And cosen vnto king *Ambrosius*:
Whence he indued was with skill so maruellous.

They here ariuing, staid a while without,
Ne durst aduenture rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout
For dread of daunger, which it might portend:
Vntill the hardie Mayd (with loue to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found
Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing strange characters in the ground,
With which the stubborn feends he to his seruice bound.

He nought was moued at their entrance bold:
For of their comming well he wist afore,
Yet list them bid their businesse to vnfold,
As if ought in this world in secret store

Were from him hidden, or vnknowne of yore.
Then *Glauce* thus, let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darkesome dore,
Vnwares haue preast: for either fatall end,
Or other mightie cause vs two did hither send.

He bad tell on; And then she thus began.
Now haue three Moones with borrow'd brothers light,
Thrice shined faire, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,
Sith a sore euill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth, and doth plonge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it more bee,
Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright:
But this I read, that but if remedee,
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smyle
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well,
That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
And to her said, Beldame, by that ye tell,
More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,
Then of my skill: who helpe may haue elsewhere,
In vaine seekes wonders out of Magicke spell.
Th'old woman wox half blanck, those words to heare;
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare.

And to him said, If any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes could haue redreast
This my deare daughters deepe engraffed ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest:
But this sad euill, which doth her infest,
Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
And housed is within her hollow breast,
That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

The

The wisard could no lenger beare her bord,
But bursting forth in laughter, to her sayd;
Glauce, what needs this colourable word,
To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd?
Ne ye faire *Britomartis*, thus arayd,
More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obayd,
Hath hither brought, for succour to appele:
The which the powres to thee are pleased to reuele.

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,
Was all abasht, and her pure yuory
Into a cleare Carnation suddeine dyde;
As faire *Aurora* rising hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell, that she did lye
All night in old *Tithonus* frosen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.
But her old Nourse was nought dishartened,
But vauntage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared.

And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,
(For what doest not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our plaint, and yield vs meet reliefe.
With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan forth display;
Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to loue, let no whit thee dismay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore.
And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore.

For so must all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin,
Till they to heauens hight forth stretched bee.

For from thy wombe a famous Progenie
Shall spring, out of the auncient *Troian* blood,
Which shall reuiue the sleeping memorie
Of those fame antique Peres, the heauens brood,
Which *Greece* and *Asian* riuers stained with their blood.

Renowmed kings, and sacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Offpring, shall from thee descend;
Braue Captaines, and most mighty warriours,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall vpreare, and mightily defend
Against their forrein foe, that comes from farre,
Till vniuersall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
Glauncing vnwares in charmed looking glas,
But the streight course of heauenly destiny,
Led with eternall prouidence, that has
Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To loue the proweſt knight, that euer was.
Therefore submit thy wayes vnto his will,
And do by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.

But read (said *Glauce*) thou Magitian
What meanes shall she out seeke, or what wayes take?
How shall she know, how shall she find the man?
Or what needs her to toyle, sith fates can make
Way for themselues, their purpose to partake?
Then *Merlin* thus; Indeed the fates are firme,
And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake:
Yet ought mens good endeuours them confirme,
And guide the heauenly causes to their constant terme.

The man whom heauens haue ordaynd to bee
The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:
He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all
To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whilome by false *Faries* stolne away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a *Fay*.

But sooth he is the sonne of *Gorlois*,
And brother vnto *Cador* Cornish king,
And for his warlike feates renowmed is,
From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
Vntill the closure of the Euening.
From thence, him firmely bound with faithfull band,
To this his natiue soyle thou backe shalt bring,
Strongly to aide his countrey, to withstand
The powre of forrein Paynims, which inuade thy land.

Great aid thereto his mighty puissaunce,
And dreaded name shall giue in that sad day:
Where also proofe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy louers pray.
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischiefe fall.

Where thee yet shall he leaue for memory
Of his late puissaunce, his Image dead,
That liuing him in all actiuity
To thee shall represent. He from the head

Of his cousin *Constantius* without dread
Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in th'others stead:
Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might,
Against his Saxon foes in bloudy field to fight.

Like as a Lyon, that in drowsie caue
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake,
And comming forth, shall spred his banner braue
Ouer the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake:
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win,
But the third time shall faire accordaunce make:
And if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

His sonne, hight *Vortipore*, shall him succeede
In kingdome, but not in felicity;
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many battels try:
But at the last, to th'importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield.
But his sonne *Malgo* shall full mightily
Auenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see;
How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
That one of th'old *Heroes* seemes to bee:
He the six Islands, comprouinciall
In auncient times vnto great Britainee,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sundry kings to do their homage seuerall.

All

All which his ſonne *Careticus* awhile
Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre ſuppreſſe,
Vntill a ſtraunger king from vnkowne ſoyle
Arriuing, him with multitude oppreſſe;
Great *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightineſſe
Ireland ſubdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a ſwift Otter, fell through emptineſſe,
Shall ouerſwim the ſea with many one
Of his Norueyſes, to aſſiſt the Britons fone.

He in his furie all ſhall ouerrunne,
And holy Church with faithleſſe hands deface,
That thy ſad people vtterly fordonne,
Shall to the vtmoſt mountaines fly apace:
Was neuer ſo great waſt in any place,
Nor ſo fowle outrage doen by liuing men:
For all thy Cities they ſhall ſacke and race,
And the greene graſſe, that groweth, they ſhall bren,
That euen the wild beaſt ſhall dy in ſtarued den.

Whiles thus the Britons do in languour pine,
Proud *Etheldred* ſhall from the North ariſe,
Seruing th'ambitious will of *Auguſtine*,
And paſſing *Dee* with hardy enterpriſe,
Shall backe repulſe the valiaunt *Brockwell* twiſe,
And *Bangor* with maſſacred Martyrs fill;
But the third time ſhall rew his foolhardiſe:
For *Cadwan* pitying his peoples ill,
Shall ſtoutly him defeat, and thouſand *Saxons* kill.

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
On his ſonne *Edwin* all thoſe wrongs ſhall wreake;
Ne ſhall auaile the wicked ſorcery
Of falſe *Pellite*, his purpoſes to breake,

But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleake
Shall giue th'enchaunter his vnhappy hire
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassalage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes auenge their ranckled ire.

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slaine,
Offricke and *Osricke*, twinnes vnfortunate,
Both slaine in battell vpon Layburne plaine,
Together with the king of *Louthiane*,
Hight *Adin*, and the king of *Orkeny*,
Both ioynt partakers of the fatall paine:
But *Penda*, fearefull of like desteny,
Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty.

Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,
T'afflict the other *Saxons* vnsubdewd;
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king *Oswald*, who indewd
With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
All holding crosses in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten bloud imbrewd:
Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
Shall *Heuenfield* be cald to all posterity.

Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,
And crowne with martyrdome his sacred head.
Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,
With price of siluer shall his kingdome buy,
And *Penda*, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly dye,
But shall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacify.

Then

Then ſhall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the raine
Of *Britons* eke with him attonce ſhall dye;
Ne ſhall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time prefixt by deſtiny,
Shalbe expird of *Britons* regiment.
For heauen it ſelfe ſhall their ſucceſſe enuy,
And them with plagues and murrins peſtilent
Conſume, till all their warlike puiſſaunce be ſpent.

Yet after all theſe ſorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares ſpace,
Cadwallader not yielding to his ills,
From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched cace
He liu'd, returning to his natiue place,
Shalbe by viſion ſtaid from his intent:
For th'heauens haue decreed, to diſplace
The *Britons*, for their ſinnes dew puniſhment,
And to the *Saxons* ouer-giue their gouernment.

Then woe, and woe, and euerlaſting woe,
Be to the Briton babe, that ſhalbe borne,
To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;
Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,
The worlds reproch, the cruell victours ſcorne,
Baniſht from Princely bowre to waſtfull wood:
O who ſhall helpe me to lament, and mourne
The royall ſeed, the antique *Troian* blood,
Whoſe Empire lenger here, then euer any ſtood.

The Damzell was full deepe empaſſioned,
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples ſake,
Whoſe future woes ſo plaine he faſhioned,
And ſighing ſore, at length him thus beſpake;

Ah but will heauens fury neuer slake,
Nor vengeaunce huge relent it selfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for euer be defast,
And quite from th'earth their memory be rast?

Nay but the terme (said he) is limited,
That in this thraldome *Britons* shall abide,
And the iust reuolution measured,
That they as Straungers shalbe notifide.
For twise foure hundreth shalbe supplide,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shalbee.
And their importune fates all satisfide:
Yet during this their most obscuritee, (may see.
Their beames shall oft breake forth, that men them faire

For *Rhodoricke*, whose surname shalbe Great,
Shall of him selfe a braue ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew
The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp reare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of natiue courage, that his foes shall feare, (beare.
Least backe againe the kingdome he from them should

Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For ere two hundred yeares be full ouerronne,
There shall a Rauen far from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens ouerronne
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty,
In their auenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

Yet

Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;
There shall a Lyon from the sea-bord wood
Of *Neustria* come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

Tho when the terme is full accomplished,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his ashes raked vp, and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house, that beares the stile
Of royall maiesty and soueraigne name;
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame.

Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made
Betweene the nations different afore;
And sacred Peace shall louingly perswade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And ciuile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a royall virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,
And the great Castle smite so sore with all,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,
As ouercomen of the spirites powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:

Which suddein fit, and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behauioure;
At last the fury past, to former hew
She turned againe, and chearefull looks did shew.

Then, when themselues they well instructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquird,
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts vnto their home retird;
Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desird:
Now this, now that twixt them they did deuise,
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange deuise.

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiu'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake;
Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew aduauntage take;
Ye see that good king *Vther* now doth make
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,
That now all *Britanie* doth burne in armes bright.

That therefore nought our passage may empeach,
Let vs in feigned armes our selues disguize,
And our weake hands (whom need new strength shall teach
The dreadfull speare and shield to exercize:
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wize
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye bene tall,
And large of limbe, t'atchieue an hard emprize,
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practize small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

And

And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
To heare so often, in that royall hous,
From whence to none inferiour ye came:
Bards tell of many women valorous
Which haue full many feats aduenturous
Performd, in paragone of proudest men:
The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
Renowmed *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
In the last field before *Menevia*
Which *Vther* with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a *Saxon* Virgin, the which feld
Great *Vlfin* thrise vpon the bloudy plaine,
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
From rash reuenge, she had him surely slaine,
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escapt with paine.

Ah read, (quoth *Britomart*) how is she hight?
Faire *Angela* (quoth she) men do her call,
No whit lesse faire, then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mighty people, dreaded more then all
The other *Saxons*, which do for her sake
And loue, themselues of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

Her harty words so deepe into the mynd
Of the young Damzell sunke, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspire,

That she resolu'd, vnmeeting to her Sire,
Aduent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don,
And counseld with her Nourse, her Maides attire
To turne into a massy habergeon,
And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conuiently puruay:
It fortuned (so time their turne did fit)
A band of Britons ryding on forray
Few dryes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was seene
A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well beseene.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* caused to be hanged hy
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse moniments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe auising readily,
In th'euening late old *Glauce* thither led
Faire *Britomart*, and that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled,
Well as she might, and with braue bauldrick garnished.

Beside those armes there stood a mighty speare,
Which *Bladud* made by Magick art of yore,
And vsd the same in battell aye to beare;
Sith which it had bin here preseru'd in store,
For his great vertues proued long afore:
For neuer wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by it:
Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit

Thus

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,
About her selfe she dight, that the young Mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her Squire attend her carefully:
Tho to their ready Steeds they clombe full light,
And through back wayes, that none might them espy,
Couered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselues they forth conuayd, & passed forward right.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
Where meeting with this *Redcrosse* knight, she fond
Of diuerse things discourses to dilate,
But most of *Arthegall*, and his estate.
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendship professed with vnfained hart,
The *Redcrosse* knight diuerst, but forth rode *Britomart*.

Cant.

Cant. IIII.

Bold Marinell of Britomart,
Is throwne on the Rich strond:
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

WHere is the Antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the braue atchieuements doen by some?
Where be the battels, where the shield and speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they sleepe, ô let them soone awake:
For all too long I burne with enuy sore,
To heare the warlike feates, which *Homere* spake
Of bold *Pantheſilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekish* bloud so oft in *Troian* plaine;
But when I read, how stout *Debora* strake
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill'* hath slaine
The huge *Orsilochus*, I swell with great disdaine.

Yet these, and all that elſe had puissaunce,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
Aswell for glory of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitie and vertue rare,

That

That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
Well worthy ſtock, from which the branches ſprong,
That in late yeares ſo faire a bloſſome bare,
As thee, ô Queene, the matter of my ſong,
Whoſe lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

Who when through ſpeaches with the *Redcroſſe* knight,
She learned had th'eſtate of *Arthegall*,
And in each point her ſelfe informd aright,
A friendly league of loue perpetuall
She with him bound, and *Congé* tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
To ſeeke aduentures, which mote him befall,
And win him worſhip through his warlike deed,
Which alwayes of his paines he made the chiefeſt meed.

But *Britomart* kept on her former courſe,
Ne euer doſte her armes, but all the way
Grew penſiue through that amorous diſcourſe,
By which the *Redcroſſe* knight did earſt diſplay
Her louers ſhape, and cheualrous aray;
A thouſand thoughts ſhe faſhioned in her mind,
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him ſuch, as fitteſt ſhe for loue could find,
Wiſe, warlike, perſonable, curteous, and kind.

With ſuch ſelfe-pleaſing thoughts her wound ſhe fed,
And thought ſo to beguile her grieuous ſmart;
But ſo her ſmart was much more grieuous bred,
And the deepe wound more deepe engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth ſhe rode without repoſe or reſt,
Searching all lands and each remoteſt part,
Following the guidaunce of her blinded gueſt,
Till that to the ſea-coaſt at length ſhe her addreſt.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting downe vpon the rocky shore,
Bad her old Squire vnlace her lofty creast;
Tho hauing vewd a while the surges hore,
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd,
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their deuoring couetize restraynd,
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
Far from the hoped hauen of reliefe,
Who do thy cruell billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull life?
O do thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in these troubled bowels raignes, & rageth rife.

For else my feeble vessell crazd, and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that loue it steres, and fortune rowes;
Loue my lewd Pilot hath a restlesse mind
And fortune Boteswaine no assuraunce knowes,
But saile withouten starres, gainst tide and wind:
How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

Thou God of winds, that raigneſt in the seas,
That raigneſt also in the Continent,
At last blow vp some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,

Vnto

Vnto the gladsome port of her intent:
Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace, and my great ieopardee,
Great *Neptune*, I auow to hallow vnto thee.

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut vp all her plaint in priuy griefe;
For her great courage would not let her weepe,
Till that t old *Glauce* gan with sharpe repriefe,
Her to restraine, and giue her good reliefe,
Through hope of those, which *Merlin* had her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall wombe, to be in heauen enrold.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,
Where farre away one all in armour bright,
With hastie gallop towards her did ryde;
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light:
Her former sorrow into suddein wrath,
Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,
Conuerting, forth she beates the dustie path;
Loue and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast
The face of heauen, and the cleare aire engrost,
The world in darkenesse dwels, till that at last
The watry Southwinde from the seabord cost
Vpblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'st,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy shower;
So the faire *Britomart* hauing disclo'st
Her clowdy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of griefe dissolu'd, into vengeance powre,

Eftſoones her goodly ſhield addreſſing faire,
That mortall ſpeare ſhe in her hand did take,
And vnto battell did her ſelfe prepaire.
The knight approching, ſternely her beſpake;
Sir knight, that doeſt thy voyage raſhly make
By this forbidden way in my deſpight,
Ne doeſt by others death enſample take,
I read thee ſoone retyre, whiles thou haſt might,
Leaſt afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

Ythrild with deepe diſdaine of his proud threat,
She ſhortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly;
Words feareth babes. I meane not thee entreat
To paſſe; but maugre thee will paſſe or dy.
Ne lenger ſtayd for th'other to reply,
But with ſharpe ſpeares the reſt made dearly knowne.
Srongly the ſtraunge knight ran, and ſturdily
Strooke her full on the breſt, that made her downe
Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crowne.

But ſhe againe him in the ſhield did ſmite
With ſo fierce furie and great puiſſaunce,
That through his threeſquare ſcuchin percing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by miſchaunce
The wicked ſteele through his left ſide did glaunce;
Him ſo transfixed ſhe before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till ſadly ſoucing on the ſandie ſhore,
He tombled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

Like as the ſacred Oxe, that careleſſe ſtands,
With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
Whiles th'altars fume with frankincenſe arownd,

All

All ſuddenly with mortall ſtroke aſtownd,
Doth groueling fall, and with his ſtreaming gore
Diſtaines the pillours, and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious ſhore.

The martiall Mayd ſtayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her readie way
Along the ſtrond, which as ſhe ouer-went,
She ſaw beſtrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious ſtones of great aſſay,
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
Whereat ſhe wondred much, but would not ſtay
For gold, or perles, or pretious ſtones an howre,
But them deſpiſed all; for all was in her powre.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly ſtoniſhment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare;
His mother was the blacke-browd *Cymoent*,
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare
This warlike ſonne vnto an earthly peare,
The famous *Dumarin*; who on a day
Finding the Nymph a ſleepe in ſecret wheare,
As he by chaunce did wander that ſame way,
Was taken with her loue, and by her cloſely lay.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She of his father *Marinell* did name,
And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,
Long time ſhe foſtred vp, till he became
A mightie man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great aduentures by him donne:
For neuer man he ſuffred by that ſame
Rich ſtrond to trauell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he muſt do battell with the Sea-nymphes ſonne.

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
That through all Farie lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade.
And to aduance his name and glorie more,
Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade,
T'endow her sonne with threasure and rich store,
Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

The God did graunt his daughters deare demaund,
To doen his Nephew in all riches flow;
Eftsoones his heaped waues he did commaund,
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge threasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedie gulfe deuoured deepe,
And him enriched through the ouerthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe,
And often waile their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was,
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas
The wealth of th'East, and pompe of *Persian* kings;
Gold, amber, yuorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that else was pretious and deare,
The sea vnto him voluntary brings,
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewheare.

Thereto he was a doughtie dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might,
The which his mother seeing, gan to feare
Least

Leaſt his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard miſhap, in hazard of his life:
For thy ſhe oft him counſeld to forbeare
The bloudie battell, and to ſtirre vp ſtrife,
But after all his warre, to reſt his wearie knife.

And for his more aſſurance, ſhe inquir'd
One day of *Proteus* by his mightie ſpell,
(For *Proteus* was with prophecie inſpir'd)
Her deare ſonnes deſtinie to her to tell,
And the ſad end of her ſweet *Marinell*.
Who through foreſight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well:
For of a woman he ſhould haue much ill,
A virgin ſtrange and ſtout him ſhould diſmay, or kill.

For thy ſhe gaue him warning euery day,
The loue of women not to entertaine;
A leſſon too too hard for liuing clay,
From loue in courſe of nature to refraine:
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And euer from faire Ladies loue did fly;
Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,
That they for loue of him would algates dy:
Dy, who ſo liſt for him, he was loues enimy.

But ah, who can deceiue his deſtiny,
Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?
That when he ſleepes in moſt ſecurity,
And ſafeſt ſeemes, him ſooneſt doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or ſoone or late.
So feeble is the powre of fleſhly arme.
His mother bad him womens loue to hate,
For ſhe of womans force did feare no harme;
So weening to haue arm'd him, ſhe did quite diſarme.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That *Proteus* prophecide ſhould him diſmay,
The which his mother vainely did expound,
To be hart-wounding loue, which ſhould aſſay
To bring her ſonne vnto his laſt decay.
So tickle be the termes of mortall ſtate,
And full of ſubtile ſophiſmes, which do play
With double ſenſes, and with falſe debate,
T'approue the vnknowen purpoſe of eternall fate.

Too true the famous *Marinell* it fownd,
Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in ſenſeleſſe ſwownd,
Through heauy ſtroke of *Britomartis* hond.
Which when his mother deare did vnderſtond,
And heauy tydings heard, whereas ſhe playd
Amongſt her watry ſiſters by a pond,
Gathering ſweet daffadillyes, to haue made
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their forheads faire to ſhade.

Eftſoones both flowres and girlonds farre away
She flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent,
To ſorrow huge ſhe turnd her former play,
And gameſon merth to grieuous dreriment:
She threw her ſelfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did ſpeake, but lay as in a ſwowne,
Whiles all her ſiſters did for her lament,
With yelling outcries, and with ſhrieking ſowne;
And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

Soone as ſhe vp out of her deadly fit
Aroſe, ſhe bad her charet to be brought,
And all her ſiſters, that with her did ſit,
Bad eke attonce their charets to be ſought;

Tho

Tho full of bitter griefe and penſiue thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the reſt,
And forth together went, with ſorrow fraught.
The waues obedient to their beheaſt,
Them yielded readie paſſage, and their rage ſurceaſt.

Great *Neptune* ſtood amazed at their ſight,
Whiles on his broad round backe they ſoftly ſlid
And eke himſelfe mournd at their mournfull plight,
Yet wiſt not what their wailing ment, yet did
For great compaſſion of their ſorrow, bid
His mightie waters to them buxome bee:
Eftſoones the roaring billowes ſtill abid,
And all the grieſly Monſters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to ſee.

A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray,
Drew the ſmooth charet of ſad *Cymoent*;
They were all taught by *Triton*, to obay
To the long traines, at her commaundement:
As ſwift as ſwallowes, on the waues they went,
That their broad flaggie finnes no ſome did reare,
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them ſent;
The reſt of other fiſhes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the ſwelling ſea did ſheare.

Soone as they bene arriu'd vpon the brim
Of the *Rich ſtrond*, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fiſhes ſoftly ſwim
Along the margent of the ſomy ſhore,
Leaſt they their finnes ſhould bruze, and ſurbate ſore
Their tender feet vpon the ſtony ground:
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy bloud enwallowed they found
The luckleſſe *Marinell*, lying in deadly ſwound;

His mother ſwowned thriſe, and the third time
Could ſcarce recouered be out of her paine;
Had ſhe not bene deuoyd of mortall ſlime,
She ſhould not then haue bene reliu'd againe,
But ſoone as life recouered had the raine,
She made ſo piteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could ſcarſe from teares refraine,
And all her ſiſter Nymphes with one conſent
Supplide her ſobbing breaches with ſad complement.

Deare image of my ſelfe (ſhe ſaid) that is,
The wretched ſonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high aduauncement, ô is this
Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vnborne
Thy Granſire *Nereus* promiſt to adorne?
Now lyeſt thou of life and honor reft;
Now lyeſt thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,
Ne of thy late life memory is left,
Ne can thy irreuocable deſtiny be weft?

Fond *Proteus*, father of falſe prophecis,
And they more fond, that credit to thee giue,
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue.
That ſo deepe wound through theſe deare members
I feared loue: but they that loue do liue,
But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.
Nath'leſſe to thee thy folly I forgiue,
And to my ſelfe, and to accurſed fate
The guilt I doe aſcribe: deare wiſedome bought too late.

O what auailes it of immortall ſeed
To beene ybred and neuer borne to die?
Farre better I it deeme to die with ſpeed,
Then waſte in woe and wailefull miſerie.

Who

Who dyes the vtmoſt dolour doth abye,
But who that liues, is left to waile his loſſe:
So life is loſſe, and death felicitie.
Sad life worſe then glad death: and greater croſſe
To ſee friends graue, thē dead the graue ſelfe to engroſſe.

But if the heauens did his dayes enuie,
And my ſhort bliſſe maligne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
That the dim eyes of my deare *Marinell*
I mote haue cloſed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt.
Yet maulgre them farewell, my ſweeteſt ſweet;
Farewell my ſweeteſt ſonne, ſith we no more ſhall meet.

Thus when they all had ſorrowed their fill,
They ſoftly gan to ſearch his grieſly wound:
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him diſarm'd, and ſpredding on the ground
Their watchet mantles frindgd with ſiluer round,
They ſoftly wipt away the gelly blood
From th'orifice; which hauing well vpbound,
They pourd in ſoueraine balme, and Nectar good,
Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heauenly food.

Tho when the lilly handed *Liagore*,
(This *Liagore* whylome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great *Appolloes* lore,
Sith her whylome vpon high *Pindus* hill,
He loued, and at laſt her wombe did fill
With heauenly ſeed, whereof wiſe *Paeon* ſprong)
Did feele his pulſe, ſhe knew their ſtaied ſtill
Some litle life his feeble ſprites emong;
Which to his mother told, deſpeire ſhe from her ſlong.

Tho vp him taking in their tender hands,
They easily vnto her charet beare:
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strow with flowres the lamentable beare:
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waues their passage sheare;
Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke cloudes, that threat a stormy shôwre,
And vauted all within, like to the sky,
In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
There they him laid in easie couch well dight;
And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply
Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For *Tryphon* of sea gods the soueraine leach is hight.

The whiles the *Nymphes* sit all about him round,
Lamenting his mishap and heauy plight;
And oft his mother vewing his wide wound,
Cursed the hand, that did so deadly smight
Her dearest sonne, her deerest harts delight.
But none of all those curses ouertooke
The warlike Maid, th'ensample of that might,
But fairely well she thriu'd, and well did brooke
Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

Yet did false *Archimage* her still pursew,
To bring to passe his mischieuous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,

Whom

Whom late in chace of beautie excellent
She left, purſewing that ſame foſter ſtrong;
Of whoſe foule outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,
To reskew her from ſhame, and to reuenge her wrong.

Through thick and thin, through mountaines & through plains,
Thoſe two great chãpions did attonce purſew
The fearefull damzell, with inceſſant paines:
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunter ſwift, and ſent of houndes trew.
At laſt they came vnto a double way,
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themſelues they did diſpart, each to aſſay,
Whether more happie were, to win ſo goodly pray.

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,
That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,
And with proud enuy, and indignant ire,
After that wicked foſter fiercely went.
So beene they three three ſundry wayes ybent.
But faireſt fortune to the Prince befell,
Whoſe chaunce it was, that ſoone he did repent,
To take that way, in which that Damozell
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as feend of hell.

At laſt of her farre off he gained vew:
Then gan he freſhly pricke his fomy ſteed,
And euer as he nigher to her drew,
So euermore he did increaſe his ſpeed,
And of each turning ſtill kept warie heed:
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt, and needleſſe dreed:
Full myld to her he ſpake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes, to ſtay and comfort her withall.

But nothing might relent her haſtie flight;
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule ſwaine
Was earſt impreſſed in her gentle ſpright:
Like as a fearefull Doue, which through the raine,
Of the wide aire her way does cut amaine,
Hauing farre off eſpyde a Taſſell gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth ſtraine,
Doubleth her haſte for feare to be for-hent,
And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

With no leſſe haſte, and eke with no leſſe dreed,
That fearefull Ladie fled from him, that ment
To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly ſhent,
Carried her forward with her firſt intent:
And though oft looking backward, well ſhe vewd,
Her ſelfe freed from that foſter inſolent,
And that it was a knight, which now her ſewd,
Yet ſhe no leſſe the knight feard, then that villein rude.

His vncouth ſhield and ſtraunge armes her diſmayd,
Whoſe like in Faery lond were ſeldome ſeene,
That faſt ſhe from him fled, no leſſe affrayd,
Then of wilde beaſtes if ſhe had chaſed beene:
Yet he her followd ſtill with courage keene,
So long that now the golden *Heſperus*
Was mounted high in top of heauen ſheene,
And warnd his other brethren ioyeous,
To light their bleſſed lamps in *Ioues* eternall hous.

All ſuddenly dim woxe the dampiſh ayre,
And grieſly ſhadowes couered heauen bright,
That now with thouſand ſtarres was decked fayre;
Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull ſight,

And

And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surcease his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan sowly wyte
His wicked fortune, that had turnd aslope,
And cursed night, that reft from him so goodly scope.

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disauenture strayd;
Like as a ship, whose Lodestarre suddenly
Couered with cloudes, her Pilot hath dismayd;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting low,
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd
Vpon the grassie ground, to sleepe a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.

But gentle Sleepe enuyde him any rest;
In stead thereof sad sorrow, and disdaine
Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
And thousand fancies bet his idle braine
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
Oft did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:
Or that his Faery Queene were such, as shee:
And euer hastie Night he blamed bitterlie.

Night thou foule Mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heauie death, and nourse of woe,
Which wast begot in heauen, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,
Where by the grim floud of *Cocytus* slow
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* blacke hous,
(Blacke *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horrour hideous.

What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doest all things deface, ne letteſt see
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
The slouthfull bodie, that doth loue to steepe
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe
Calles thee, his goddesse in his error blind, (kind.
And great Dame Natures handmaide, chearing euery

But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
In stead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares,
And dreadfull visions, in the which aliue
The drearie image of sad death appeares:
So from the wearie spirit thou doest driue
Desired rest, and men of happinesse depriue.

Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,
Light-shonning theft, and traiterous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and daunger imminent;
Foule horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All these I wote in thy protection bee,
And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent:
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light to see.

For day discouers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing, as it is indeed:
The prayses of high God he faire displayes,
And his large bountie rightly doth areed.

Dayes

Dayes deareſt children be the bleſſed ſeed,
Which darkneſſe ſhall ſubdew, and heauen win:
Truth is his daughter; he her firſt did breed,
Moſt ſacred virgin, without ſpot of ſin.
Our life is day, but death with darkneſſe doth begin.

O when will day then turne to me againe,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O *Titan*, haſte to reare thy ioyous waine:
Speed thee to ſpred abroad thy beames bright?
And chaſe away this too long lingring night,
Chaſe her away, from whence ſhe came, to hell.
She, ſhe it is, that hath me done deſpight:
There let her with the damned ſpirits dwell,
And yeeld her roome to day, that can it gouerne well.

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare,
In reſtleſſe anguiſh and vnquiet paine:
And earely, ere the morrow did vpreare
His deawy head out of the *Ocean* maine,
He vp aroſe, as halfe in great diſdaine,
And clombe vnto his ſteed. So forth he went,
With heauie looke and lumpiſh pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
His ſteed eke ſeem'd t'apply his ſteps to his intent.

Cant. V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
three fosters Timias wound,
Belphebe finds him almost dead,
and reareth out of sownd.

WOnder it is to see, in diuerse minds,
How diuersly loue doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,
It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his careless day:
But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it vncomely idlenesse,
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
Ne suffereth it thought of vngentlenesse,
Euer to creepe into his noble brest,
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it vp, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarse this Prince to breath at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

Who long time wandred through the forrest wyde,
To finde some issue thence, till that at last
He met a Dwarfe, that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill, which he hardly past,

Or

Or other accident, which him aghast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he trauelled so fast:
For sore he swat, and running through that same
Thicke forest, was bescratcht, & both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfe him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same. I lately did depart
From Faery court, where I haue many a day
Serued a gentle Lady of great sway;
And high accompt through out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

What mister wight (said he) and how arayd?
Royally clad (quoth he) in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd;
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
And fairer wight did neuer Sunne behold,
And on a Palfrey rides more white then snow,
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight aliue, I trow.

Now certes swaine (said he) such one I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her foe,
A foule ill fauoured foster, I haue seene;
Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
But could not stay; so fast she did forgoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.
Ah deareſt God (quoth he) that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all, that shall it heare.
But can ye read Sir, how I may her find, or where.

Perdy me leuer were to weeten that,
(Said he) then ransome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
But froward fortune, and too forward Night
Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me spight,
And fro me reft both life and light attone.
But Dwarfe aread, what is that Lady bright,
That through this forest wandreth thus alone;
For of her errour straunge I haue great ruth and mone.

That Lady is (quoth he) where so she bee,
The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,
That euer liuing eye I weene did see;
Liues none this day, that may with her compare
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beautie bright;
And is ycleped *Florimell* the faire,
Faire *Florimell* belou'd of a many a knight,
Yet she loues none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

A Sea-nymphes sonne, that *Marinell* is hight,
Of my deare Dame is loued dearely well;
In other none, but him, she sets delight,
All her delight is set on *Marinell*;
But he sets nought at all by *Florimell*:
For Ladies loue his mother long ygoe
Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell.
But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

Fiue dayes there be, since he (they say) was slaine,
And foure, since *Florimell* the Court for-went,
And vowed neuer to returne againe,
Till him aliue or dead she did inuent.

There-

Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,
And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may,
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way;
Do one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

So may you gaine to you full great renowme,
Of all good Ladies through the world so wide,
And haply in her hart find highest rowme,
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide:
At least eternall meede shall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarfe, comfort to thee take,
For till thou tidings learne, what her betide,
I here auow thee neuer to forsake.
Ill weares he armes, that nill them vse for Ladies sake.

So with the Dwarfe he backe return'd againe,
To seeke his Lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous pensiue grew in mind,
For douht of daunger, which mote him betide;
For him he loued aboue all mankind,
Hauing him trew and faithfull euer tride,
And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights side.

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
Of deadly daunger, which to him betid;
For whiles his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,
After that foster fowle he fiercely rid,
To bene auenged of the shame, he did
To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long (chid
Through the thicke woods, wherein he would haue
His shamefull head from his auengement strong.
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

Nathlesse the villen sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beast;
Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least;
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deeds, which dayly he increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heauy plague, that for such leachours is prepard.

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t'auenge him of that fowle despight,
Which he had borne of his bold enimee.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
Vngratious children of one graceless sire,
And vnto them complained, how that he
Had vsed bene of that foolehardy Squire;
So them with bitter words he stird to bloudy ire.

Forthwith themselues with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme byliue,
And with him forth into the forest went,
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst reuiue
In their sterne brests, on him which late did driue
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight:
For they had vow'd, that neuer he aliue
Out of that forest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

Within that wood there was a couert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was vneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was ouerflowne:

By

By that same way they knew that Squire vnknowne
Mote algates passe; for thy themselues they set
There in await, with thicke woods ouer growne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

It fortuned, as they deuized had,
The gentle Squire came ryding that same way,
Vnweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage, which he had him doen afore.

With that at him a quiu'ring dart he threw,
With so fell force and villeinous despighte,
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite;
For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will;
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an vnlucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deepely did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

At last through wrath and vengeaunce making way,
He on the bancke arriu'd with mickle paine,
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And droue at him with all his might and maine
A forrest bill, which both his hands did straine;
But warily he did auoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him againe,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flow.

He tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to let him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts do waile their former sin.
Tho gan the battell freshly to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad,
Did th'other two their cruell vengeaunce blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

Tho when that villain he auiz'd, which late
Affrighted had the faireſt *Florimell*,
Full of fiers fury, and indignant hate,
To him he turned, and with rigour fell
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carkas groueling fell;
His sinfull soule with desperate disdaine,
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

That seeing now the onely last of three,
Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horrour, as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his auengement sad,

Through

Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand vpcaught,
And therewith shot an arrow at the lad;
Which faintly fluttring, scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

With that he would haue fled into the wood;
But *Timias* him lightly ouerhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent:
The carkas with the streame was carried downe,
But th'head fell backeward on the Continent.
So mischieffel vpon the meaners crowne; (renowne.
They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with

He liues, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;
Yet still the bloud forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest Squire aliue,
Else shall thy louing Lord thee see no more,
But both of comfort him thou shalt depriue,
And eke thy selfe of honour, which thou didst atchiue.

Prouidence heauenly passeth liuing thought,
And doth for wretched mens relieue make way;
For loe great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntéresse did wonne,
She, that base *Braggadochio* did affray,
And made him fast out of the forrest runne;
Belphœbe was her name, as faire as *Phœbus* sunne.

She on a day, as she pursewd the chace
Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of bloud, which she had freshly seene,
To haue besprinckled all the grassy greene;
By the great persue, which she there perceau'd,
Well hoped she the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more hast, the life to haue bereau'd:
But ah, her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

Shortly she came, whereas that woefull Squire
With bloud deformed, lay in deadly swownd:
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The Christall humour stood congealed rownd;
His locks, like faded leaues fallen to grownd,
Knotted with bloud, in bounches rudely ran,
And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy sight,
That could haue made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bright
Besides all hope with melting eyes did vew,
All suddeinly abasht she chaunged hew,
And with sterne horrour backward gan to start:
But when she better him beheld, she grew
Full of soft passion and vnwonted smart:
The point of pitty perced through her tender hart.

Meekely she bowed downe, to weete if life
Yet in his frosen members did remaine,
And feeling by his pulses beating rife,
That the weake soule her seat did yet retaine,

She caſt to comfort him with buſie paine:
His double folded necke ſhe reard vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His mayled habericon ſhe did vndight,
And from his head his heauy burganet did light,

Into the woods thenceforth in haſt ſhe went,
To ſeeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;
For ſhe of hearbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymphe, which from her infancy
Her nourced had in trew Nobility:
There, whether it diuine *Tobacco* were,
Or *Panachea*, or *Polygony*,
She found, and brought it to her patient deare
Who al this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

The ſoueraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine
She pownded ſmall, and did in peeces bruze,
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine,
Into his wound the iuyce thereof did ſcruze,
And round about, as ſhe could well it vze,
The fleſh therewith ſhe ſuppled and did ſteepe,
T'abate all ſpaſme, and ſoke the ſwelling bruze,
And after hauing ſearcht the intuſe deepe,
She with her ſcarfe did bind the wound frō cold to keepe.

By this he had ſweet life recur'd againe,
And groning inly deepe, at laſt his eyes,
His watry eyes, drizling like deawy raine,
He vp gan lift toward the azure skies,
From whence deſcend all hopeleſſe remedies:
Therewith he ſigh'd, and turning him aſide,
The goodly Mayd full of diuinities,
And gifts of heauenly grace he by him eſpide,
Her bow and gilden quiuer lying him beſide.

Mercy deare Lord (said he) what grace is this,
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis,
To comfort me in my distressed plight?
Angell, or Goddesse do I call thee right?
What seruice may I do vnto thee meete,
That hast from darkenesse me returnd to light,
And with thy heauenly salues and med'cines sweete,
Hast dreste my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feete.

Thereat she blushing said, Ah gentle Squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,
And daughter of a woody Nymphe, desire
No seruice, but thy safety and ayd;
Which if thou gaine, I shalbe well apayd.
We mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee
To commun accidents still open layd,
Are bound with commun bond of frailtee,
To succour wretched wights, whom we captiued see.

By this her Damzels, which the former chace
Had vndertaken after her arriu'd,
As did *Belphœbe*, in the bloudy place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriu'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow ryu'd:
For thy the bloudy tract they follow fast,
And euery one to runne the swiftest stryu'd;
But two of them the rest far ouerpast,
And where their Lady was, arriued at the last.

Where when they saw that goodly boy, with blood
Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wownd,
They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,
How him in deadly case their Lady fownd,

And

And reskewed out of the heauy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those Damzels search, which being stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountaines round about enuironed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spatious plaine.
And in the midst a little riuer plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure, that his course they did restraine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds song many a louely lay
Of gods high prayse, and of their loues sweet teene,
As it an earthly Paradize had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Pauilion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liuing it mote well delight.

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest;
He rested him a while, and then the Mayd
His ready wound with better salues new drest;
Dayly she dressed him, and did the best
His grieuous hurt to garish, that she might,
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

O foolish Physick, and vnfruitfull paine,
That heales vp one and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyes and gracious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
To be captiued in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despaire without aleggeaunce?

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:
Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole.
Still whenas he beheld the heauenly Mayd,
Whiles dayly plaisters to his wound she layd,
So still his Malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.
Ah God, what other could he do at least,
But loue so faire a Lady, that his life releast?

Long while he stroue in his courageous brest,
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soueraigne bounty, and celestiall hew,
The same to loue he strongly was constraind:
But when his meane estate he did renew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraind,
And of his luckless lot and cruell loue thus plaind.

Vnthankfull wretch (said he) is this the meed,
With which her soueraigne mercy thou doest quight?
Thy life she saued by her gracious deed,
But thou doest weene with villeinous despight,

To

To blot her honour, and her heauenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
Faire death it is to shonne more shame, to dy:
Dye rather, dy, then euer loue disloyally.

But if to loue disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah farre be such reproch fro mee.
What can I lesse do, then her loue therefore,
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore:
Dye rather, dye, and dying do her serue,
Dying her serue, and liuing her adore;
Thy life she gaue, thy life she doth deserue:
Dye rather, dye, then euer from her seruice swerue.

But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice bace
To her, to whom the heauens do serue and sew?
Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowly place,
She heauenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
How then? of all loue taketh equall vew:
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The loue and seruice of the basest crew?
If she will not, dye meekly for her sake;
Dye rather, dye, then euer so faire loue forsake.

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
Till that through weakenesse he was forst at last,
To yield himselfe vnto the mighty ill:
Which as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
His inward parts, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite drye vp, and blast;
As percing leuin, which the inner part
Of euery thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

Which seeing faire *Belphœbe*, gan to feare,
Least that his wound were inly well not healed,
Or that the wicked steele empoysned were:
Litle she weend, that loue he close concealed;
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congealed,
When the bright sunne his beams thereon doth beat;
Yet neuer he his hart to her reuealed,
But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,
Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

She gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare,
To do him ease, or do him remedy:
Many Restoratiues of vertues rare,
And costly Cordialles she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne mallady:
But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore
A loue-sick hart, she did to him enuy;
To him, and to all th'vnworthy world forlore
She did enuy that soueraigne salue, in secret store.

That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne:
Ne suffred she the Middayes scorching powre,
Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,
But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,
When so the froward skye began to lowre:
But soone as calmed was the Christall aire,
She did it faire dispred, and let to florish faire.

Eternall God in his almighty powre,
To make ensample of his heauenly grace,
In Paradize whilome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her natiue place,

And

And did in ſtocke of earthly fleſh enrace,
That mortall men her glory ſhould admire
In gentle Ladies breſt, and bounteous race
Of woman kind it faireſt flowre doth ſpire,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaſt deſire.

Faire ympes of beautie, whoſe bright ſhining beames
Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and Realmes
Subdew, through conqueſt of your wondrous might,
With this faire flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
Of chaſtity and vertue virginall,
That ſhall embelliſh more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heauenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall.

To your faire ſelues a faire enſample frame,
Of this faire virgin, this *Belphœbe* faire,
To whom in perfect loue, and ſpotleſſe fame
Of chaſtitie, none liuing may compaire:
Ne poyſnous Enuy iuſtly can empaire
The prayſe of her freſh flowring Maidenhead;
For thy ſhe ſtandeth on the higheſt ſtaire
Of th'honorable ſtage of womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her enſample dead.

In ſo great prayſe of ſtedfaſt chaſtity,
Nathleſſe ſhe was ſo curteous and kind,
Tempred with grace, and goodly modeſty,
That ſeemed thoſe two vertues ſtroue to find
The higher place in her Heroick mind:
So ſtriuing each did other more augment,
And both encreaſt the prayſe of woman kind,
And both encreaſt her beautie excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

Cant. VI.

The birth of faire Belphœbe and
Of Amoret is told.
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

WEll may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmistresse of all curtesy:
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell
All ciuill vsage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

But to this faire *Belphœbe* in her berth
The heauens so fauourable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect vpon the earth,
In th'*Horoscope* of her natiuitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne;
Ioue laught on *Venus* from his soueraigne see,
And *Phœbus* with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle being borne.

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,

That

That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was she trayned vp from time to time,
In all chast vertue, and true bounti-hed
Till to her dew perfection she was ripened.

Her mother was the faire *Chrysogonee*,
The daughter of *Amphisa*, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree,
She bore *Belphabe*, she bore in like cace
Faire *Amoretta* in the second place:
These two were twinnes, & twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace.
That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare
Of bountie, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

It were a goodly storie, to declare,
By what straunge accident faire *Chrysogone*
Conceiu'd these infants, and how them she bare,
In this wild forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:
For not as other wemens commune brood,
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune food,
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood.

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th'heauens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was vpon a Somm[illegible]ers shynie day,
When *Titan* faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, farre from all mens vew,
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forrest grew.

Till faint through irkesome wearinesse, adowne
Vpon the grassie ground her selfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne
Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd;
The sunne-beames bright vpon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollifide,
And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret power vnspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades
So straunge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things liuing, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceiue and quickned are by kynd:
So after *Nilus* invndation,
Infinite shapes of creature men do fynd,
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shynd.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly cald, th'author of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Ministreth matter fit, which tempred right
With heate and humour, breedes the liuing wight.
So sprong these twinnes in wombe of *Chrysogone*,
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,
Wondred to see her belly so vpblone,
Which still increast, till she her terme had full outgone.

Whereof conceiuing shame and foule disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
She fled into the wilderneese a space,
Till that vnweeldy burden she had reard,
And

And shund dishonor, which as death she feard:
Where wearie of long trauell, downe to rest
Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a sad cloud of sleepe her ouerkest,
And seized euery sense with sorrow sore oppresst.

It fortuned, faire *Venus* hauing lost
Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
Was from her fled, as flit as ayerie Doue,
And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharpely did reproue,
And wandred in the world in strange aray,
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray.

Him for to seeke, she left her heauenly hous,
The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
Whence all the world deriues the glorious
Features of beauties, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt;
And searched euery way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things
Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

First she him sought in Court, where most he vsed
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which sore accused
His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
Ladies and Lords she euery where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

She then the Cities fought from gate to gate,
And euery one did aske, did he him see;
And euery one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharpe darts and whot artillerie;
And euery one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischieuous deedes, and said, That hee
Was the disturber of all ciuill life,
The enimy of peace, and author of all strife.

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquired,
Where also many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedlesse harts with loue had fyred,
And his false venim through their veines inspyred;
And eke the gentle shepheard swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fleecie flockes, as they were hyred,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

But when in none of all these she him got,
She gan auize, where else he mote him hyde:
At last she her bethought, that she had not
Yet sought the saluage woods and forrests wyde,
In which full many louely Nymphes abyde,
Mongst whom might be, that he did closely lye,
Or that the loue of some of them him tyde:
For thy she thither cast her course t'apply,
To search the secret haunts of *Dianes* company.

Shortly vnto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the Goddesse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew,

Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbes the dustie sweat,
And soyle which did deforme their liuely hew;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest vpon her person gaue attendance great.

She hauing hong vpon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiuer, had vnlaste
Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lancke loynes vngirt, and brests vnbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong vndight,
And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all besprinckled light.

Soone as she *Venus* saw behind her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surprized
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,
That had not her thereof before auized,
But suffred her so carelesly disguized
Be ouertaken. Soone her garments loose
Vpgath'ring, in her bosome she comprized,
Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose,
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

Goodly she gan faire *Cytherea* greet,
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
Into that wildernesse for her vnmeet,
From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures fraught:
That suddein change she strange aduenture thought.
To whom halfe weeping, she thus answered,
That she her dearest sonne *Cupido* sought,
Who in his frowardnesse from her was fled;
That she repented sore, to haue him angered.

Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing sayd;
Great pittie sure, that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd
To your disports: ill mote ye bene apayd.
But she was more engrieued, and replide;
Faire sister, ill beseemes it to vpbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride;
The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
Your glory set, to chace the saluage beasts,
So my delight is all in ioyfulnesse,
In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you with your lofty creasts,
To scorne the ioy, that *Ioue* is glad to seeke;
We both are bound to follow heauens beheasts,
And tend our charges with obeisance meeke:
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to eeke.

And tell me, if that ye my sonne haue heard,
To lurke emongst your Nymphes in secret wize;
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard,
Least he like one of them him selfe disguize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize:
So may he long himselfe full easie hide:
For he is faire and fresh in face and guize,
As any Nymph (let not it be enuyde.)
So saying euery Nymph full narrowly she eyde.

But *Phœbe* therewith sore was angered,
And sharply said; Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,
Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed;
He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,

Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But if I catch him in this company,
By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearely shall abye:
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

Whom when as *Venus* saw so sore displeased,
She inly sory was, and gan relent,
What she had said: so her she soone appeased,
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
From which a fountaine from her sweet lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleasd, and forth her damzels sent,
Through all the woods, to search from place to place,
If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

To search the God of loue, her Nymphes she sent
Throughout the wandring forrest euery where:
And after them her selfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitiue, both farre and nere,
So long they sought, till they arriued were
In that same shadie couert, whereas lay
Faire *Cryſogone* in slombry traunce whilere:
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

Vnwares she them conceiu'd, vnwares she bore:
She bore without en paine, that she conceiued
Without en pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiued,
They were through wonder nigh of sense bereaued,
And gazing each on other, nought bespake:
At last they both agreed, her seeming grieued
Out of her heauy swowne not to awake,
But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

Vp they them tooke, each one a babe vptooke,
And with them carried, to be foſtered;
Dame *Phæbe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,
To be vpbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
And of her ſelfe her name *Belphœbe* red:
But *Venus* hers hence farre away conuayd,
To be vpbrought in goodly womanhed,
And in her litle loues ſtead, which was ſtrayd,
Her *Amoretta* cald, to comfort her diſmayd.

She brought her to her ioyous Paradize,
Where moſt ſhe wonnes, whē ſhe on earth does dwel.
So faire a place, as Nature can deuize:
Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;
But well I woote by tryall, that this ſame
All other pleaſant places doth excell,
And called is by her loſt louers name,
The *Gardin* of *Adonis*, farre renowmd by fame.

In that ſame Gardin all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautifie,
And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
Are fetcht: there is the firſt ſeminarie
Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,
According to their kindes. Long worke it were,
Here to account the endleſſe progenie
Of all the weedes, that bud and bloſſome there;
But ſo much as doth need, muſt needs be counted here.

It ſtood in fruitfull ſoyle of old,
And girt in with two walles on either ſide;
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor ouer-ſtride:
And

And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas;
Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
Old *Genius* the porter of them was,
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
All that to come into the world desire;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require,
That he with fleshly weedes would them attire:
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to liue in mortall state,
Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe returned beene,
They in that Gardin planted be againe;
And grow a fresh, as they had neuer seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall paine.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaine;
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world againe,
Till thither they returne, where first they grew:
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sow,
To plant or prune: for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mightie word,
Which first was spoken by th'Almightie lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds to moysten their roots dry;
For in themselues eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite ſhapes of creatures there are bred,
And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,
And euery ſort is in a ſundry bed
Set by it ſelfe, and ranckt in comely rew:
Some fit for reaſonable ſoules t'indew,
Some made for beaſts, ſome made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull ſpawne of fiſhes hew
In endleſſe rancks along enraunged were,
That ſeem'd the *Ocean* could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are ſent
Into the world, it to repleniſh more;
Yet is the ſtocke not leſſened, nor ſpent,
But ſtill remaines in euerlaſting ſtore,
As it at firſt created was of yore.
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darkeneſſe and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall *Chaos*, which ſupplyes
The ſubſtances of natures fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their firſt being fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
Which when as forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a bodie, and doth then inuade
The ſtate of life, out of the grieſly ſhade.
That ſubſtance is eterne, and bideth ſo,
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it conſume, and into nothing go,
But chaunged is, and often altred to and fro.

The ſubſtance is not chaunged, nor altered,
But th'only forme and outward faſhion;
For euery ſubſtance is conditioned
To change her hew, and ſundry formes to don,

Meet

Meet for her temper and complexion:
For formes are variable and decay,
By course of kind, and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enimy to it, and to all the rest,
That in the *Gardin* of *Adonis* springs,
Is wicked *Time*, who with his scyth addrest,
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they doe wither, and are fowly mard:
He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
Ne euer pittie may relent his malice hard.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:
And their great mother *Venus* did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;
Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,
When walking through the Gardin, them she spyde,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight.
For all that liues, is subiect to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

But were it not, that *Time* their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull Gardin growes,
Should happie be, and haue immortall blis:
For here all plentie, and all pleasure flowes,
And sweet loue gentle fits emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancor, or fond gealosie;
Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

There is continuall spring, and harueſt there
Continuall, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughes doe laughing bloſſomes beare,
And with freſh colours decke the wanton Prime,
And eke attonce the heauy trees they clime,
Which ſeeme to labour vnder their fruits lode:
The whiles the ioyous birdes make their paſtime
Emongſt the ſhadie leaues, their ſweet abode,
And their true loues without ſuſpition tell abrode.

Right in the middeſt of that Paradiſe,
There ſtood a ſtately Mount, on whoſe round top
A gloomy groue of mirtle trees did riſe,
Whoſe ſhadie boughes ſharpe ſteele did neuer lop,
Nor wicked beaſts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compaſſed the hight,
And from their fruitfull ſides ſweet gum did drop,
That all the ground with precious deaw bedight,
Threw forth moſt dainty odours, & moſt ſweet delight.

And in the thickeſt couert of that ſhade,
There was a pleaſant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
With wanton yuie twyne entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
Faſhiond aboue within their inmoſt part,
That nether *Phœbus* beams could through thē throng,
Nor *Aeolus* ſharp blaſt could worke them any wrong.

And all about grew euery ſort of flowre,
To which ſad louers were transformd of yore;
Freſh *Hyacinthus*, *Phœbus* paramoure,
Fooliſh *Narciſſe*, that likes the watry ſhore,

Sad

Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see *Amintas* wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

There wont faire *Venus* often to enioy
Her deare *Adonis* ioyous company,
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy;
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of *Stygian* Gods, which doe her loue enuy;
But she her selfe, when euer that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

And sooth it seemes they say: for he may not
For euer die, and euer buried bee
In balefull night, where all things are forgot;
All be he subiect to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and chaunged diuersllie:
For him the Father of all formes they call;
Therefore needs mote he liue, that liuing giues to all.

There now he liueth in eternall blis,
Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmely hath emprisoned for ay,
That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd,
In a strong rocky Caue, which is they say, (may.
Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him losen

There now he liues in euerlasting ioy,
With many of the Gods in company,
Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy
Sporting himselfe in safe felicity:
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts
Aside, with faire *Adonis* playes his wanton parts.

And his true loue faire *Psyche* with him playes,
Faire *Psyche* to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and vnmeet vpbrayes,
With which his mother *Venus* her reuyld,
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:
But now in stedfast loue and happy state
She with him liues, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

Hither great *Venus* brought this infant faire,
The younger daughter of *Chrysogonee*,
And vnto *Psyche* with great trust and care
Committed her, ysostered to bee,
And trained vp in true feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
Then her owne daughter *Pleasure*, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,
Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th'ensample of true loue alone,

And

And Lodestarre of all chaste affectione,
To all faire Ladies, that doe liue on ground.
To Faery court she came, where many one
Admyrd her goodly haueour, and found
His feeble hart wide launched with loues cruell wound.

But she to none of them her loue did cast,
Saue to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
To whom her louing hart she linked fast
In faithfull loue, t'abide for euermore,
And for his deerest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enimy;
Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
Her former loue, and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elsewhere read that ruefull history.

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,
What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fled so fast from that same foster steame,
Whom with his brethren *Timias* slew, befell:
That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;
Who wandring for to seeke her louer deare,
Her louer deare, her deerest *Marinell*,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle feare.

Cant. VII.

The witches sonne loues Florimell:
she flyes, he faines to die.
Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames
from Gyants tyrannie.

LIke as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,
Yet flyes away of her owne feet affeard,
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;
So fled faire *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escapt whyleare.

All that same euening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewed:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slacke her hast, but fled
Euer alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her readie to arrest:
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where euer he thought best.

So long as breath, and hable puissance
Did natiue courage vnto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did aduaunce,
And carried her beyond all ieopardy,

But

But nought that wanteth reſt, can long aby.
He hauing through inceſſant trauell ſpent
His force, at laſt perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent
Thereat was ſuddein ſtrooke with great aſtoniſhment.

And forſt t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traueller vnwonted to ſuch way:
Need teacheth her this leſſon hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth ſway,
And mortall miſeries doth make her play.
So long ſhe trauelled, till at length ſhe came
To an hilles ſide, which did to her bewray
A little valley, ſubiect to the ſame,
All couerd with thick woods, that quite it ouercame.

Through the tops of the high trees ſhe did deſcry
A litle ſmoke, whoſe vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, vprolled to the ſky:
Which, chearefull ſigne did ſend vnto her ſight,
That in the ſame did wonne ſome liuing wight.
Eftſoones her ſteps ſhe thereunto applyde,
And came at laſt in weary wretched plight
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guyde,
To find ſome refuge there, and reſt her weary ſyde.

There in a gloomy hollow glen ſhe found
A little cottage, built of ſtickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with ſods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all careleſſe of her needes;
So choſing ſolitarie to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her deuiliſh deedes
And helliſh arts from people ſhe might hide,
And hurt far off vnknowne, whom euer ſhe enuide.

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;
Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found,
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
Who soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly vpstirred from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze. (daze.
But shewd by outward signes, that dread her sence did

At last turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what deuill had her thither brought,
And who she was, and what vnwonted path
Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnsought?
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd; Beldame be not wroth
With silly Virgin by aduenture brought
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That craue but rowme to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

With that adowne out of her Christall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two Orient pearles, did purely shyne
Vpon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall,
Nor saluage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In mischiefe, was much moued at so pitteous sight.

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint.

And

And wearie limbs a while. She nothing quaint
Nor s'deignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe vpon the dusty ground anon,
As glad of that small rest, as Bird of tempest gon.

Tho gan she gather vp her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew,
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did vew,
She was astonisht at her heauenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some Goddesse, or of *Dianes* crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright;
T'adore thing so diuine as beauty, were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laesie loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in idlenesse alwayes,
Ne euer cast his mind to couet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade,
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He vs'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade;
Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

He comming home at vndertime, there found
The fairest creature, that he euer saw,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terrour and with awe
So inly smot, that as one, which had gazed
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone withdraw
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnesse dazed;
So stared he on her, and stood long while amazed.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence deriued,
That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriued:
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriued,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiued
From *Stygian* shores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

But the faire Virgin was so meeke and mild,
That she to them vouchsafed to embace
Her goodly port; and to their senses vild,
Her gentle speach applide, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place.
During which time, the Chorle through her so kind
And curteise vse conceiu'd affection base,
And cast to loue her in his brutish mind;
No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As vnto her to vtter his desire;
His caytiue thought durst not so high aspire,
But with soft sighes, and louely semblaunces,
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblaunces
To her he made, and many kind remembraunces.

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
His mistresse prayses, sweetly caroled,
Girlonds

Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirell wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow seruant vild; (mild.
All which, she of him tooke with countenance meeke and

But past awhile, when she fit season saw
To leaue that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize her selfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischiefe, which she did forecast
Might be the witch or that her sonne compast:
Her wearie Palfrey closely, as she might,
Now well recouered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

And earely ere the dawning day appeard,
She forth issewed, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade, that did it selfe present;
For still she feared to be ouerhent,
Of that vile hag, or her vnciuile sonne:
Who when too late awaking, well they kent,
That their faire gueſt was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had bene vndonne.

But that lewd louer did the most lament
For her depart, that euer man did heare;
He knockt his breſt with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare,
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And loue to frenzy turnd, sith loue is franticke hight.

All wayes she sought, him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with coũsell, & with teares,
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might
Asswage the fury, which his entrails teares:
So strong is passion, that no reason heares.
Tho when all other helpes she saw to faile,
She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares
And by her deuilish arts thought to preuaile,
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

Eftsoones out of her hidden caue she cald
An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest courage haue appald;
Monstrous mishapt, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elect,
Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pas:
Like neuer yet did liuing eye detect;
But likest it to an *Hyena* was,
That feeds on womens flesh, as others feede on gras.

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,
Through thicke and thin her to pursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,
Or quite deuourd her beauties scornefull grace.
The Monster swift as word, that from her went,
Went forth in hast, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,
And passing speede, that shortly he her ouerhent.

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That vgly shape so sore her terrifide,
That it she shund no lesse, then dread to die,

And her flit Palfrey did ſo well apply
His nimble feet to her conceiued feare,
That whileſt his breath did ſtrength to him ſupply,
From perill free he her away did beare:
But when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

Which whenas ſhe perceiu'd, ſhe was diſmayd
At that ſame laſt extremitie full ſore,
And of her ſafetie greatly grew afrayd;
And now ſhe gan approch to the ſea ſhore,
As it befell, that ſhe could flie no more,
But yield her ſelfe to ſpoile of greedineſſe.
Lightly ſhe leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horſe, in deſperate diſtreſſe,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull ſickerneſſe.

Not halfe ſo faſt the wicked *Myrrha* fled
From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:
Nor halfe ſo faſt to ſaue her maidenhed,
Fled fearefull *Daphne* on th'*AEgean* ſtrond,
As *Florimell* fled from that Monſter yond,
To reach the ſea, ere ſhe of him were raught:
For in the ſea to drowne her ſelfe ſhe fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
Thereto feare gaue her wings, and neede her courage taught.

It fortuned (high God did ſo ordaine)
As ſhe arriued on the roring ſhore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little boate lay houing her before,
In which there ſlept a fiſher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the ſand:
Into the ſame ſhe leapt, and with the ore
Did thruſt the ſhallop from the floting ſtrand:
So ſafetie found at ſea, which ſhe found not at land.

The Monſter ready on the pray to ſeaſe,
Was of his forward hope deceiued quight;
Ne durſt aſſay to wade the perlous ſeas,
But greedily long gaping at the ſight,
At laſt in vaine was forſt to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
Yet to auenge his deuiliſh deſpight,
He ſet vpon her Palfrey tired lame,
And ſlew him cruelly, ere any reskew came.

And after hauing him embowelled,
To fill his belliſh gorge, it chaunſt a knight
To paſſe that way, as forth he trauelled;
It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As euer man that bloudy field did fight;
But in vaine ſheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,
And courtly ſeruices tooke no delight,
But rather ioyd to be, then ſeemen ſich:
For both to be and ſeeme to him was labour lich.

It was to weete the good Sir *Satyrane*,
That raungd abroad to ſeeke aduentures wilde,
As was his wont in forreſt, and in plaine;
He was all armd in rugged ſteele vnfilde,
As in the ſmoky forge it was compilde,
And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hed:
He comming preſent, where the Monſter vilde
Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carkas fed,
Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him ſped.

There well perceiu'd he, that it was the horſe,
Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorſe:
Much feared he, leaſt ought did ill betide

To that faire Mayd, the flowre of womens pride;
For her he dearely loued, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide:
Besides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him sore apall.

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend,
And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
Him forst to leaue his pray, for to attend
Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engraue, and muchell bloud did spend,
Yet might not do him dye, but aye more fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

He wist not, how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And him selfe weaker through infirmity;
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away, he lightly lept
Vpon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored, and raged to be vnder-kept:
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him hept.

As he that striues to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong banckes his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell aboue his wonted mood,
And largely ouerflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
To see his whole yeares labour lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
So long he held him, and him bet so long,
That at the last his fiercenesse gan abate,
And meekely stoup vnto the victour strong:
Who to auenge the implacable wrong,
Which he supposed donne to *Florimell*,
Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell:
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her sclender wast, he tooke in hand,
And with it bound the beast, that lowd did rore
For great despight of that vnwonted band,
Yet dared not his victour to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obay;
Yet neuer learned he such seruice, till that day.

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
He spide far off a mighty Giaunteſſe,
Fast flying on a Courser dapled gray,
From a bold knight, that with great hardineſſe
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppresse;
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

Which whenas *Satyrane* beheld, in hast
He left his captiue Beast at liberty,
And crost the neareſt way, by which he cast
Her to encounter, ere she passed by:

But she the way shund nathemore for thy,
But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran: she hauing him descryde,
Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on hight
An Egle, that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre, stouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the battell doth her selfe prepare:
So ran the Geaunteesse vnto the fight;
Her firie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriued,
But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-broad shield arriued;
Yet nathemore the steele a sunder riued,
All were the beame in bigneſſe like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driued,
But glauncing on the tempred mettall, brast
In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke;
But she no more was moued with that might,
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;
Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* hight,
For the braue youthly Champions to assay,
With burning charet wheeles it nigh to smite:
But who that smites it, mars his ioyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

Yet therewith ſore enrag'd, with ſterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon ſhe to him addreſt,
Which on his helmet martelled ſo hard,
That made him low incline his lofty creſt,
And bowd his battred viſour to his breſt:
Wherewith he was ſo ſtund, that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from Eaſt to Weſt:
Which when his cruell enimy eſpyde,
She lightly vnto him adioyned ſide to ſyde;

And on his collar laying puiſſant hand,
Out of his wauering ſeat him pluckt perforſe,
Perforſe him pluckt, vnable to withſtand,
Or helpe himſelfe, and laying thwart her horſe,
In loathly wiſe like to a carion corſe,
She bore him faſt away. Which when the knight,
That her purſewed, ſaw with great remorſe,
He neare was touched in his noble ſpright,
And gan encreaſe his ſpeed, as ſhe encreaſt her flight.

Whom when as nigh approching ſhe eſpyde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For ſhe liſt not the battell to abide,
But made her ſelfe more light, away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight purſewd ſo nye,
That almoſt in the backe he oft her ſtrake:
But ſtill when him at hand ſhe did eſpy,
She turnd, and ſemblaunce of faire fight did make;
But when he ſtayd, to flight againe ſhe did her take.

By this good Sir *Satyrane* gan wake
Out of his dreame, that did him long entraunce,
And ſeeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curſt that cruell chaunce,

Which

Which reft from him so faire a cheuisaunce:
At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,
Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,
Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

To whom approching, well he mote perceiue
In that foule plight a comely personage,
And louely face, made fit for to deceiue
Fraile Ladies hart with loues consuming rage,
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He reard him vp, and loosd his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that Gyaunts hands,
And who that was, which chaced her along the lands.

Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake,
That Geaunteſſe *Argante* is behight,
A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
Warre against heauen, and heaped hils on hight,
To scale the skyes, and put *Ioue* from his right:
Her sire *Typhæus* was, who mad through merth,
And drunke with bloud of men, slaine by his might,
Through inceſt, her of his owne mother Earth
Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

For at that berth another Babe she bore,
To weet the mighty *Ollyphant*, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosd they were,
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

So liu'd they euer after in like sin,
Gainst natures law, and good behauioure:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who not content so fowly to deuoure
Her natiue flesh, and straine her brothers bowre,
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
And suffred beasts her body to deflowre:
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre,
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre.

But ouer all the countrey she did raunge,
To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thurst,
And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:
Whom so she fittest finds to serue her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth trust,
She with her brings into a secret Ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

Me seely wretch she so at vauntage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lye,
And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,
Her lothsome pleasure there to satisfye;
That thousand deathes me leuer were to dye,
Then breake the vow, that to faire *Columbell*
I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
Call me the *Squyre of Dames* that me beseemeth well.

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
That Geaunteesse, is not such, as she seemed,
But a faire virgin, that in martiall law,
And deedes of armes aboue all Dames is deemed,
And

And aboue many knights is eke esteemed,
For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread redeemed.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

Her well beseemes that Quest (quoth *Satyrane*)
But read, thou *Squyre of Dames*, what vow is this,
Which thou vpon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis.
That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
After long suit and weary seruicis,
Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
And how she might be sure, that I would neuer swerue.

I glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Bad her command my life to saue, or spill.
Eftsoones she bad me, with incessaunt paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And euery where, where with my power or skill
I might do seruice vnto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
And at the twelue monethes end should bring their
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,
And found such fauour in their louing hartes,
That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
Three hundred pledges for my good desartes,
And thrise three hundred thanks for my good partes
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes,
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment.

To weet, that I my trauell should resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne euer to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had found,
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for euer chast and sound.
Ah gentle Squire (quoth he) tell at one word,
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

In deed Sir knight (said he) one word may tell
All, that I euer found so wisely stayd;
For onely three they were disposd so well,
And yet three yeares I now abroad haue strayd,
To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
The which thy proffred curtesie denayd?
Or ill they seemed sure auizd to bee,
Or brutishly brought vp, that neu'r did fashions see.

The first which then refused me (said hee)
Certes was but a common Courtisane,
Yet flat refusd to haue a do with mee,
Because I could not giue her many a Iane.
(Thereat full hartely laughed *Satyrane*)
The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chappellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

The third a Damzell was of low degree,
Whom I in countrey cottage found by chaunce;
Full little weened I, that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce,

Yet

Yet was she faire, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,
In hope vnto my pleasure to haue won;
But was as farre at last, as when I first begon.

Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
My Ladies loue, in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to wast in vaine, (traine.
Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladies

Perdy, (said *Satyrane*) thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many blames,
That may emongst *Alcides* labours stand.
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast, he ouercame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,
To tell what tydings of faire *Florimell* became.

Cant. VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy Lady,
like to Florimell,
Who wrongd by Carle by Proteus sau'd,
is sought by Paridell.

SO oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how causeleſſe of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell, whom I write vpon,
Should plonged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest hart of stone,
Would hardly find to aggrauate her griefe;
For misery craues rather mercie, then repriefe.

But that accurſed Hag, her hoſteſſe late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart,
That she deſyrd th'abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe returning spyde,
Tyde with her broken girdle, it a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst deſtroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladneſſe to her hart applyde.

And with it running haſt'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue reliued;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie freſh reuiued,

Much

Much more then earſt, and would haue algates riued
The hart out of his breſt: for ſith her ded
He ſurely dempt, himſelfe he thought depriued
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His fooliſh maladie, and long time had miſled.

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would haue ſlaine,
Had ſhe not fled into a ſecret mew,
Where ſhe was wont her Sprights to entertaine
The maiſters of her art: there was ſhe faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them coniure vpon eternall paine,
To counſell her ſo carefully diſmayd,
How ſhe might heale her ſonne, whoſe ſenſes were de-cayd.

By their aduiſe, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whoſe like on earth was neuer framed yit,
That euen Nature ſelfe enuide the ſame,
And grudg'd to ſee the counterfet ſhould ſhame
The thing it ſelfe: In hand ſhe boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another *Florimell*, in ſhape and looke
So liuely and ſo like, that many it miſtooke.

The ſubſtance, whereof ſhe the bodie made,
Was pureſt ſnow in maſſie mould congeald,
Which ſhe had gathered in a ſhadie glade
Of the *Riphæan* hils, to her reueald
By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
The ſame ſhe tempred with fine Mercury,
And virgin wex, that neuer yet was ſeald,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a liuely ſanguine it ſeem'd to the eye.

In ſtead of eyes two burning lampes ſhe ſet
In ſiluer ſockets, ſhyning like the skyes,
And a quicke mouing Spirit did arret
To ſtirre and roll them, like a womans eyes;
In ſtead of yellow lockes ſhe did deuiſe,
With golden wyre to weaue her curled head;
Yet golden wyre was not ſo yellow thriſe
As *Florimells* faire haire: and in the ſtead
Of life, ſhe put a Spright to rule the carkaſſe dead.

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
And faire reſemblance aboue all the reſt,
Which with the Prince of Darkneſſe fell lomewhile,
From heauens bliſſe and euerlaſting reſt;
Him needed not inſtruct, which way were beſt
Himſelfe to faſhion likeſt *Florimell*,
Ne how to ſpeake, ne how to vſe his geſt,
For he in counterfeiſance did excell,
And all the wyles of wemens wits knew paſſing well.

Him ſhaped thus, ſhe deckt in garments gay,
Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
That who ſo then her ſaw, would ſurely ſay,
It was her ſelfe, whom it did imitate,
Or fairer then her ſelfe, if ought algate
Might fairer be. And then ſhe forth her brought
Vnto her ſonne, that lay in feeble ſtate;
Who ſeeing her gan ſtreight vpſtart, and thought
She was the Lady ſelfe, who he ſo long had ſought.

Tho faſt her clipping twixt his armes twaine,
Extremely ioyed in ſo happie ſight,
And ſoone forgot his former ſickly paine;
But ſhe, the more to ſeeme ſuch as ſhe hight,

Coyly

Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet ſtill with gentle countenant retained,
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long ſhe ſo with ſhadowes entertained,
As her Creatreſſe had in charge to her ordained.

Till on a day, as he diſpoſed was
To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,
Her to diſport, and idle time to paſs,
In th'open freſhneſſe of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;
Yet knight was not, but a boaſtfull ſwaine,
That deedes of armes had euer in deſpaire,
Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repoſe, and credit did maintaine.

He ſeeing with that Chorle ſo faire a wight,
Decked with many a coſtly ornament,
Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle diſparagement:
His bloudie ſpeare eftſoones he boldly bent
Againſt the ſilly clowne, who dead through feare,
Fell ſtreight to ground in great aſtoniſhment;
Villein (ſaid he) this Ladie is my deare,
Dy, if thou it gaineſay: I will away her beare.

The fearefull Chorle durſt not gaineſay, nor dooe,
But trembling ſtood, and yielded him the pray:
Who finding litle leaſure her to wooe,
On *Tromparts* ſteed her mounted without ſtay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himſelfe then *Braggadocchio* deemed,
And next to none, after that happie day,
Being poſſeſſed of that ſpoyle, which ſeemed
The faireſt wight on ground, and moſt of men eſteemed.

But when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
With termes of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glozing speaches frame
To such vaine vses, that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory, that she euer came
Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,
To reaue her honor, which she more then life prefard.

Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feet vpon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,
And fain'd to cheare his Ladie in dismay;
Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,
And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat,
Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high
To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme.

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
To steale away, that I with blowes haue wonne,
And brought throgh points of many perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,

Or proue thy ſelfe, this ſad encounter ſhonne,
And ſeeke elſe without hazard of thy hed.
At thoſe proud words that other knight begonne
To wexe exceeding wroth, and him ared
To turne his ſteede about, or ſure he ſhould be ded.

Sith then (ſaid *Braggadocchio*) needes thou wilt,
Thy dayes abridge, through proofe of puiſſance,
Turne we our ſteedes, that both in equall tilt
May meet againe, and each take happie chance.
This ſaid, they both a furlongs mountenance
Retyrd their ſteeds, to ronne in euen race:
But *Braggadocchio* with his bloudie lance
Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,
But left his loue to loſſe, and fled himſelfe apace.

The knight him ſeeing fly, had no regard
Him to pourſew, but to the Ladie rode,
And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
Vpon his Courſer ſet the louely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that faireſt *Florimell*
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And ſo her ſelfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke him ſelfe in heauen, that was in hell.

But *Florimell* her ſelfe was farre away,
Driuen to great diſtreſſe by Fortune ſtraunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late miſchaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for ſea, at randon there to raunge:
Yet there that cruell Queene auengereſſe,
Not ſatisfide ſo farre her to eſtraunge
From courtly bliſſe and wonted happineſſe,
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchedneſſe.

For being fled into the fiſhers bote,
For refuge from the Monſters crueltie,
Long ſo ſhe on the mightie maine did flote,
And with the tide droue forward careleſſlie;
For th'aire was milde, and cleared was the skie,
And all his windes *Dan Aeolus* did keepe,
From ſtirring vp their ſtormy enmitie,
As pittying to ſee her waile and weepe;
But all the while the fiſher did ſecurely ſleepe.

At laſt when droncke with drowſineſſe, he woke,
And ſaw his drouer driue along the ſtreame,
He was diſmayd, and thriſe his breaſt he ſtroke,
For maruell of that accident extreame;
But when he ſaw, that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifie,
He marueild more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awakt, or that ſome extaſie
Aſſotted had his ſenſe, or dazed was his eie.

But when her well auizing, he perceiued
To be no viſion, nor fantaſticke ſight,
Great comfort of her preſence he conceiued,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and ſtirre his frozen ſpright:
Tho rudely askt her, how ſhe thither came.
Ah (ſaid ſhe) father, I note read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to the ſame;
Yet am I glad that here I now in ſafety am.

But thou good man, ſith farre in ſea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to ſwell,
That now no more we can the maine-land ſee,
Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,

Leaſt

Leaſt worſe on ſea then vs on land befell.
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
And ſaid, his boat the way could wiſely tell:
But his deceiptfull eyes did neuer lin,
To looke on her faire face, and marke her ſnowy skin.

The ſight whereof in his congealed fleſh,
Infixt ſuch ſecret ſting of greedy luſt,
That the drie withered ſtocke it gan refreſh,
And kindled heat, that ſoone in flame forth bruſt:
The drieſt wood is ſooneſt burnt to duſt.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand
Where ill became him, raſhly would haue thruſt,
But ſhe with angry ſcorne him did withſtond,
And ſhamefully reproued for his rudeneſſe fond.

But he, that neuer good nor maners knew,
Her ſharpe rebuke full litle did eſteeme;
Hard is to teach an old horſe amble trew.
The inward ſmoke, that did before but ſteeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme,
And now he ſtrength gan adde vnto his will,
Forcing to doe, that did him fowle miſſeeme:
Beaſtly he threw her downe, ne car'd to ſpill
Her garments gay with ſcales of fiſh, that all did fill.

The ſilly virgin ſtroue him to withſtand,
All that ſhe might, and him in vaine reuild:
She ſtruggled ſtrongly both with foot and hand,
To ſaue her honor from that villaine vild,
And cride to heauen, from humane helpe exild.
O ye braue knights, that boaſt this Ladies loue,
Where be ye now, when ſhe is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch? well may ſhee you reproue
Of falſhood or of ſlouth, when moſt it may behoue.

But if that thou, Sir *Satyran*, didst weete,
Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her sorie state,
How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,
To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late;
Towres, Cities, Kingdomes ye would ruinate,
In your auengement and dispiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir *Calidore* could it presage,
No liuing creature could his cruelty asswage.

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
See how the heauens of voluntary grace,
And soueraine fauour towards chastity,
Doe succour send to her distressed cace:
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortuned, whilest thus she stifly stroue,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shriekes, *Proteus* abrode did roue,
Along the fomy waues driuing his finny droue.

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mightie heard;
An aged sire with head all frowy hore,
And sprinckled frost vpon his deawy beard:
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard,
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
His charet swift in haste he thither steard,
Which with a teeme of scaly *Phocas* bound
Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him around.

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
That went at will, withouten carde or sayle,
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle

Into

Into his hart attonce: ſtreight did he hayle
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very litle fayle,
And with his ſtaffe, that driues his Heard aſtray,
Him bet ſo ſore, that life and ſenſe did much diſmay.

The whiles the pitteous Ladie vp did ryſe,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy ſoyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To ſaue her ſelfe from that outrageous ſpoyle,
But when ſhe looked vp, to weet, what wight
Had her from ſo infamous fact aſſoyld,
For ſhame, but more for feare of his grim ſight,
Downe in her lap ſhe hid her face, and loudly ſhright.

Her ſelfe not ſaued yet from daunger dred
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare;
Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled
From the ſharpe Hauke, which her attached neare,
And fals to ground, to ſeeke for ſuccour theare,
Whereas the hungry Spaniels ſhe does ſpy,
With greedy iawes her readie for to teare;
In ſuch diſtreſſe and ſad perplexity
Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* ſhe did ſee thereby.

But he endeuoured with ſpeeches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himſelfe; and who he was, her told.
Yet all that could not from affright her hold;
Ne to recomfort her at all preuayld;
For her faint heart was with the frozen cold
Benumbd ſo inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her ſenſes with abaſhment quite were quayld.

Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full ſoftly kiſt,
Whiles the cold yſickles from his rough beard,
Dropped adowne vpon her yuorie breſt:
Yet he himſelfe ſo buſily addreſt,
That her out of aſtoniſhment he wrought,
And out of that ſame fiſhers filthy neſt
Remouing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faire beſought.

But that old leachour, which with bold aſſault
That beautie durſt preſume to violate,
He caſt to puniſh for his hainous fault;
Then tooke he him yet trembling ſith of late,
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin, whom he had abuſde ſo ſore:
So drag'd him through the waues in ſcornefull ſtate,
And after caſt him vp, vpon the ſhore;
But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

His bowre is in the bottome of the maine,
Vnder a mightie rocke, gainſt which do raue
The roaring billowes in their proud diſdaine,
That with the angry working of the waue,
Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,
That ſeemes rough Maſons hand with engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engraue:
There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was ſeene,
Saue one old *Nymph*, hight *Panope* to keepe it cleane.

Thither he brought the ſory *Florimell*,
And entertained her the beſt he might
And *Panope* her entertaind eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,

To winne her liking vnto his delight:
With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire gifts t'allure her sight,
But she both offers and the offerer
Despyde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And neuer suffred her to be at rest:
But euermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnesse did detest.
So firmely she had sealed vp her brest.
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:
But she a mortall creature loued best:
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lou'd none, but a Faerie knight.

Then like a Faerie knight himselfe he drest;
For euery shape on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her expresst,
And offred kingdomes vnto her in vew,
To be his Leman and his Ladie trew:
But when all this he nothing saw preuaile,
With harder meanes he earst her to subdew,
And with sharpe threates her often did assaile,
So thinking for to make her stubborne courage quaile.

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme,
Now like a Gyant, now like to a feend,
Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme,
Raging within the waues: thereby he weend
Her will to win vnto his wished end.
But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
He else could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,
Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefe,
Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of loue:
Die had she rather in tormenting griefe,
Then any should of falsenesse her reproue,
Or looseneſſe, that she lightly did remoue.
Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heauenly praise with Saints aboue,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes exceed.

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee;
But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,
Shall be t'aduance thy goodly chastitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name,
In th'heart of euery honourable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
It yrkes me, leaue thee in this wofull state,
To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late.

Who hauing ended with that *Squire of Dames*
A long discourse of his aduentures vaine,
The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,
And finding not th'*Hyena* to be slaine,
With that same *Squire*, returned backe againe
To his first way. And as they forward went,
They spyde a knight faire pricking on the plaine,
As if he were on some aduenture bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did addresse,
To weet, what wight he was, and what his queſt:
And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse
Both by the burning hart, which on his breſt

He

He bare, and by the colours in his creſt,
That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
And him ſaluting, as beſeemed beſt,
Gan firſt inquire of tydings farre abrode;
And afterwardes, on what aduenture now he rode.

Who thereto anſwering, ſaid; The tydings bad,
Which now in Faerie court all men do tell,
Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning ſad,
Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,
And ſuddein parture of faire *Florimell*,
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the braue knights, that doen in armes excell,
To ſauegard her, ywandred all alone;
Emongſt the reſt my lot (vnworthy) is to be one.

Ah gentle knight (ſaid then Sir *Satyrane*)
Thy labour all is loſt, I greatly dread,
That haſt a thankleſſe ſeruice on thee ta'ne,
And offreſt ſacrifice vnto the dead:
For dead, I ſurely doubt, thou maiſt aread
Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to be,
That all the noble knights of *Maydenhead*,
Which her ador'd, may ſore repent with me,
And all faire Ladies may for euer ſory be.

Which words when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
Gan greatly chaunge, and ſeem'd diſmayd to bee;
Then ſaid, Faire Sir, how may I weene it trew,
That ye doe tell in ſuch vncertaintee?
Or ſpeake ye of report, or did ye ſee
Iuſt cauſe of dread, that makes ye doubt ſo ſore?
For perdie elſe how mote it euer bee,
That euer hand ſhould dare for to engore
Her noble bloud? the heauens ſuch crueltie abhore.

These eyes did see, that they will euer rew
T'haue seene, (quoth he) when as a monstrous beast
The Palfrey, whereon she did trauell, slew,
And of his bowels made his bloudie feast:
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay:
Besides, that more suspition encreast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distaynd with durt and bloud, as relique of the pray.

Aye me, (said *Paridell*) the signes be sad,
And but God turne the same to good soothsay,
That Ladies safetie is sore to be drad:
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray.
Faire Sir (quoth he) well may it you succeed,
Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay,
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

Ye noble knights (said then the *Squire of Dames*)
Well may ye speed in so praiseworthy paine:
But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his beames,
In deawy vapours of the westerne maine,
And lose the teme out of his weary waine,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous haste, till morrow next againe
Both light of heauen, and strength of men relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate.

That counsell pleased well, to all yfere
Forth marched to a Castle them before,
Where soone arriuing, they restrained were
Of readie entrance, which ought euermore

To errant knights be commun: wondrous sore:
Thereat displeasd they were, till that young Squire
Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore
Was shut to all, which lodging did desire:
The which to let you weet, will further time require.

Cant. IX.

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
For peeuish gealosie:
Paridell iusts with Britomart:
Both shew their aunce strie.

REdoubted knights, and honorable Dames,
To whom I leuell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare, least with vnworthy blames
This odious argument my rimes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shyning glory of your soueraigne light,
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But neuer let th'ensample of the bad
Offend the good: for good by paragone
Of euill, may more notably be rad,
As white seemes fairer, macht with blacke attone;
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
For lo in heauen, whereas all goodnesse is,
Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy blis;
What wonder then, if one of women all did mis?

Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weet
The cause, why *Satyrane* and *Paridell*
Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
Into that Castle (as that Squire does tell.)
Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
Ne cares, what men say of him ill or well;
For all his dayes he drownes in priuitie,
Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten masse,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe;
Yet is he linckt to a louely lasse,
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse,
The which to him both far vnequall yeares,
And also far vnlike conditions has;
For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraint, and gealous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,
Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply;
The priuie guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
Vpon her with his other blincked eye;
Ne suffreth he resort of liuing wight
Approch to her, ne keepe her company,
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
Depriu'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* she hight,
Vnfitly yokt together in one teeme,
That is the cause, why neuer any knight
It suffred here to enter, but he seeme

Such, as no doubt of him he needs misdeeme,
Thereat Sir *Satyrane* gan smile, and say;
Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay
A womans will, which is disposd to go astray.

In vaine he feares that, which he cannot shonne:
For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
Can guilen *Argus*, when she list misdonne?
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;
But fast good will with gentle curtesyes,
And timely seruice to her pleasures meet
May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

Then is he not more mad (said *Paridell*)
That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For sure a foole I do him firmely hold,
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why do we deuise of others ill,
Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old,
To keepe vs out, in scorne of his owne will,
And rather do not ransack all, and him selfe kill?

Nay let vs first (said *Satyrane* entreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,
And afterwardes affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it do begin:
Then if all fayle, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.
That counsell pleasd: then *Paridell* did rise,
And to the Castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

Whereat ſoft knocking, entrance he deſyrd.
The good man ſelfe, which then the Porter playd,
Him anſwered, that all were now retyrd
Vnto their reſt, and all the keyes conuayd
Vnto their maiſter, who in bed was layd,
That none him durſt awake out of his dreme;
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
Then *Paridell* began to chaunge his theme,
And threatned him with force & puniſhment extreme.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent,
And now ſo long before the wicket faſt
They wayted, that the night was forward ſpent,
And the faire welkin fowly ouercaſt,
Gan blowen vp a bitter ſtormy blaſt,
With ſhoure and hayle ſo horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at laſt,
To fly for ſuccour to a little ſhed,
The which beſide the gate for ſwine was ordered.

It fortuned, ſoone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempeſt thither brought,
Came to that Caſtle, and with earneſt mone,
Like as the reſt, late entrance deare beſought;
But like ſo as the reſt he prayd for nought,
For flatly he of entrance was refuſd,
Sorely thereat he was diſpleaſd, and thought
How to auenge himſelfe ſo ſore abuſd,
And euermore the Carle of curteſie accuſd.

But to auoyde th'intollerable ſtowre,
He was compeld to ſeeke ſome refuge neare,
And to that ſhed, to ſhrowd him from the ſhowre,
He came, which full of gueſts he found why leare,

So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore, that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them dislodge, all were they liefe orloth;
And deside them each, and so deside them both.

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to haue lent,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate;
But chiefly *Paridell* his hart did grate,
To heare him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a dogge to kennell rate,
That durst not barke; and rather had he dy;
Then when he was deside, in coward corner ly.

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
He forth issew'd; like as a boistrous wind,
Which in th'earthes hollow caues hath long bin hid,
And shut vp fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kind
To moue, and tremble as it were agast,
Vntill that it an issew forth may find;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land & seas, and skyes doth ouercast.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and force,
That with the terrour of their fierce affret,
They rudely droue to ground both man and horse,
That each awhile lay like a senceless corse.
But *Paridell* sore bruséd with the blow,
Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scorse,
Till that young Squire him reated from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throw.

But *Satyrane* forth stepping, did them stay
And with faire treatie pacifide their ire,
Then when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him dew vengeaunce for his hire.
They bene agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the same with vnquenchable fire,
And that vncurteous Carle their commune foe
To do fowle death to dye, or wrap in grieuous woe.

Malbecco seeing them resolu'd in deed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearefull speed,
And to them calling from the castle wall,
Besought them humbly, him to beare with all,
As ignoraunt of seruants bad abuse,
And slacke attendaunce vnto straungers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought beleu'd, & entraūce late did not refuse.

They bene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And seru'd of all things that more needfull bee;
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare, then charitee;
But they dissembled, what they did not see;
And welcomed themselues. Each gan vndight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry them selues by *Vulcanes* flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest;
Was for like need enforst to disaray:
Tho whenas vailed was her loftie creast,
Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay
Vpbounden,

Vpbounden, did them ſelues adowne diſplay,
And raught vnto her heeles; like ſunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time ſtay,
Their vapour vaded, ſhew their golden gleames,
And through the perſant aire ſhoote forth their azure ſtreames.

She alſo dofte her heauy haberieon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde,
And her well plighted frock, which ſhe did won
To tucke about her ſhort, when ſhe did ryde,
She low let fall, that flowd from her lanck ſyde
Downe to her foot, with careleſſe modeſtee.
Then of them all ſhe plainly was eſpyde,
To be a woman wight, vnwiſt to bee,
The faireſt woman wight, that euer eye did ſee.

Like as *Minerua*, being late returnd
From ſlaughter of the Giaunts conquered;
Where proud *Encelade*, whoſe wide noſethrils burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with the ſpeare, downe tombled ded
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hye;
Hath looſd her helmet from her lofty hed,
And her *Gorgonian* ſhield gins to vntye
From her left arme, to reſt in glorious victorye.

Which whenas they beheld, they ſmitten were
With great amazement of ſo wondrous ſight,
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if ſuddein great affright
Had them ſurpriſed; At laſt auizing right,
Her goodly perſonage and glorious hew,
Which they ſo much miſtooke, they tooke delight
In their firſt errour, and yet ſtill anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry vew.

Yet note their hungry vew be satisfide,
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
And euer firmely fixed did abide
In contemplation of diuinitie:
But they nieruaild at her cheualree,
And noble prowesse, which they had approued,
That much they faynd to know, who she mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,
Yet euery one her likte, and euery one her loued.

And *Paridell* though partly discontent
With his late fall, and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they *Malbecco* prayd of curtesy,
That of his Lady they might haue the sight,
And company at meat, to do them more delight.

But he to shift their curious request,
Gan causen, why she could not come in place;
Her crased health, her late recourse to rest,
And humid euening ill for sicke folkes cace:
But none of those excuses could take place;
Ne would they eate, till she in presence came.
She came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle curteous Dame.

They sate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chaunce
Was her before, and *Paridell* beside;
But he him selfe sate looking still askaunce,
Gainst *Britomart*, and euer closely eyde

Sir *Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glyde:
But his blind eye, that fyded *Paridell*,
All his demeasnure from his sight did hyde:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of loue to her at will.

And euer and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,
He rou'd at her, and told his secret care:
For all that art he learned had of yore.
Ne was she ignoraunt of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely red,
And with the like him answerd euermore:
She sent at him one firie dart, whose hed
Empoisned was with priuy lust, and gealous dred.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake hart opened wyde;
The wicked engine through false influence,
Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde
Into his hart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde
The powre thereof, and lou'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne,
Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the siluer plate
He on the table dasht, as ouerthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor ouerflowne,
And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,
Or therein write to let his loue be showne;
Which well she red out of the learned line,
A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

And when so of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to slake:
By such close signes they secret way did make
Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch escape;
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccoes* cape.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was moued by that gentle Dame,
Vnto those knights aduenturous, to tell
Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
And euery one his kindred, and his name.
Then *Paridell*, in whom a kindly pryde
Of gracious speach, and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fit tyde
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde.

Troy, that art now nought, but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,
Before that angry Gods, and cruell skye
Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie,
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,
Sith all thy worthy prayses being blent,
Their of-spring hath embaste, and later glory shent.

Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
And stately towres of *Ilion* whilome
Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name

Sir

Sir *Paris* far renowmd through noble fame,
Who through great proweſſe and bold hardineſſe,
From *Lacedæmon* fetcht the faireſt Dame,
That euer *Greece* did boaſt, or knight poſſeſſe,
Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthineſſe.

Faire *Helene*, flowre of beautie excellent,
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That madeſt many Ladies deare lament
The heauie loſſe of their braue Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from *Troian* toures,
And ſaw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* ſtrowne
With careaſes of noble warrioures,
Whoſe fruitleſſe liues were vnder furrow ſowne,
And *Xanthus* ſandy bankes with bloud all ouer flowne.

From him my linage I deriue aright,
Who long before the ten yeares ſiege of *Troy*,
Whiles yet on *Ida* he a ſhepheard hight,
On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy,
Whom for remembraunce of her paſſed ioy,
She of his Father *Parius* did name;
Who, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme deſtroy,
Gathred the *Troian* reliques ſau'd from flame,
And with them ſayling thence, to th'Iſle of *Paros* came.

That was by him cald *Paros*, which before
Hight *Nauſa*, there he many yeares did raine,
And built *Nauſicle* by the *Pontick* ſhore,
The which he dying left next in remaine
To *Paridas* his ſonne.
From whom I *Paridell* by kin deſcend;
But for faire Ladies loue, and glories gaine,
My natiue ſoile haue left, my dayes to ſpend
In ſeewing deeds of armes, my liues and labours end.

Whenas the noble *Britomart* heard tell
Of *Troian* warres, and *Priams* Citie sackt,
The ruefull story of Sir *Paridell*,
She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zelous enuy of Greekes cruell fact,
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard, that she was lineally extract:
For noble *Britons* sprong from *Troians* bold,
And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troyes* ashes cold.

Then sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
O lamentable fall of famous towne,
Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
And of all *Asie* bore the soueraigne crowne,
In one sad night consumd, and throwen downe:
What stony hart, that heares thy hapless fate,
Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at euening late?

Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath found another partner of your payne:
For nothing may impresse so deare constraint,
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But if it should not grieue you, backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre,
What to *Aeneas* fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the Cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did him selfe to safetie retyre.

Anchyses sonne begot of *Venus* faire,
(Said he,) out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repaire,
Where he through fatall errour long was led

Full

Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore, emongst the Lybicke sands,
Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,
And many perils past in forreine lands,
To saue his people sad from victours vengefull hands.

At last in *Latium* he did arriue,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th'inland folke, which sought him backe to driue,
Till he with old *Latinus* was constraind,
To contract wedlock: (so the fates ordaind.)
Wedlock contract in bloud, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The riuall slaine, the victour through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good.

Yet after all, he victour did suruiue,
And with *Latinus* did the kingdome part.
But after, when both nations gan to striue,
Into their names the title to conuart,
His sonne *Iülus* did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of *Troians* bloud,
And in long *Alba* plast his throne apart,
Where faire it florished, and long time stoud,
Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remoud.

There there (said *Britomart*) a fresh appeard
The glory of the later world to spring,
And *Troy* againe out of her dust was reard,
To sit in second seat of soueraigne king,
Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
But a third kingdome yet is to arise',
Out of the *Troians* scattered of-spring,
That in all glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalise.

It *Troynouant* is hight, that with the waues
Of wealthy *Thamis* washed is along,
Vpon whose stubborne neck, whereat he raues
With roring rage, and sore him selfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
She fastned hath her foot, which standes so hy,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes, and all which passen by,
Beholding it from far, do thinke it threates the skye.

The *Troian Brute* did first that Citie found,
And Hygate gate made the meare thereof by West,
And *Ouert* gate by North: that is the bound
Toward the land; two riuers bound the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That *Albion* had conquered first by warlike feat.

Ah fairest Lady knight, (said *Paridell*)
Pardon I pray my heedlesse ouersight,
Who had forgot, that whilome I heard tell
From aged *Mnemon*; for my wits bene light.
Indeed he said (if I remember right,)
That of the antique *Troian* stocke, there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
Into the vtmost Angle of the world he knew.

For that same *Brute*, whom much he did aduaunce
In all his speach, was *Syluius* his sonne,
Whom hauing slaine, through luckles arrowes glaūce
He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,

Or

Or else for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
And with him led to the sea an youthly trayne,
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prou'd in th'*Ocean* mayne,
And great aduẽtures found, that now were lõg to sayne.

At last by fatall course they driuen were
Into an Island spatious and brode,
The furthest North, that did to them appeare:
Which after rest they seeking far abrode,
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing foode,
But wholy wast, and void of peoples tróde,
Saue an huge nation of the Geaunts broode,
That fed on liuing flesh, & druncke mens vitall blood.

Whom he through wearie wars and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many *Britons* bold:
In which the great *Goemagot* of strong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
Were ouerthrowne, and layd on th'earth full cold,
Which quaked vnder their so hideous masse,
A famous history to be enrold
In euerlasting moniments of brasse,
That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

His worke great *Treynouant*, his worke is eke
Faire *Lincolne*, both renowmed far away,
That who from East to West will endlong seeke,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
Except *Cleopolis*: so heard I say
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin, and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

But all the while, that he these speaches spent,
Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,
With vigilant regard, and dew attent,
Fashioning worlds of fancies euermore
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles vnwares away her wondring eye,
And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore:
Which he perceiuing, euer priuily
In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

So long these knights discourſed diuerſly,
Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And heauenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
Which th'old man seeing well, who too long thought
Euery discourse and euery argument,
Which by the houres he measured, besought
Them go to rest. So all vnto their bowres were brought.

Cant. X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her pursewes:
Findes emongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

THe morow next, so soone as *Phœbus* Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh *Aurora* had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,

Faire

Faire *Britomart* and that ſame *Faerie* knight
Vproſe, forth on their iourney for to wend:
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight
With *Britomart*, ſo ſore did him offend,
That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

So forth they far'd, but he behind them ſtayd,
Maulgre his hoſt, who grudged grieuouſly,
To houſe a gueſt, that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him left not liberty:
Might wanting meaſure moueth ſurquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fierce youngmans vnruly maiſtery;
His money, which he lou'd as liuing breath;
And his faire wife, whom honeſt long he kept vneath.

But patience perforce he muſt abie,
What fortune and his fate on him will lay,
Fond is the feare, that findes no remedie;
Yet warily he watcheth euery way,
By which he feareth euill happen may:
So th'euill thinkes by watching to preuent;
Ne doth he ſuffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his ſight her ſelfe once to abſent.
So doth he puniſh her and eke himſelfe torment.

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,
A fit occaſion for his turne to find:
False loue, why do men ſay, thou canſt not ſee,
And in their fooliſh fancie feigne thee blind,
That with thy charmes the ſharpeſt ſight doeſt bind,
And to thy will abuſe? Thou walkeſt free,
And ſeeſt euery ſecret of the mind;
Thou ſeeſt all, yet none at all ſees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
That he *Melbeccues* halfen eye did wyle,
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
That he there soiourned his wounds to heale;
That *Cupid* selfe it seeing, close did smyle,
To weet how he her loue away did steale,
And bad, that none their ioyous treason should reueale.

The learned louer lost no time nor tyde,
That least auantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a saile, that none espyde
His secret drift, till he her layd abord.
When so in open place, and commune bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her, yet bayted euery word,
That his vngentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile vngentleneſſe, or hospitages breach.

But when apart (if euer her apart)
He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights vnbosomd in his hart;
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast beſyde:
Tho when againe he him bethought to liue,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she Mercie would him giue
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgiue.

And otherwhiles with amorous delights,
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now singing sweetly, to surprise her sprights,
Now making layes of loue and louers paine,

Braunſles

Bransles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purposes, oft riddles he deuysd,
And thousands like, which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancie, and entysd
To take to his new loue, and leaue her old despysd.

And euery where he might, and euery while
He did her seruice dewtifull, and sewed
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
So closely yet, that none but she it vewed,
Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weake harts had subdewed
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will riue,
Or daily siege through dispuruayance long,
And lacke of reskewes will to parley driue;
And Peace, that vnto parley eare will giue,
Will shortly yeeld it selfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will byliue:
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine displayd.

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That she her loue and hart hath wholy sold
To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a faire Cucquold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
Deuized hath, and to her louer told.
It pleased well. So well they both agree;
So readie ripe to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

Darke was the Euening, fit for louers ſtealth,
When chaunſt *Melbecco* buſie be elſewhere;
She to his cloſet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid: thereof ſhe countleſſe ſummes did reare,
The which ſhe meant away with her to beare;
The reſt ſhe fyr'd for ſport, or for deſpight;
As *Hellene*, when ſhe ſaw aloft appeare
The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heauens hight
Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull ſight.

This ſecond *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,
The whiles her husband ranne with ſory haſte,
To quench the flames which ſhe had tyn'd before,
Laught at his fooliſh labour ſpent in waſte;
And ranne into her louers armes right faſt;
Where ſtreight embraced, ſhe to him did cry,
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were paſt;
For loe that Gueſt would beare her forcibly,
And meant to rauiſh her, that rather had to dy.

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,
And readie ſeeing him with her to fly,
In his diſquiet mind was much diſmayd:
But when againe he backward caſt his eye,
And ſaw the wicked fire ſo furiouſly
Conſume his hart, and ſcorch his Idoles face,
He was therewith diſtreſſed diuerſly,
Ne wiſt he how to turne, nor to what place;
Was neuer wretched man in ſuch a wofull cace.

Ay when to him ſhe cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; loue money ouercame:
But when he marked, how his money burnd,
He left his wife; money did loue diſclame:

Both

Both was he loth to looſe his loued Dame,
And loth to leaue his liefeſt pelfe behind,
Yet ſith he n'ote ſaue both, he ſau'd that ſame,
Which was the deareſt to his donghill mind,
The God of his deſire, the ioy of miſers blind.

Thus whileſt all things in troublous vprore were,
And all men buſie to ſuppreſſe the flame,
The louing couple need no reskew feare,
But leaſure had, and libertie to frame
Their purpoſt flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night, the patroneſſe of loue-ſtealth faire,
Gaue them ſafe conduct, till to end they came:
So bene they gone yfeare, a wanton paire
Of louers looſely knit, where liſt them to repaire.

Soone as the cruell flames yſlaked were,
Malbecco ſeeing, how his loſſe did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere
Into huge waues of griefe and gealoſye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,
Twixt inward doole and felonous deſpight;
He rau'd, he wept, he ſtampt, he lowd did cry,
And all the paſſions, that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppreſſe, and vex his caytiue ſpright.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did conſume his gall with anguiſh ſore,
Still when he muſed on his late miſchiefe,
Then ſtill the ſmart thereof increaſed more,
And ſeem'd more grieuous, then it was before:
At laſt when ſorrow he ſaw booted nought,
Ne griefe might not his loue to him reſtore,
He gan deuiſe, how her he reskew mought,
Ten thouſand wayes he caſt in his confuſed thought.

At last resoluing, like a pilgrim pore,
To seach her forth, where so she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hond
To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her farre and nere,
And euery where that he mote vnderstond,
Of knights and ladies any meetings were,
And of eachone he met, he tydings did inquere.

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,
Euer to come into his clouch againe,
And he too simple euer to surprise
The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
One day, as he forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he farre away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which houed close vnder a forrest side,
As if they lay in wait, or else themselues did hide.

Well weened he, that those the same mote bee,
And as he better did their shape auize,
Him seemed more their manner did agree;
For th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize;
And th'other all yclad in garments light,
Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his Ladie bright;
And euer his faint hart much earned at the sight.

And euer faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe;
Till that prickt forth with loues extremitie,

That

That is the father of foule gealosy,
He closely nearer crept, the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

But it was scornefull *Braggadocchio*,
That with his seruant *Trompart* houerd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such when as *Malbecco* spyed clere,
He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;
Till *Trompart* ronning hastily, him did stay,
And bad before his soueraine Lord appere:
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could haue kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That euery member of his bodie quooke.
Said he, thou man of nought, what doest thou here,
Vnfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere,
To proue some deedes of armes vpon an equall pere.

The wretched man at his imperious speach,
Was all abasht, and low prostrating, said;
Good Sir, let not my rudedesse be no breach
Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I vnwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driuen to distresse,
That seeke a Lady, There he suddein staid,
And did the rest with grieuous sighes suppresse,
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

What Ladie, man? (ſaid *Trompart*) take good hart,
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;
Was neuer better time to ſhew thy ſmart,
Then now, that noble ſuccour is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commune remedy.
That chearefull word his weake hart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his ſpirits faint ſupply,
That bold he ſaid; ô moſt redoubted Pere,
Vouchſafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare.

Then ſighing ſore, It is not long (ſaid hee)
Sith I enioyd the gentleſt Dame aliue;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But ſhame of all, that doe for honor ſtriue,
By treacherous deceipt did me depriue;
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force vnto his will did driue,
Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,
Are bound for to reuenge, and puniſh if they may.

And you moſt noble Lord, that can and dare
Redreſſe the wrong of miſerable wight,
Cannot employ your moſt victorious ſpeare
In better quarrell, then defence of right,
And for a Ladie gainſt a faithleſſe knight;
So ſhall your glory be aduaunced much,
And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,
And eke my ſelfe, albe I ſimple ſuch,
Your worthy paine ſhall well reward with guerdon rich.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great ſtore of treaſure, therewith him to tempt;
But he on it lookt ſcornefully askew,
As much diſdeigning to be ſo miſdempt,

Or

Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
And said; thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words vncourteous and vnkempt;
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for shame, So turned from him wroth.

But *Trompart*, that his maisters humor knew,
In lofty lookes to hide an humble mind,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
And in his eare him grounded close behind:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the wind,
Waiting aduauntage on the pray to sease;
Till *Trompart* lowly to the ground inclind,
Besought him his great courage to appease,
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displease.

Bigge looking like a doughtie Doucepere,
At last he thus; Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare;
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that else the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pray.
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,
And mou'd amisse with massie mucks vnmeet regard.

And more, I graunt to thy great miserie
Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent,
And that vile knight, who euer that he bee,
Which hath thy Lady reft, and knighthood shent,
By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
The bloud hath of so many thousands shed,
I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;
Ne he twixt heauen and earth shall hide his hed,
But soone he shall be found, and shortly doen be ded.

The fooliſh man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word ſo ſpoken, were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thouſand ſith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the Boaſter marching, braue begonne
His ſtolen ſteed to thunder furiouſly,
As if he heauen and hell would ouerronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much *Malbecco* ioyed in his iollity.

Thus long they three together traueiled,
Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,
To ſeeke his wife, that was farre wandered:
But thoſe two ſought nought, but the preſent pray,
To weete the treaſure, which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly ſet,
With purpoſe, how they might it beſt betray;
For ſith the houre, that firſt he did them let (whet.
The ſame behold, therewith their keene deſires were

It fortuned as they together far'd,
They ſpide, where *Paridell* came pricking faſt
Vpon the plaine, the which himſelfe prepar'd
To giuſt with that braue ſtraunger knight a caſt,
As on aduenture by the way he paſt:
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For hauing filcht her bels, her vp he caſt
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
He nould be clogd. So had he ſerued many one.

The gentle Lady, looſe at randon left,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde aduenture, like a forlorne weft,
Till on a day the *Satyres* her eſpide

Straying

Straying alone withouten groome or guide;
Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,
With them as housewife euer to abide,
To milke their gotes, and make them cheese and bred,
And euery one as commune good her handeled.

That shortly she *Malbecco* has forgot,
And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;
Who from her went to seeke another lot,
And now by fortune was arriued here,
Where those two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
Soone as the oldman saw Sir *Paridell*,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake, his griefe to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well.

And after asked him for *Hellenore*,
I take no keepe of her (said *Paridell*)
She wonneth in the forrest there before.
So forth he rode, as his aduenture fell;
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

Perdy nay (said *Malbecco*) shall ye not:
But let him passe as lightly, as he came:
For little good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to be put to shame.
But let vs go to seeke my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forrest wyld:
For of her safety in great doubt I am,
Least saluage beastes her person haue despoyld:
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

The all agree, and forward them addreſt:
Ah but (ſaid craftie *Trompart*) weete ye well,
That yonder in that waſtefull wilderneſſe
Huge monſters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen, which robbe and rend
All trauellers; therefore aduiſe ye well,
Before ye enterpriſe that way to wend:
One may his iourney bring too ſoone to euill end.

Malbecco ſtopt in great aſtoniſhment,
And with pale eyes faſt fixed on the reſt,
Their counſell crau'd, in daunger imminent.
Said *Trompart*, you that are the moſt oppreſt
With burden of great treaſure, I thinke beſt
Here for to ſtay in ſafetie behind;
My Lord and I will ſearch the wide forreſt.
That counſell pleaſed not *Malbeccoes* mind;
For he was much affraid, himſelfe alone to find.

Then is it beſt (ſaid he) that ye doe leaue
Your treaſure here in ſome ſecuritie,
Either faſt cloſed in ſome hollow greaue,
Or buried in the ground from ieopardie,
Till we retume againe in ſafetie:
As for vs two, leaſt doubt of vs ye haue,
Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,
Ne priuie be vnto your treaſures graue.
It pleaſed: ſo he did, Then they march forward braue.

Now when amid the thickeſt woods they were,
They heard a noyſe of many bagpipes ſhrill,
And ſhrieking Hububs them approching nere,
Which all the forreſt did with horror fill:

That

That dreadfull ſound the boaſters hart did thrill,
With ſuch amazement, that in haſte he fled,
Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* ſped;
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground halfe ded.

Yet afterwards cloſe creeping, as he might,
He in a buſh did hide his fearefull hed,
The iolly *Satyres* full of freſh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led
Faire *Helenore*, with girlonds all beſpred,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proud of that new honour, which they red,
And of their louely fellowſhip full glade,
Daunſt liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell ſhade.

The ſilly man that in the thicket lay
Saw all this goodly ſport, and grieued ſore,
Yet durſt he not againſt it doe or ſay,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To ſee th'vnkindneſſe of his *Hellenore*.
All day they daunced with great luſtihed,
And with their horned feet the greene graſſe wore,
The whiles their Cotes vpon the brouzes fed.
Till drouping *Phœbus* gan to hide his golden hed.

Tho vp they gan their merry pypes to truſſe,
And all their goodly heards did gather round,
But euery *Satyre* firſt did giue a buſſe
To *Hellenore*: ſo buſſes did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour ſhed the ground
With perly deaw, and th'Earthes gloomy ſhade
Did dim the brightneſſe of the welkin round,
That euery bird and beaſt awarned made,
To ſhrowd themſelues, whiles ſleepe their ſenſes did in-
(uade.

Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of his bush
Vpon his hand and feete he crept full light,
And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rush,
That through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
And misty dampe of misconceiuing night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
That none of all the *Satyres* him espyde or heard.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
Whereas his louely wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
Who all the night did minde his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealosie did swell;
But yet that nights ensample did bewray,
That not for nought his wife them loued so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

So closely as he could, he to them crept,
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was he, which by her side did dwell,
And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well,
She turned her, and returned backe againe:
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

At last with irkesome trouble she abrayd;
And then perceiuing, that it was indeed
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbrayd,
With loosenesse of her loue, and loathly deed,

She

She was astonisht with exceeding dredd,
And would haue wakt the *Satyre* by her syde;
But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To saue his life, ne let him be descryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

Tho gan he her perswade, to leaue that lewd
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,
And she receiu'd againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespasse euer had bene donne:
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose emongst the iolly *Satyres* still to wonne.

He wooed her, till day springs he espyde;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on euery syde,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early before the heauens faireſt light
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,
The heardes out of their foldes were looſed quight,
And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

So soone as he the Prison dore did pas,
He ran as fast, as both his feete could beare,
And neuer looked, who behind him was,
Ne scarsely who before: like as a Beare
That creeping close, amongst the hiues to reare
An hony combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assayling, sore his carkasse teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne stayes, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

Ne ſtayd he, till he came vnto the place,
Where late his treaſure he entombed had,
Where when he found it not (for *Trompart* bace
Had it purloyned for his maiſter bad:)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himſelfe away:
That who ſo ſtraungely had him ſeene beſtad,
With vpſtart haire, and ſtaring eyes diſmay,
From Limbo lake him late eſcaped ſure would ſay.

High ouer hilles and ouer dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne,
Ne banck nor buſh could ſtay him, when he ſped
His nimble feet, as treading ſtill on thorne:
Griefe, and deſpight, and gealoſie, and ſcorne
Did all the way him follow hard behind,
And he himſelfe himſelfe loath'd ſo forlorne,
So ſhamefully forlorne of womankind;
That as a Snake, ſtill lurked in his wounded mind.

Still fled he forward, looking backward ſtill,
Ne ſtayd his flight, nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came vnto a rockie hill,
Ouer the ſea, ſuſpended dreadfully,
That liuing creature it would terrify,
To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight:
From thence he threw himſelfe diſpiteouſly,
All deſperate of his fore-damned ſpright,
That ſeem'd no helpe for him was left in liuing ſight.

But through long anguiſh, and ſelfe-murdring thought
He was ſo waſted and forpined quight,
That all his ſubſtance was conſum'd to nought,
And nothing left, but like an aery Spright,

That

That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a caue with entrance small.

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolu'd to build his balefull mansion,
In drery darkenesse, and continuall feare
Of that rockes fall, which euer and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall vpon,
That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,
But toades and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with cureless care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Crosculs the liuer with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

Yet can he neuer dye, but dying liues,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce vnto him giues.
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to him selfe, and euery wight;
Where he through priuy griefe, and horrour vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and *Gealosie* is hight.

Cant. XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,
findes Scudamour distreſt:
Aſſayes the houſe of Buſyrane,
where Loues ſpoyles are expreſt.

O Hatefull helliſh Snake, what furie firſt
Brought thee from balefull houſe of *Proſerpine*,
Where in her boſome ſhe thee long had nurſt,
And foſtred vp with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealoſie, that turneſt loue diuine
To ioyleſſe dread, and mak'ſt the louing hart
With hatefull thoughts to languiſh and to pine,
And feed it ſelfe with ſelfe-conſuming ſmart?
Of all the paſſions in the mind thou vileſt art.

O let him far be baniſhed away,
And in his ſtead let Loue for euer dwell,
Sweet Loue, that doth his golding wings embay
In bleſſed Nectar, and pure Pleaſures well,
Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th'harts of men, them gouerne wiſely well,
And of faire *Britomart* enſample take,
That was as trew in loue, as Turtle to her make.

Who with Sir *Satyrane*, as earſt ye red,
Forth ryding from *Malbeccoes* hoſteſſe hous,
Far off eſpyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous

And

And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare
Of that *Argante* vile and vitious,
From whom the *Squire of Dames* was reft whylere;
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all woman kind,
So he surpassed his sex masculine,
In beastly vse that I did euer find;
Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
The fearefull boy so greedily pursew,
She was emmoued in her noble mind,
T'employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did vew.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behinde,
But with like fierceneſſe did ensew the chace:
Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace;
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did striue the other to out-goe;
But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any Roe,
And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

It was not *Satyrane*, whom he did feare,
But *Britomart* the flowre of chastity;
For he the powre of chast hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forrest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security.
The wood they enter, and search euery where,
They searched diuersely, so both diuided were.

Faire *Britomart* so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Vpon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His habericon, his helmet, and his speare;
A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, where euer it in field was showne.

His face vpon the ground did groueling ly,
As if he had bene slombring in the shade,
That the braue Mayd would not for courtesy,
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to inuade:
Still as she stood, she heard with grieuous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
He said; O soueraigne Lord that sittst on hye,
And raignst in blis emongst thy blessed Saintes,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
So long vnwreaked of thine enimy?
Or hast, thou Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no meed?

If good find grace, and righteousnesse reward,
Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
Sith that more bounteous creature neuer far'd
On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?

Or

Or if that heauenly iuſtice may withſtand
The wrongfull outrage of vnrighteous men,
Why then is *Buſirane* with wicked hand
Suffred, theſe ſeuen monethes day in ſecret den
My Lady and my loue ſo cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my loue is cruelly pend
In dolefull darkeneſſe from the vew of day,
Whileſt deadly torments do her chaſt breſt rend,
And the ſharpe ſteele doth riue her hart in tway,
All for ſhe *Scudamore* will not denay.
Yet thou vile man, vile *Scudamore* art found,
Ne canſt her ayde, ne canſt her foe diſmay;
Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
For whom ſo faire a Lady feeles ſo ſore a wound.

There an huge heape of ſingulfes did oppreſſe
His ſtrugling ſoule, and ſwelling throbs empeach
His foltring toung with pangs of drerineſſe,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife ſpeach,
As if his dayes were come to their laſt reach.
Which when ſhe heard, and ſaw the ghaſtly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour ſhe was ſmit,
Fearing leaſt from her cage the wearie ſoule would flit.

Tho ſtooping downe ſhe him amoued light;
Who therewith ſomewhat ſtarting, vp gan looke,
And ſeeing him behind a ſtraunger knight,
Whereas no liuing creature he miſtooke,
With great indignaunce he that ſight forſooke,
And downe againe himſelfe diſdainefully
Abiecting th'earth with his faire forhead ſtrooke:
Which the bold Virgin ſeeing, gan apply
Fit medcine to his griefe, and ſpake thus courteſly.

Ah gentle knight, whose deepe conceiued griefe
Well seemes t'exceede the powre of patience,
Yet if that heauenly grace some good reliefe
You send, submit you to high prouidence,
And euer in your noble hart prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse,
Then vertues might, and values confidence,
For who nill bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here thinke to liue: for life is wretchednesse.

Therefore, faire Sir, do comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,
And least it faire endeuour will apply.
Those feeling wordes so neare the quicke did goe,
That vp his head he reared easily,
And leaning on his elbow, these few wordes let fly.

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
For he the tyraunt, which her hath in ward
By strong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him loue she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:

But yet by torture he would her constraine
Loue to conceiue in her disdainfull breſt,
Till so she do, she muſt in doole remaine,
Ne may by liuing meanes be thence releſt:
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redreſt?

With this sad herſall of his heauy ſtreſſe,
The warlike Damzell was empaſſiond ſore,
And ſaid; Sir knight, your cauſe is nothing leſſe,
Then is your ſorrow, certes if not more;
For nothing ſo much pitty doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helpleſſe miſery.
But yet, if pleaſe ye liſten to my lore,
I will with proofe of laſt extremity,
Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

Ah gentleſt knight aline, (ſaid *Scudamore*)
What huge heroicke magnanimity (more,
Dwels in thy bounteous breſt? what couldſt thou
If ſhe were thine, and thou as now am I?
O ſpare thy happy dayes, and them apply
To better boot, but let me dye, that ought;
More is more loſſe: one is enough to dy.
Life is not loſt, (ſaid ſhe) for which is bought
Endleſſe renowm, that more then death is to be ſought.

Thus ſhe at length perſwaded him to riſe,
And with her wend, to ſee what new ſucceſſe
Mote him befall vpon new enterpriſe;
His armes, which he had vowed to diſprofeſſe,
She gathered vp and did about him dreſſe,
And his for wandred ſteed vnto him got:
So forth they both yfere make their progreſſe,
And march not paſt the mountenaunce of a ſhot,
Till they arriu'd, whereas their purpoſe they did plot.

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold
And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate;
Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late,
But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke,
And stinking Sulphure, that with griesly hate
And dreadfull horrour did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist, how her selfe to beare;
For daunger vaine it were, to haue assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
And turning backe to *Scudamour*, thus sayd;
What monstrous enmity prouoke we heare,
Foolhardy as th'Earthes children, the which made
Battell against the Gods? so we a God inuade.

Daunger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious and beastlike is: therefore Sir knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight.
This (quoth he) the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,
So mighty be th'enchauntments, which the same do stay.

What is there else, but cease these fruitlesse paines,
And leaue me to my former languishing;
Faire *Amoret* must dwell in wicked chaines,
And *Scudamore* here dye with sorrowing.

Perdy

Perdy not so; (said she) for shamefull thing
It were t'abandon noble cheuisaunce,
For shew of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterprised prayse for dread to disauaunce.

Therewith resolu'd to proue her vtmost might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her swords point directing forward right,
Assayld the flame, the which eftsoones gaue place,
And did it selfe diuide with equall space,
That through she passed; as a thunder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force reuolt.

Whom whenas *Scudamour* saw past the fire,
Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,
With greedy will, and enuious desire,
And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way:
But cruell *Mulciber* would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and imperious sway
Him forst (maulgre) his fiercenesse to relent,
And backe retire, all scorcht and pitifully brent.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow, that he could not pas,
Then for the burning torment, which he felt,
That with fell woodnesse he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
Did beat and bounse his head and brest full sore;
The whiles the Championesse now entred has
The vtmost rowme, and past the formest dore,
The vtmost rowme, abounding with all precious store.

For round about, the wals yclothed were
With goodly arras of great maiesty,
Wouen with gold and silke so close and nere,
That the rich metall lurked priuily,
As fayning to be hid from enuious eye;
Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares
It shewd it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;
Like a discolourd Snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht backe declares.

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,
And all of loue, and all of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat;
And eke all *Cupids* warres they did repeate,
And cruell battels, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the Gods, to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kesars, into thraldome brought.

Therein was writ, how often thundring *Ioue*
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue
In straunge disguize, to slake his scalding smart;
Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruart,
Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdraw:
Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruaunts law.

Soone after that into a golden showre
Him selfe he chaung'd faire *Danaë* to vew,
And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,

The

The whiles her fooliſh garde, that little knew
Of ſuch deceipt, kept th'yron dore faſt bard,
And watcht, that none ſhould enter nor iſſew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootleſſe all the ward,
Whenas the God to golden hew him ſelfe transfard.

Then was he turnd into a ſnowy Swan,
To win faire *Leda* to his louely trade:
O wondrous skill, and ſweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies ſleeping made,
From ſcorching heat her daintie limbes to ſhade:
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his fethers wyde,
And bruſhing his faire breſt, did her inuade;
She ſlept, yet twixt her eyelids cloſely ſpyde,
How towards her he ruſht, and ſmiled at his pryde.

Then ſhewd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*
Deceiu'd of gealous *Iuno*, did require
To ſee him in his ſoueraigne maieſtee,
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearely ſhe with death bought her deſire.
But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,
Ioying his loue in likeneſſe more entire;
Three nights in one, they ſay, that for her ſake
He then did put, her pleaſures lenger to partake.

Twiſe was he ſeene in ſoaring Eagles ſhape,
And with wide wings to beat the buxome ayre,
Once, when he with *Aſterie* did ſcape,
Againe, when as the *Troiane* boy ſo faire
He ſnatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,
How the rude Shepheards after him did ſtare,
Trembling through feare, leaſt down he fallen ſhould
And often to him calling, to take ſurer hould.

In *Satyres* shape *Antiopa* he snatcht:
And like a fire, when he *Aegin* assayd:
A shepheard, when *Mnemosyne* he catcht:
And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd. (playd,
Whiles thus on earth great *Ioue* these pageaunts
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing, thus vnto his mother sayd,
Lo now the heauens obey to me alone,
And take me for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

And thou, faire *Phœbus*, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwouen, and the sad distresse,
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight,
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with *Mars* was meynt in ioyfulnesse:
For thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To loue faire *Daphne*, which thee loued lesse:
Lesse she thee lou'd, then was thy iust desart,
Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

So louedst thou the lusty *Hyacinct*,
So louedst thou the faire *Coronis* deare:
Yet both are of thy hapless hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres do liue, and loue thee beare,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare:
For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seene
The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his gyrlond euer greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of *Climene* he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,

And all the world with flashing fier btent;
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,
And loue a Shepheards daughter for his deareſt Dame.

He loued *Isse* for his deareſt Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fed a while,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
The seruant of *Admetus* cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other louely fit,
Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoile,
Now like a Hag, now like a faulcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was moſt liuely writ.

Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his diuine reſemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackiſh deaw; his three-forkt Pyke
He ſtearnly ſhooke, and therewith fierce did ſtryke
The raging billowes, that on euery syde
They trembling ſtood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his ſwift charet might haue paſſage wyde,
Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in temewiſe (ryde.
His ſea-horſes did ſeeme to ſnort amayne,
And from their noſethrilles blow the brynie ſtreame,
That made the ſparckling waues to ſmoke agayne,
And flame with gold, but the white fomy creame,
Did ſhine with ſiluer, and ſhoot forth his beame.
The God himſelfe did penſiue ſeeme and ſad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For priuy loue his breſt empierced had,
Ne bought but deare *Biſaltis* ay could make him glad.

He loued eke *Iphimedia* deare,
And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arne* hight.
For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare,
And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight.
Also to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
Her turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
To snaly-locke *Meduſa* to repayre,
On whom he got faire *Pegaſus*, that flitteth in the ayre.

Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
That sullein *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
Yet loue is sullein, and *Saturnlike* seene,
As he did for *Erigone* it proue.)
That to a *Centaure* did him selfe transmoue.
So proou'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
When for to compasse *Philliras* hard loue,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke
The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
How oft for *Venus*, and how often eek
For many other Nymphes he sore did shreek,
With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike smarts,
Priuily moystening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning darts, (parts,
And many wide woundes launched through his inner

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so?
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,

Which

Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But to declare the mournfull Tragedyes,
And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heauen beholds sad louers nightly theeueryes.

Kings Queenes, Lords Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the raskall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayld,
Of broken bowes and arrowes shiuered short,
And a long bloudy riuer through them rayld,
So liuely and so like, that liuing sence it fayld.

And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of pretious stone,
Of passing valew, and of great renowme,
On which there stood an Image all alone,
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours, then the proud *Pauone*
Beares in his boasted fan, or *Iris* bright,
When her discolourd bow she spreds through heauen bright.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at random, when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold)
A wounded Dragon vnder him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

And vnderneath his feet was written thus,
Vnto the Victor of the Gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire *Britomart* amazed,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But euermore and more vpon it gazed,
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile sences dazed.

Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secret of that goodly sted
Quer the dore thus written she did spye
Be bold: she oft and oft it ouer-red,
Yet could not find what sence it figured:
But what so were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd:
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was ouerlayd, (playd,
Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies
In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare?
For loue in thousand mõstrous formes doth oft appeare.

And all about, the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes,
Of mighty Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captiued in their dayes

To

To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their ſwerds & ſperes were broke, & hauberques rent;
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in duſt with fury inſolent,
To ſhew the victors might and mercileſſe intent.

The warlike Mayde beholding earneſtly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder ne could ſatisfie
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long ſpace,
But more ſhe meruaild that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but waſtefull emptineſſe,
And ſolemne ſilence ouer all that place:
Straunge thing it ſeem'd, that none was to poſſeſſe
So rich purueyance, ne them keepe with carefulneſſe.

And as ſhe lookt about, ſhe did behold,
How ouer that ſame dore was likewiſe writ,
Be bold, be bold, and euery where *Be bold*,
That much ſhe muz'd, yet could not conſtrue it
By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
At laſt ſhe ſpyde at that roomes vpper end,
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though ſhe did bend
Her earneſt mind, yet wiſt not what it might intend.

Thus ſhe there waited vntill euentyde,
Yet liuing creature none ſhe ſaw appeare:
And now ſad ſhadowes gan the world to hyde,
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkeneſſe dreare;
Yet nould ſhe d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of ſecret daunger, ne let ſleepe oppreſſe
Her heauy eyes with natures burden deare,
But drew her ſelfe aſide in ſickerneſſe,
And her welpointed weapons did about her dreſſe.

Cant. XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th'enchaunted
Chamber are displayd,
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charmes decayd.

THo when as cheareleſſe Night ycouered had
Faire heauen with an vniuerſall cloud,
That euery wight diſmayd with darkneſſe ſad,
In ſilence and in ſleepe themſelues did ſhroud,
She heard a ſhrilling Trompet ſound aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather ſtird to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when ſome foe ſhe might deſcry.

With that, an hideous ſtorme of winde aroſe,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it ſtreight would loſe
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull ſtench of ſmoke and ſulphure mixt
Enſewd, whoſe noyance fild the fearefull ſted,
From the fourth houre of night vntill the ſixt;
Yet the bold *Britoneſſe* was nought ydred,
Though much emmou'd, but ſtedfaſt ſtill perſeuered.

All ſuddenly a ſtormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the houſe, that clapped euery dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mightie leuers had bene tore:

And

And forth issewd, as on the ready flore
Of some Theatre, a graue personage,
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely haueour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By liuely actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discouered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd, still standing all this vewd,
And merueild at his strange intendiment;
With that a ioyous fellowship issewd
Of Minstrals, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
All which together sung full chearefully
A lay of loues delight, with sweet consent:
After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

The whiles a most delitious harmony,
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround:
And when it ceast, shrill trompets loud did bray,
That their report did farre away rebound,
And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

The first was *Fancy*, like a louely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare;
Matchable either to that ympe of *Troy*,
Whom *Ioue* did loue, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
To great *Alcides*, that when as he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And euery wood, and euery valley wyde
He fild with *Hylas* name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cryde.

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt *Indians* do aray
Their tawney bodies, in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare;
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mou'd still here and there.

And him beside marcht amorous *Desyre*,
Who seemd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaine,
Yet was that others swayne this elders syre,
And gaue him being, commune to them twaine:
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embrodered Bonet sat awry;
Twixt both his hands few sparkes he close did straine,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiu'd, & forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote, of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeues dependant *Albanese*-wyse:

He

He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did auyse,
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard theron he lay.

With him went *Daunger*, cloth' in ragged weed,
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horrour, to deforme his griesly shade;
A net in th'one hand, and a rustie blade
In th'other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap;
With th'one his foes he threatned to inuade,
With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

Next him was *Feare*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow mouing to and fro,
And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and wingyheeld;
And euermore on daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went *Hope* in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and louely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinckled fauours manifold,
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to feowe.

And after them *Dissemblance*, and *Suspect*
Marcht in one rancke, yet an vnequall paire:
For she was gentle, and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd, (haire:
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deedes were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

But he was foule, ill fauoured, and grim,
Vnder his eyebrowes looking still askaunce;
And euer as *Dissemblance* laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce;
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,
But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Through which he still did peepe, as forward he did pace.

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But *Fury* was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly lookes and dreadfull drerihed;
For from her backe her garments she did teare,

And

And from her head oft rent her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand she did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there;
As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heauy countenance;
She chearefull fresh and full of ioyance glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
That euill matched paire they seemd to bee:
An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had
Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee;
Thus marched these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two grysie villeins, th'one *Despight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:
She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had deathes owne image figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearefull to liuing sight;
Yet in that hotror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as net iuory,
Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,
Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight)
Entrenched deepe with knife accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her bloud yet steeming fresh embayd:
And those two villeins, which her steps vpstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And euermore encreased her consuming paine.

Next after her the winged God himselfe
Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his knigdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he bad a while vnbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdaine;
And did suruay his goodly company:
And marshalling the euill ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
And clapt on hie his coulourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behinde him was *Reproch*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproch the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame:
Reproch despightfull, careless, and vnkind;

Shame most ill fauourd, beſtiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* ſigh'd, *Reproch* did ſcould;
Reproch ſharpe ſtings, *Repentance* whips entwind,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confuſed rout
Of perſons flockt, whoſe names is hard to read:
Emongſt them was ſterne *Strife*, and *Anger* ſtout,
Vnquiet *Care*, and fond *Vnthriftihead*,
Lewd *Loſſe of Time*, and *Sorrow* ſeeming dead,
Inconſtant *Chaunge*, and falſe *Diſloyaltie*,
Conſuming *Rioti ſe*, and guilty *Dread*
Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmitie*,
Vile *Pouertie*, and laſtly *Death* with infamie.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whoſe names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantaſies
In wauering wemens wit, that none can tell,
Or paines in loue, or puniſhments in hell;
And which diſguized marcht in maſking wiſe,
About the chamber with that Damozell,
And then returned, hauing marched thriſe,
Into the inner roome, from whence they firſt did riſe.

So ſoone as they were in, the dore ſtreight way
Faſt locked, driuen with that ſtormy blaſt,
Which firſt it opened; and bore all away
Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plaſt,
In ſecret ſhade, and ſaw both firſt and laſt,
Iſſewed forth, and went vnto the dore,
To enter in, but found it locked faſt:
It vaine ſhe thought with rigorous vprore
For to efforce, when charmes had cloſed it afore.

Where force might not auaile, their sleights and art.
She cast to vse, both fit for hard emprize;
For thy from that same roome not to depart
Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,
When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
The morrow next appeard with ioyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercize,
Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
Out of her secret stand, that day for to out weare.

All that day she outwore in wandering,
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second euening
Her couered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

So soone as she was entred, round about
She cast her eies, to see what was become
Of all those persons, which she saw without:
But lo, they streight were vanisht all and some,
Ne liuing wight she saw in all that roome,
Saue that same woefull Ladie, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small wast girt round with yron bands,
Vnto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring straunge characters of his art,
With liuing bloud he those characters wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,

Seeming

Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
And all perforce to make her him to loue.
Ah who can loue the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did proue;
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast heart remoue.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in hast he ouerthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface,
And fiercely ronning to that Lady trew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for ville inons despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew:
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And turning to her selfe his fell intent,
Vnwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That little drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe impreſt,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernely vnto him called to abstaine,
From doing him to dy. For else her paine
Should be remedilesse, sith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;
For life she him enuyde, and long'd reuenge to see.

And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischiefe, and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe presently
Restore vnto her health, and former state;
This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlooke
Those cursed leaues, his charmes backe to reuerse;
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire lockes vp stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloudy lines rehearse;
And all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slacke her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and riuen bowels gor'd,

Was closed vp, as it had not bene bor'd,
And euery part to safety full sound,
As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd:
Tho when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground.

Before faire *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
Saying, Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull state,
Yield you in liew of this your gratious deed?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Euen immortall praise, and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tryde.

But *Britomart* vprearing her from ground,
Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
For many labours more, then I haue found,
This, that in safety now I haue you seene,
And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
In stead thereof know, that your louing Make,
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
Vpon th'enchaunter, which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages oppresst:
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

Returning backe, thoſe goodly roomes, which erſt
She ſaw ſo rich and royally arayd,
Now vaniſht vtterly, and cleane ſubuerſt
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That ſight of ſuch a chaunge her much diſmayd.
Thence forth deſcending to that perlous Porch,
Thoſe dreadfull flames ſhe alſo found delayd,
And quenched quite, like a conſumed torch,
That erſt all entrers wont ſo cruelly to ſcorch.

More eaſie iſſew now, then entrance late
She found: for now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate,
And paſſage bard to all, that thither came,
Was vaniſht quite, as it were not the ſame,
And gaue her leaue at pleaſure forth to paſſe.
Th'Enchaunter ſelfe, which all that fraud did frame,
To haue efforſt the loue of that faire laſſe,
Seeing his worke now waſted deepe engrieued was.

But when the victoreſſe arriued there,
Where late ſhe left the penſife *Scudamore*,
With her owne truſty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them ſhe found where ſhe them lore:
Thereat her noble hart was ſtoniſht ſore;
But moſt faire *Amoret*, whoſe gentle ſpright
Now gan to feede on hope, which ſhe before
Conceiued had, to ſee her owne deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld was fild with new affright.

But he ſad man, when he had long in drede
Awayted there for *Britomarts* returne,
Yet ſaw her not nor ſigne of her good ſpeed,
His expectation to deſpaire did turne,
Miſdeeming ſure that her thoſe flames did burne;

And

And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.

A Vision vpon this conceipt of the *Faery Queene.*

ME thought I saw the graue, where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne, and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene:
At whose approch the soule of *Petrarke* wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seene.
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the heauens did perse.
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall theife.

Another of the same.

THe prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena *sings.*
If thou hast formed right true vertues face herein:
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou hast beautie prayst, let her sole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eine.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Meane while she shall perceiue, how farre her vertues sore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:
Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speake our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

W. R.

COllyn I see by thy new taken taske,
some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy muse in haughtie verse to maske,
and loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes.
That lifts thy notes from Shepheardes vnto kings,
So like the liuely Larke that mounting sings.

Thy louely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
those prety pypes that did thy mates delight.
Those trustie mates, that loued thee so well,
VVhom thou gau'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet roundelayes,
didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
So mought st thou now in these refyned layes,
delight the dainty eares of higher powers.
And so mought they in their deepe skanning skill
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quill.

And fare befall that Faerie Queene *of thine,*
in whose faire eyes loue linckt with vertue sits:
Enfusing by those bewties fiers deuine,
Such high conceites into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reede,
From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse knight *with happy hand*
victorious be in that faire Ilands right:
VVhich thou doest vaile in Type of Faery land
Elyzas blessed field, that Albion *hight.*
That shieldes her friends, and warres her mightie foes,
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But (iolly Shepheard) though with pleasing style,
thou feast the humour of the Courtly traine:
Let not conceipt thy setled sence beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine.
Subiect thy dome to her Empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobynoll.